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THE ROLL OF HONOR OF THE NEW YORK POLICE.

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WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

IT may be true that, inasmuch as a price must always be paid for everything, we pay for peace the price of a certain softening of national and civic fiber which, if carried too far, would be very serious indeed. Nevertheless, in our present highly complicated civilization there are a number of occupations which, even when carried on during a time of profound peace, call for the development in a very high degree of the prime virtues of the soldier—energy, daring, hardihood, discipline, power of command, power of obedience, and marked bodily prowess.

Some of these occupations are the ordinary vocations of great classes of people in civilized life. A notable case in point is the profession of railroad-men. Engineers, firemen, brakemen, and train-hands generally, follow an occupation which makes more of a demand upon heart, hand, and head than any trade or business, not directly connected in some way with war, which was ever carried on before the present century. The men of the fishing-fleet, the men who follow other hazardous occupations at sea, are the only ones whose business in life implies the acceptance of risk and responsibility, and the exercise of courage and judgment, in the way which is true of almost all work connected with the business of transportation as now conducted.

But besides the employments of private business, there are in every large city two departments where men enter the service knowing that part of their duty is to show willingness to face danger, and even death, in the course of their regular work. These are the police and the fire departments.

In the two years following May, 1895, I was President of the New York Police Board, and so, of course, was brought into close contact with the police, and grew to know well their daily life and the emergencies which they have continually to meet. As soon as our Board of Police was put into office, we introduced a number of radical changes in the management of the force, and one of these changes was the effort systematically to acknowledge gallantry. We did not have to work a revolution in the force as to courage in the way we had to work a revolution as to honesty. The police force had always been brave and efficient in dealing with rioters and the like; but by degrees, under the rule of Tammany, it had become very corrupt. Our great work, therefore, was the stamping out of dishonesty; and so far as the ridiculous bi-partizan law under which the department was administered would permit, this work was thoroughly done. But we were anxious that while stamping out what was evil in the force, we should keep and improve

what was good. While warring on dishonesty, we made every effort to increase the efficiency of the force. After all, it is unfortunately true, as has been shown by sad experience, that at times a police organization which is free from the taint of corruption may yet show itself weak in some great crisis, or unable to deal with the more dangerous kinds of criminals. This we were determined to prevent.

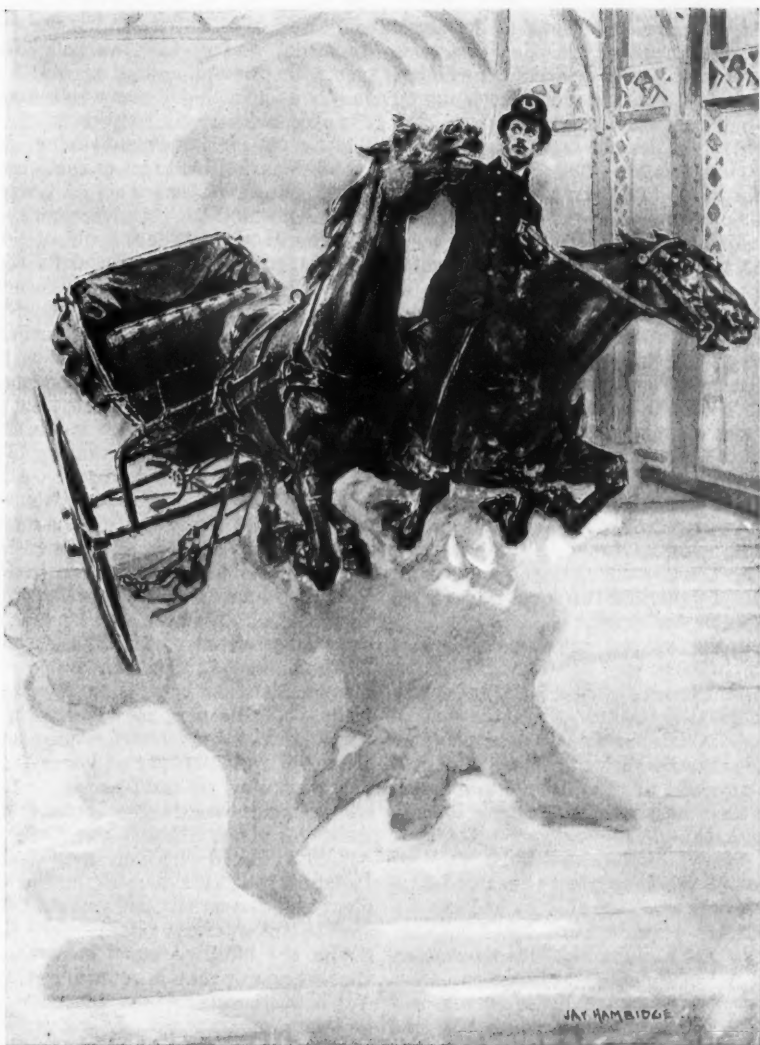
Our efforts were crowned with entire success. The improvement in the efficiency of the force went hand in hand with the improvement as to honesty. The men in uniform and the men in plain clothes—the detectives—did better work than ever before. The aggregate of crimes where punishment followed the commission of the crime increased, while the aggregate of crimes where the criminal escaped unpunished decreased. Every discredited politician, every sensational newspaper, and every timid fool who could be scared by clamor, was against us. All three classes strove by every means in their power to show that in making the force honest we had impaired its efficiency; indeed, by their utterances they actually tended to bring about the very condition of things against which they professed to protest. But we went steadily along the path we had marked out. The fight was hard, and there was plenty of cause for worry and anxiety; but a resolute determination neither to falter nor to swerve can accomplish a good deal even under the most unfavorable conditions. The result in this case was that in February, 1897, the judge who charged the grand jury was able to congratulate them on the phenomenal decrease of crime, especially of the violent sort, in New York. This decrease was steady during the two years. The police, after the reform policy had been thoroughly tried, proved more successful than ever before in protecting life and property, and in putting down crime and vice.

The part played by the actual personal prowess of the members of the police force, and its recognition by the board, in producing this state of affairs was appreciable, though there were many other factors that combined to bring about the improvement. The immense improvement of discipline by punishing all offenders without mercy, no matter how great their political or personal influence; the resolute warfare against every kind of criminal who had hitherto been able to purchase protection; the prompt recognition of ability, even where it was entirely unconnected with personal prowess—all these

were elements which had enormous weight in producing the change. Mere courage and daring, and the rewarding of courage and daring, could not supply the lack of discipline, of ability, of honesty; but they are of vital consequence, nevertheless. No police force is worth anything if its members are not intelligent and honest; but neither is it worth anything unless its members are brave, hardy, and well disciplined.

We showed recognition of daring and personal prowess in two ways: first, by awarding a medal or a certificate in remembrance of the deed; and, second, by giving it weight in making any promotion, especially to the lower grades. In the higher grades—in all promotions above that of sergeant, for instance—resolute and daring courage cannot normally be considered as a factor of determining weight in making promotions; rather is it a quality the lack of which unfits a man for promotion: for in the higher places we must assume the existence of such a quality in any fit candidate, and must make the promotion with a view to the man's energy, executive capacity, and power of command. In the lower grades, however, marked gallantry should always be taken into account in deciding among different candidates for any given place, and, wherever possible, should be made the determining consideration.

During our two years' service we found it necessary to single out men for special mention, because of some feat of heroism, over a hundred times. The heroism usually took one of four forms: saving somebody from drowning, saving somebody from a burning building, stopping a runaway team, or arresting some law-breaker under exceptional circumstances. Of course we occasionally awarded honorable mention for some other reason, such as coolness which averted a panic, or unusual nerve and skill in some arrest of the ordinary kind; but these instances were rare. The above-mentioned four kinds of gallantry are naturally those in which policemen are most apt to distinguish themselves. Their business is to prevent disorder and to arrest criminals, and now and then a desperate criminal or a violent mob will show fight. Their duties keep them in the streets, so that they necessarily observe every runaway, and try to stop it. They are of course present at every fire, and almost invariably before the firemen get there, so that they frequently have a chance to display gallantry in the rescue of life and property before the men of hose and ladder make their appearance. Finally, the river-front of the city is very ex-



STOPPING A RUNAWAY.

tensive, and the policemen stationed along it have unusual opportunities to see and rescue people who are drowning.

Perhaps the best way to convey an idea of why we awarded medals is to give a list of the men thus rewarded for two months. In October, 1895, we, on the 1st of the month, awarded a medal to a patrolman for peculiar gallantry in stopping a runaway horse under circumstances which made the act one of great danger to himself, and which doubtless resulted in saving the lives of those in

the vehicle. The patrolman thus rewarded was also later made a roundsman, and put in charge of the bicycle squad, our attention having been first called to him by this act. On the same day we gave honorable mention, but without a certificate or medal, to three other officers: one had also stopped a runaway horse; another had rescued a man from drowning; and the third had arrested an insane man armed with a revolver, under circumstances which went to show that the officer's coolness and

presence of mind saved both himself and the onlookers from death or injury at the hands of the armed maniac. On the 8th of the month we gave a medal to an officer who had rescued a boy from drowning by plunging into the water between the wharf and the steamer from which the boy fell, at the imminent risk of being crushed to death between the two, a fate from which he and the rescued boy were saved purely by his pluck and his skill as a swimmer. Honorable mention was made of two other officers—one for rescuing a boy from drowning, and one for stopping a runaway horse. On the 15th yet another officer received honorable mention for saving a man from drowning; and on the 22d a sergeant and two patrolmen were commended for the coolness and skill they displayed in stopping a prize-fight and arresting both the participants and the spectators, though they were an uncommonly tough crowd, and showed immediate fight.

In February, 1897, we rewarded five men: two for stopping runaways; one for arresting a murderer, an ex-convict, who was armed and showed fight; and two for saving women from burning buildings.

Among the first promotions we made were two which illustrated the attitude of the board toward cases of this kind, and which also incidentally illustrated exactly what we mean by "taking the force out of politics"—that is, by administering it on principles of decency, and appointing and promoting men on their merits, without regard to their political backing. The first case was that of an old fellow, a veteran of the Civil War, who was at the time a roundsman. I happened to notice one day that he had saved a woman from drowning, and had him summoned so that I might look into the matter. The old fellow brought up his record before me, and showed not a little nervousness and agitation; for it appeared that he had grown gray in the service, had performed feat after feat of heroism, but had no political backing of any account. He was a Grand Army man, but not one of the "political" type, and so had not received any attention from the former police boards; and now, at last, he thought there was a chance for him. He had been twenty-two years on the force, and during that time had saved some twenty-five persons from death by drowning, varying the performance once or twice by saving persons from burning buildings. Twice Congress had passed laws especially to empower the then Secretary of the Treasury, John Sherman, to give him a medal

for distinguished gallantry in saving life. The Life-Saving Society had also given him its medal, and so had the Police Department. On examining into his record carefully, we found that it was wholly free from complaints for any infraction of duty, and that he was sober and trustworthy. We felt that he was entitled to his promotion, and he got it. We did not know his politics, nor did we care about them. It is very unlikely that the woman whom he last saved, as he swam out toward her, felt any special interest as to whether he had voted for Cleveland or Harrison; nor did we. He had risked his life freely again and again in the performance of his duty; he had conducted himself so as to be a credit to the department and a credit to the city; and we felt that he was entitled to his reward. It is worth while mentioning that he kept on saving life after he was promoted to a sergeantcy. On October 21, 1896, he again saved a man from drowning. It was at night, nobody else was in the neighborhood, and the slip from which he jumped was in absolute darkness, and he was about ten minutes in the water, which was very cold. The captain of the precinct, in reporting the case, said: "The sergeant was off the bulkhead and into the water after his man quicker than it takes to say 'Jack Robinson.'" There was no way in which the board could reward him for this, except by telling him that he was an honor to the department; for he had been given all the medals, and bars to the medals, that he could be given. It was the twenty-ninth person whose life he had saved during his twenty-three years' service in the department, and he was fifty-five years old when he saved him.

Can any intelligent and honest man say that we were wrong in rewarding this man? Yet it was because of our constantly acting in this manner, resolutely warring on dishonesty, and on that peculiar form of baseness which masquerades as "practical" politics, and steadily refusing to pay heed to any consideration except the good of the service and the city, and the merits of the men themselves, that we drew down upon our heads the bitter animosity, the malignant hostility, of the bread-and-butter spoils politicians. Through their tools in the legislature they repealed the civil-service law. They attempted to legislate us out of office, and desisted only because at last decent citizens were roused to take action in our favor. They denounced us with a ferocity that became fairly incoherent. They joined

with the baser portion of the sensational press in every species of foul, indecent falsehood and slander as to what we were doing. When all this failed they tried intrigue. But they could not make one of my colleagues, Major Avery D. Andrews, swerve a hand's-breadth; and though they finally caused a split in the board, it was, fortunately, not until most of our work was done. They did all this on the plea that we were impractical, hostile to the «organization» and not good politicians, because, forsooth, we applied in public life the principles of common sense, honor, and morality which any decent man would uphold in private life.

Early in our term we promoted a patrolman to the grade of roundsman for activity in catching a burglar under rather peculiar circumstances. I happened to note his getting a burglar one week. Apparently he had fallen into the habit, for he got another the next week. In the latter case the burglar escaped from the house soon after midnight, and ran away toward Park Avenue, with the policeman in hot chase. The New York Central Railroad runs under Park Avenue, and there is a succession of openings in the top of the tunnel. Finding that the policeman was gaining on him, the burglar took a desperate chance, and leaped down one of these openings, at the risk of breaking his neck. Now the burglar was running for his liberty, and it was the part of wisdom for him to imperil life or limb; but the policeman was merely doing his duty, and nobody could have blamed him for not taking the jump. However, he jumped; and in this particular case the hand of the Lord was heavy upon the unrighteous. The burglar had the breath knocked out of him, and the «cop» did n't. When his victim could walk the officer trotted him around to the station-house, and a week afterward he himself was promoted, it appearing, upon careful investigation, that he was sober, trustworthy, and strictly attentive to his duty.

Here again it seems to me that we followed the eminently common-sense plan of promoting a man who had earned his promotion by faithful and distinguished service, and by proved superior capacity. We cared no more for the policeman's views on the tariff or the currency than we did for those of the burglar. Our interest, and the interest of citizens generally, was to have the officer catch that burglar and otherwise do his duty. If he did his duty we were for him; if he did not we were against him; in neither event did we care whether the officer had or had

not the backing of the congressional delegation of the city or the Central Committee of the county. Of course, as before, this exposed us to wild outcries from the local political bosses and heelers, and much sneering at «civil-service reform»; but all the outcries and sneers meant was that we were doing our duty as decent men and as public officials, with some slight appreciation of what was implied by the words honor and uprightness. Political organizations are eminently necessary and useful; but when they are seized by professional spoils politicians of low morality, who run the «machine» in their own interests, who clamor against honesty, and defy decency, and rail against that device for obtaining clean government which is known as civil-service reform—then it is time for all citizens who believe in good citizenship to rise in revolt.

Two or three cases may be given as examples where the men's names were put on the roll of honor, but where it was not possible or advisable to promote them. First I will take a couple of instances of gallantry at fires which occurred in January, 1897.

In one case an officer, while going home to get his breakfast, saw a number of people gathered round a fire-box on a street corner, and trying ineffectively to send off an alarm. The officer at once stopped, sent off the alarm, and ran round to where the fire was supposed to be. It was in a tenement-house, and the inmates, with the curious apathy they sometimes show, had declined to take any interest in the fire. The officer dashed up-stairs, and literally drove them all out of their rooms. Once out, they saw that the hallway was filled with smoke, and came down quickly enough of their own accord. But while the officer was hunting through the rooms to see whether any children had been left behind, the flames suddenly burst out, running through the halls and up the staircases. Shielding his eyes, he dashed down one flight of stairs through the flames, leaped the balusters, and rolled down the next flight into the street. He was badly scorched, and the skin was hanging from his hands, so that he had to be sent to the hospital. If it had not been for his prompt action there would have been a very serious loss of life in the building.

The other case, where the officer did fireman's work at about the same time, resulted in a rather more definite saving of life. Two policemen saw flames and smoke coming out of a four-story brick building. After sending in an alarm, one of them hastily established



A RESCUE AT A FIRE.

the fire-line to keep the crowd away from the building, and got everything in readiness for the coming of the firemen, while the other was alarming the people within. Almost all of them got out; but one woman, having run to the window of the second story, disappeared back into the room, and did not emerge. There was no flame in the halls,

but they were thick with smoke, as were the rooms. The officer ran up-stairs, holding his breath. When he got on the landing he heard the woman moaning inside, and groped his way in on all fours. She was lying unconscious on the floor, and by this time he himself was almost smothered; but he managed to carry her down-stairs before he fell.

She speedily came to. The firemen arrived two or three minutes later, and got the fire under control.

In November, 1896, an officer who had previously saved a man from death by drowning added to his record by saving five persons from burning. He was at the time asleep, when he was aroused by a fire in a house a few doors away. Running over the roofs of the adjoining houses until he reached the burning building, he found that on the fourth floor the flames had cut off all exit from an apartment in which there were four women, two of them over fifty, and one of the others with a six-months-old baby. The officer ran down into the adjoining house, broke open the door of the apartment on the same floor,—the fourth,—and crept out on the coping, less than three inches wide, that ran from one house to the other. Being a large and very powerful and active man, he managed to keep hold of the casing of the window with one hand, and with the other to reach to the window of the apartment where the women and child were. The firemen appeared, and stretched a net underneath. The crowd that was looking on suddenly became motionless and silent. Then, one by one, he drew the women out of their window, and holding them tight against the wall, passed them into the other window. The exertion in such an attitude was great, and he strained himself badly; but he possessed a practical mind, and as soon as the women were saved he began a prompt investigation of the cause of the fire, and arrested two men whose carelessness, as was afterward proved, caused it.

A number of cases occurred in which the officers were obliged to use their revolvers in dealing with criminals who used theirs. We promoted one patrolman—a man with an already excellent record—for gallantry shown in a fray which resulted in the death of his antagonist. He was after a gang of toughs who had just waylaid, robbed, and beaten a man. They scattered, and he pursued the ringleader. Running hard, he gained on his man, whereupon the latter suddenly turned, and fired full in his face. The officer already had his revolver drawn, and the two shots rang out almost together. The policeman was within a fraction of death, for the bullet from his opponent's pistol went through his helmet, and just broke the skin of his head. His own aim was truer, and the man he was after fell dead, shot through the heart.

In May, 1896, a number of burglaries occurred far up-town, in the neighborhood of 156th street and Union Avenue. Two officers

were sent out each night to patrol the streets in plain clothes. About two o'clock on the morning of May 8, they caught a glimpse of two men loitering about a large corner house, and determined to make them explain their actions. In order to cut off their escape, one officer went down one street, and one the other. The first officer, whose name was Ryan, found the two men at the gateway of the side entrance of the house, and hailed to know what they were doing. Without answering, they turned and ran toward Prospect Avenue, with Ryan in close pursuit. After running about one hundred feet, one of them turned, and fired three shots at Ryan, but failed to hit him. The two then separated, and the man who had done the shooting escaped. The other man, whose name proved to be O'Connor, again took to his heels, with Ryan still after him; they turned the corner, and met the other officer, whose name was Reid, running as hard as he could toward the shooting. When O'Connor saw himself cut off by Reid, he fired at his new foe, the bullet cutting Reid's overcoat on the left shoulder. Reid promptly fired in return, his bullet going into O'Connor's neck, and causing him to turn a complete somersault. The two officers then cared for their prisoner until the ambulance arrived, when he was taken to the hospital, and pronounced mortally wounded. His companion was afterward caught, and they turned out to be the very burglars for whom Reid and Ryan had been on the lookout.

In December, 1896, one of our officers was shot. A row occurred in a restaurant, which ended in two young toughs drawing their revolvers and literally running amuck, shooting two or three men. A policeman, attracted by the noise, ran up, and seized one of them, whereupon the other shot him in the mouth, wounding him badly. Nevertheless, the officer kept his prisoner, and carried him to the station-house. The tough who had done the shooting ran out, and was seized by another officer. He fired at him, the bullet passing through the officer's overcoat, but he was promptly knocked down, disarmed, and brought to the station-house. In this case neither policeman used his revolver, and each brought in his man, although the latter was armed and resisted arrest, one of the officers taking in his prisoner after having been himself severely wounded. A lamentable feature of the case was that this same officer was a man who, though capable of great gallantry, was also given to shirk his work, and we were finally obliged to dismiss

him from the force, after passing over two or three glaring misdeeds in view of his record for gallantry.

We promoted another man on account of finding out accidentally that he had performed a very notable feat, which he had forborne even to mention, so that his name never came on the roll of honor. Late at night, while patrolling in a lonely part of his post, he came upon three young toughs who had turned highwaymen and were robbing a peddler. He ran in at once with his night-stick, whereupon the toughs showed fight, and one of them struck at him with a blud-

circumstances. Two men were driving in a buggy, when the horse stumbled, and in recovering himself broke the head-stall, so that the bridle fell off. The horse was a spirited trotter, and at once ran away at full speed. Heyer saw the occurrence, and followed at a run. When he got alongside the runaway he seized him by the forelock, guided him dexterously over the bridge, preventing him from running into the numerous wagons that were on the road, and finally forced him up a hill and into a wagon-shed. Three months later this same officer saved a man from drowning.



THE SHOOTING OF BURGLAR O'CONNOR.

geon, breaking his left hand. The officer, however, made such good use of his night-stick that he knocked down two of his assailants, whereupon the third ran away, and he brought both of his prisoners to the station-house. Then he went round to the hospital, had his broken hand set in plaster, and actually reported for duty at the next tour, without losing one hour. He was a quiet fellow, with a record free from complaints, and we made him roundsman.

The mounted squad have, of course, many opportunities to distinguish themselves in stopping runaways. In May, 1895, a mounted policeman succeeded in stopping a runaway at Kingsbridge under rather noteworthy

The members of the bicycle squad, which was established soon after we took office, soon grew to show not only extraordinary proficiency on the wheel, but extraordinary daring. They frequently stopped runaways, wheeling alongside of them, grasping the horses while going at full speed; and, what was even more remarkable, they managed not only to overtake, but to jump into the vehicle and capture, on two or three different occasions, men who were guilty of reckless driving, and who fought violently in resisting arrest. They were picked men, being young and active, and any feat of daring which could be accomplished on the wheel they were certain to accomplish.



OVERBOARD.

Three of the best riders of the bicycle squad, whose names and records happen to occur to me, were men of the three ethnic strains most strongly represented in the New York police force, being respectively of native American, German, and Irish—or, more accurately, in this particular case of mixed Scotch and Irish—parentage.

The German was a man of enormous power, and he was able to stop each of the

many runaways he tackled without losing his wheel. Choosing his time, he would get alongside the horse, and seize the bit in his left hand, keeping his right on the cross-bar of the wheel. By degrees he then got the animal under control. He never failed to stop it, and never lost his wheel. He also never failed to overtake any "scorcher," although many of these were professional riders who deliberately violated the law to

see if they could not get away from him; for the wheelmen soon get to know the officers whose beats they cross.

The Yankee, though a tall, powerful man and a very good rider, scarcely came up to the German in either respect; he possessed exceptional ability, however, as well as exceptional nerve and coolness, and he won his promotion first. He stopped about as many runaways; but where the horse was really panic-stricken he usually had to turn his wheel loose, getting a firm grip on the horse's reins, and then kicking his wheel so that it would fall out of the way of injury from the wagon. On one occasion he had a fight with a drunken and reckless driver who was urging to top speed a very spirited horse. He first got hold of the horse, whereupon the driver lashed both him and the beast, and the animal, already mad with terror, could not be stopped. The officer had of course kicked away his wheel at the beginning, and after being dragged along for some distance he let go the beast, and made a grab at the wagon. The driver hit him with his whip, but he managed to get in, and after a vigorous tussle overcame his man, and disposed of him by getting him down and sitting on him. This left his hands free for the reins. By degrees he got the horse under control, and drove the wagon round to the station-house, still sitting on his victim. «I jounced up and down on him to keep him quiet when he turned ugly," he remarked to me parenthetically. Having disposed of the wagon, he took the man round to the court, and on the way the latter suddenly sprang on him, and tried to throttle him. Convinced at last that patience had ceased to be a virtue, he quieted his assailant with a smash on the head that took all the fight out of him until he was brought before the judge and fined. Like the other «bicycle cops," this officer made a number of arrests of criminals, such as thieves, highwaymen, and the like, in addition to his natural prey—scorchers, runaways, and reckless drivers.

The third member of the trio, a tall, sinewy man with flaming red hair, which rather added to the terror he inspired in evil-doers, was usually stationed in a rather tough part of the city, where there was a tendency to crimes of violence, and incidentally an occasional desire to harass wheelmen. The officer was as good off his wheel as on it, and he speedily established perfect order on his beat, being always willing to «take chances» in getting his man. He was no respecter of persons, and when it became his duty to

arrest a wealthy man for persistently refusing to have his carriage-lamps lighted after nightfall, he brought him in with the same indifference that he displayed in arresting a street-corner tough who had thrown a brick at a wheelman.

Soon after it came into office the board undertook to train the men in the use of the pistol. A school of pistol practice was established, and the marksmanship of the officers was wonderfully improved in a very short while. The man who was put in charge of the school was a roundsman whom we promoted to sergeant. He was one of the champion revolver shots of the country, and prided himself on being able to hit just where he aimed. Twice he was forced to fire at criminals who resisted arrest, and in each case he hit his man in the arm or leg, simply stopping him or crippling him, without danger to his life. This same roundsman one Sunday met a volunteer military company returning from a spree, which had included both shooting at a target and heavy drinking. They were very noisy and disorderly, and the roundsman promptly arrested the captain. The company attempted to rescue him, but he held them at bay, brought in his prisoner in triumph, and then sallied out with reinforcements, and brought in all the others.

These are only a few cases out of the many on the roll of honor. Wherever we could, we recognized any signal feat of courage which resulted in the saving of life, or which was incidental to the performance of police duty. Besides awarding a medal, we also strove to give more tangible proof of our appreciation where this was possible, either by passing over, so far as we could, an infraction of discipline, or by actual promotion where the man was worthy. In considering promotions to the higher grades, it was not possible to take much account of physical courage or hardihood, although, of course, its lack would have been a conclusive bar to advancement; for in the higher grades good judgment, power of command, and ability to take and bear responsibility, are needed beyond all other qualities. But in promotion to the lower grades, where there is much less demand upon the higher mental qualities, proof of signal physical courage can often be made a determining factor in a promotion.

Of course other qualities must go with courage, and it may often happen that the best man for a position will earn his promotion in spite of the fact that no opportunity is thrown in his way to show his hardihood or physical prowess. An alert, active, hard-



ONE OF THE BICYCLE SQUAD.

working fellow, evidently possessed of intelligence and resolution, and fit to bear responsibility, cannot be held back merely because there has never been a chance for him to distinguish himself at a fire or against a dangerous criminal. Nor can we promote a man given to drink or to gross misconduct, no matter how much of a hero he may be. Very frequently careful and patient investigation has shown that some

man who had distinguished himself by a brilliant exhibition of personal gallantry on some given occasion was nevertheless unfit for promotion, whether because of lack of steadiness and sobriety, or for some other good reason. I remember one very gallant man whom I would have liked to promote, but who could not keep clear of drink. We overlooked this so far as we could while he was patrolman, because of his occasional per-

formance of deeds of marked excellence; but it rendered him unfit for promotion. I remember another man whom we promoted, but were forced afterward to reduce. He displayed great courage and address on several different occasions in arresting criminals and saving human life; but he was not truthful, and he proved a poor disciplinarian, protecting his favorites and wreaking vengeance upon those whom he did not like.

In making promotions, therefore, we could not consider courage and personal prowess as conclusive. But we did treat them as factors of the greatest weight. Where a man was sober, steady, and orderly as well as daring and energetic, there was no difficulty whatever in giving him his promotion; and if we found a man to be deficient, even in a very slight degree, in courage, no amount of faithful performance of his ordinary duties could atone for the deficiency. The difficulty came in the mixed cases. A man who was sober, industrious, and intelligent, but who had never had a chance to display heroism, could not be permanently kept back; and yet in promoting him there was a risk lest he might prove to be deficient in the quality of rising to a serious crisis. On the other hand, if the man had repeatedly shown striking qualities of daring and resource, and yet had been guilty of marked shortcomings, it was a case to be carefully weighed. If, on the whole, the shortcomings were so serious that we could not trust the man, then his promotion had to be denied; but unless they were very serious, we usually gave such a man a chance to show what he was made of.

Generally the result justified our judgment. The responsibility sobered the man, the recognition of his merits made him proud, and he felt bound to justify himself by proving that he was fit to hold the position he had reached. The man with strong virtues and strong failings is always preferable to the bloodless creature with neither.

Of course the best men of all are those who have the virtues without the shortcomings—who are resolute, strong, and clear-eyed, without being wild or disorderly. But there is small use indeed in the man whose virtue is merely one of the incidents of a condition of low vitality. A policeman is worth little unless he is honest, temperate, orderly, and cleanly without and within; but he is worth even less if he does not possess the positive, virile good qualities of hardihood, energy, resolution, and personal daring.

I doubt if the average citizen, especially the average stay-at-home citizen, realizes how often the man of the night-stick is called upon to display qualities which in a soldier would be called heroic. His feats in saving life or in arresting dangerous criminals, alone and at night, attract no special attention when mentioned in the newspapers; but they often imply just as much courage as those of the man who captures an enemy's flag in battle, or plants his own flag on a hostile parapet. The men of the New York police force represent all the different creeds and different race origins that go to the make-up of our stock; but they all become good Americans who pay no heed to differences of creed and race, for otherwise they would be useless. The police occupy positions of great importance. They not merely preserve order, the first essential of both liberty and civilization, but to a large portion of our population they stand as the embodiment as well as the representative of the law of the land. To the average dweller in a tenement-house district, especially if born abroad, the policeman is in his own person all that there is of government: he is judge, executive and legislature, constitution and town meeting. His power and influence are great. For any vice or shortcoming he should be sternly punished, but for gallantry and good conduct he should receive prompt and generous recognition.

Theodore Roosevelt.



OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792).

WITH ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD BY TIMOTHY COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURES.



HERE was nothing remarkable about the childhood of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was born at Plympton, July 16, 1723, and probably received a better education at the hands of his clerical father than most boys of his time. There was some talk at first of his studying medicine, but matters shaped themselves otherwise. The youth wished to be a painter, and at eighteen he was sent up to London to study painting under Hudson, with whom he remained for two years, learning something about the way the old masters drew, and painting some portraits on his own account. Then he suddenly left London, returning to Devonshire, where he passed some time, to no profit, as he afterward seemed to think. Later he, with two sisters, took a house at Plymouth, and in 1746 he was again in London, painting portraits for a living, and trying to get on in the world. An opportunity for travel came to him. He went to the Mediterranean with Captain Keppel, voyaging to Gibraltar and Algiers. In 1749 he found himself in Rome, where for two years he gave himself up to a study of the Italians, chiefly Michelangelo and Raphael. After that he spent several months at Florence, Parma, and Venice, finally returning by Paris to London, where he at once set up a studio in St. Martin's Lane and began portrait-painting as a profession.

At first his style was not applauded by the painters, and Ellis told him he did not paint in the least like Sir Godfrey Kneller. His method was somewhat novel, but he saw to it that the innovation should not be too startling for public approval. He met with encouragement almost from the start. The Duke of Devonshire and his friend Keppel gave him commissions; others followed, and the painter was able to move to Great Newport street and to raise his prices. Something of a courtier, and always a gentleman, Reynolds had little trouble in making his way with the great people of the day, noble and otherwise. Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, Wilkes, became his dining companions at "The Club" and elsewhere; and their table-talk was for many years the town

talk. In this brilliant circle Reynolds himself cut no inconsiderable figure, for at thirty he had achieved a fame that never left him. The larger his acquaintance, the greater seemed his success as a portrait-painter. He had so many orders that assistants had to be called in. Again he moved to more spacious quarters in Leicester Square, and again he raised his prices. He was growing rich, and advertised the fact by setting up a coach. In 1768 came the founding of the Royal Academy. Reynolds was made its first president, and the king knighted him. Five years later Oxford gave him the degree of D. C. L., and he was appointed painter to the king. Honors were falling fast upon him, but his head was not turned by them, and for all that he was the first portrait-painter of his time, he never relaxed his industry. At his apogee he was painting a hundred and fifty portraits a year. In 1781, and again in 1783, he made short trips in Belgium and Holland, studying and making notes of the pictures there; but as soon as he returned to London he took up the brush again like a young aspirant, trying with each new picture to rise above himself. At sixty-six, in the full flush of his power, his labors were suddenly stopped. While painting, one day, the sight of his left eye grew blurred. He put down the brush, and never took it up again. In a few weeks he was blind in one eye and the other was affected. Some quarrel or misunderstanding arose in the Royal Academy, and Sir Joshua resigned its presidency, then resumed it again at the king's request, but finally gave it up in 1790, after twenty-one years of rule. He never married, his family were dead or scattered, and with his occupation gone the painter failed rapidly. He died February 23, 1792; and, after a funeral which all London attended, he was buried beside Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral. He left behind him a great reputation, a vast number of pictures (chiefly portraits), his "Academy Discourses" (so good in style that at one time Johnson was supposed to have written them), and sixty thousand pounds in money.

The manner in which Sir Joshua ordered



ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE, BY PERMISSION OF EARL SPENCER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN ALTHORP HOUSE.

GEORGINA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

his personal life is indicative of the spirit that influenced his art. There was nothing erratic, venturesome, or impulsive about either. It is difficult to believe that the man at any time, either in life or in art, possessed such things as fire, passion, romance. He was too calm for either love or hatred, too conservative for brilliancy, too philosophical for enthusiasm. In art he placed less reliance upon inspiration than upon intelligent knowledge, believed the gospel of genius to be work, and thought originality a new way of saying old truths. Such ideas as these form the chief counts in his discourses to the students of the Royal Academy. "Excellence is granted to no man but as the reward of labor." And again: "Have no dependence on your own genius; if you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency." His three stages of an art education were, first, learning the grammar of art; secondly, laying in a stock of ideas from the old masters; thirdly, independent action, but in moderation. And Sir Joshua usually practised what he preached. He hugged conservatism, held fast to the traditions, and tried to keep his genius in abeyance to rule and method. That he had genius cannot be denied; but in his own mind he confounded it with energy, and thought himself successful through work. He had slaved over execution, he had studied the art of the past, and with much labor had made other people's excellences his own. Naturally he thought work and education accounted for his success. Undoubtedly they were a great aid to him. The stock of ideas from the old masters helped him; his borrowings from others and his powers of assimilation helped him; but many painters have possessed these qualities and yet never attained high rank. Success as the result of such accomplishments would explain genius out of existence.

Sir Joshua's "borrowings" have been much talked about; but it should be borne in mind that the education of a painter in eighteenth-century England was largely a matter of borrowings. All the students of the time copied Raphael, Correggio, and Guido, and such a thing as a thorough academic training under a skilled master was not to be obtained. Indeed, it is not pushing the facts too hard to say that there was not a perfect craftsman in the school. Deficiency in training was made up for by taking hints from the old masters and by practising observation. Reynolds had greater chances than the others,

and he improved them. "I know no man who has passed through life with more observation than Sir Joshua Reynolds," said Johnson. What he observed as a pupil under Hudson we have slight means of knowing. Hudson was hard and dry in method, but, like all the painters of the time, he revered Van Dyck. And the Van Dyck doctrine of "painting noble men nobler still" Reynolds accepted in measure. He told his academy students that it was the duty of the portrait-painter "to aim at discovering the perfections only of those whom he is to represent"—a maxim he himself did not always follow, though doubtless he believed in it. And of course he believed in the Italians, for they were the fashion of the day. In Rome, like many another painter, he was at first disappointed in Raphael, but afterward grew very fond of his work, and in consequence declared that taste in art was not natural, but acquired; not on the surface, but underneath. Michelangelo impressed him instantly and lastingly. He talked about him all his life, held him up as a model to his students, but he himself did not follow him, except in the oft-cited case of the "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse." He had nothing of Michelangelo's line, form, or spirit, nothing of Raphael's style or composition. He talked less about Correggio and the Venetians, yet here he helped himself more freely. In Venice he studied Titian's light-and-shade, and copied it in parts as he had copied Raphael's figures at Rome. Paolo Veronese also had an influence on his color, though Sir Joshua talked little about him. Nor did he discourse much on Guido and Guercino, yet one feels that his nymphs and Venuses were drawn from those sources—affection and all. Besides these painters, he had the contemporary admiration for the Carracci: the eclecticism of Bologna was in both his theory and his art, and he even recommended Lodovico Carracci as a model in painting.

But notwithstanding Sir Joshua's admiration for the Bolognese, he was a very good judge of painting. He had not studied the art of Europe without profit. He knew very well how a thing should be done, but he did not always know how to do it. "Not having the advantage of an early academical education, I never had the facility of drawing the naked figure which an artist ought to have." No, he had not. His drawing of the figure was tentative, hesitating, uncertain, hardly ever complete or wholly satisfactory. Hands he sometimes drew easily, and faces he understood better than anything else—not al-



FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSEPH REYNOLDS, AT CHATWORTH HOUSE.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND CHILD.

ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE, BY PERMISSION OF THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

ways drawing them truly, but painting them very cleverly with the brush, and giving the fleshy texture with much force. If one compares the «Lord Heathfield», the «Dr. Johnson», or any other portrait by Reynolds, with the so-called «Gevartius» portrait attributed to Van Dyck in the National Gallery, the difference between the tentative and the absolute will be immediately apparent. The drawing of the mouth, nose, eyes, cheeks, and forehead in the «Gevartius» is positive, done easily, surely, unostentatiously; that of the «Heathfield» is rambling, questioning, groping. Doubtless much of Sir Joshua's unevenness was due to frequent emendation,—his wish to better each part,—but that in itself is proof of uncertainty. His success with composition was not greater than with drawing. He could pose a portrait-figure happily enough, but his so-called historical pictures were deficient in invention and imagination. He could not see nymphs and Venuses and classic groups except as some old master had seen them before him; and because he saw portrait-subjects, and did not see figure-subjects, is one reason why he succeeded with the former and virtually failed with the latter. At times, however, he was very clever in composing a family group, as the «Lady Cockburn and Children» will exemplify. The manner in which he has woven and intertwined the lines of the figures with the drapery, knit the whole group together in form and color, and made a complete ensemble, is worthy of all praise.

Color he experimented with all his life. He believed that the secret of it was known to the Venetians, but lost. «There is not a man on earth who has the least notion of coloring; we all have it equally to seek for and find out, as at present it is totally lost to the art.» Sir Joshua sought for it with all pigments, mediums, and methods, and with some unfortunate results. In his experimental canvases painted during his early and middle periods he at times used fugitive blues, lakes, carmines, orpiments, mixing them with oil, wax, varnish—almost anything that would produce a desired effect. But the effect was often transient; the colors fled the canvas, and as a result many of his otherwise fine portraits are to-day pallid and cold. In fact, Sir Joshua's fading color was something of a town jest, and the girding Walpole suggested that his pictures should be paid for in annuities, to last as long as the pictures lasted. The painter felt badly enough about his fleeing colors, and he so mended his manner that many of his later canvases

gave no cause for criticism on that score. Some of them are to-day in excellent preservation. Moreover, they are fuller and richer than his earlier works. In color, as in light, he finally returned to Rubens. The «Lady Cockburn and Children» shows how ornate he could be and still keep within the bounds of good taste. It is a magnificent harmony, as brilliant as a flower-garden, and yet serene, calm, well-ordered throughout. Sir Joshua was not quite just in saying no man living had any notion of color. He himself had a shrewd knowledge of it. His dictum about the use of warm and cold colors argues nothing whatever. He produced fine pieces of color on more than one occasion, not by virtue of any law or rediscovered secret, but because he had the color-instinct. Were he as much of a draftsman as a colorist, no one would be able to find many holes in his armor.

It might be thought that from his art principles Sir Joshua would have evolved a style, a manner somewhat like Raphael, the Carracci, or even the eclectic Mengs; but he never did. He talked much of things established, but took good care not to have them too firmly established with him. Every picture he painted was, in measure, different from its predecessor. Painstaking, industrious, persevering in the acquisition of knowledge, it is not remarkable that he finally became a painter of unusual culture. He never was quite spontaneous, never quite original in the sense of inventing a method wholly his own; but he was intelligent, perceptive, and for his time and people a painter with accomplishments. But again it must not be concluded that Sir Joshua's art hinged primarily on his technical ability. Granted his varied knowledge, the fact still remains that his craftsmanship was imperfect. If examined closely, many of his works will be found wanting. Take, for instance, the portrait of «Lady Elizabeth Foster.» It is not drawn, modeled, or painted. The features want articulation, the figure lacks solidity and substance, the color is chilly, the whole picture, even regarded as a sketch, lacks force. Yet, in spite of such sins of omission and commission, the portrait is most engaging, full of charm, full of loveliness. What is it about the work—about all of Sir Joshua's portraiture—that appeals to us so strongly?

It has been said that a portrait-painter puts no more in a head than there is in his own, which is equivalent to saying that every artist paints his own point of view. This was



ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

LORD HEATHFIELD.

true of Sir Joshua. With all his eclecticism and his absorptions from hither and yon, he never forsook his own individual way of seeing things. If there was any struggle between the portrait-model before him and the established Italian method of doing a portrait, it generally resulted in his trusting his own eyes. In the canvas the painter out-balanced academic rule, and to this day every one of his portraits bears the individual stamp and seal of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Now Sir Joshua's view was peculiarly attractive. He was conversant with the best side of social England in the eighteenth century, and was, moreover, a man of good breeding, refinement, and sensitive perceptions. Naturally he was in sympathy with everything well-bred and refined in his sitter. He saw that phase of character acutely, and selected it as best suited for his purpose. If there was anything manly about a man, feminine about a woman, or childlike about a child, he noticed it at once. And these were the qualities upon which he concentrated his strength. He appealed frankly and boldly to the taste for dignity, charm, winsomeness, loveliness, in the personal presence, and the appeal was not in vain—is not in vain to-day. The eternal womanly he saw in every woman—saw it in Kitty Fisher and Nelly O'Brien as well as in the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Powis. Besides this, he saw in some haughtiness, loftiness, distinction; in others mildness, maternal feeling, sadness; in others again, gaiety, coquetry, gracefulness. How shrewd he was in his observation of the look, the pose, the smile that make women captivating! How sensitive he was to the young girl's modest glance, the coquette's sly roguery, the lady's frank demeanor! The witchery of women, the fascination of the sex, the nameless something that leads on to love, he knew by heart, though no wife taught him. And he knew with just what happy incident to portray them, though no old master gave him the hint. What, for instance, could be more winning than the «Viscountess Crosbie» coming out from behind a tree, a smile upon her face, and her hand outstretched in greeting! One's first exclamation is: «You charming creature! What a pity you are dead!» The graceful step and expectant look of «Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire», as she comes down the terrace steps, the woman still in the duchess; the loveliness of «Mrs. Bradyll» and the «Ladies Waldegrave»; the coy impishness of «Mrs. Abington»; the questioning glance of «Perdita Robinson»;

the demureness of «Kitty Fisher»—how very attractive they all are! And how interested we become in the subject! You cannot be so enthusiastic over the women of Velasquez, Rubens, or Holbein. Even the Venetian women of Titian, perfect types of beauty as they are, provoke only a mild curiosity as to their personality. We rather overlook the painted in the painter. But Sir Joshua's people attract us, and the subject—the much-despised subject of modern art—has weight in this English portraiture. The painter intended that it should have weight—intended that people should know and feel the charm of the sitter. It is matter of history that he had the most noble and beautiful women of England for sitters. They look it. An air of distinction and refinement hangs about them as easily as a cloak. Women of less beauty and less nobility sat to him, but their pictures were never his great successes. He preferred the handsome woman, and it was a part of his selective sense that led him to paint her so often. He did not and could not entirely sympathize with the plain or the homely. Sir Joshua was fortunate, then, in having attractive subjects for his art. He was fortunate again in having an attractive point of view. With such winning cards, it is easy to see that he had two points out of three in the game of portraiture. Had he been as successful in the third point, technic, as in the other two, he would have ranked as a portrait-painter with Van Dyck.

His children, when done directly from life, were almost as successful as his women. There is some mannerism about the majority of them,—a reminiscence of the way Correggio painted children,—but they are no less childlike and graceful. The fancy for round eyes, a wide smile, and a sharp-pointed chin with a consequent mouselike expression of face prevails. We see it in the charming piece of the «Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick» standing on a hilltop, in the «Muscipula», the «Robinetta», the «Strawberry Girl», the «Cupid as a Link-boy.» Presumably Sir Joshua employed this peculiar type to give the shy, frightened, or nervous character of children, and if so he certainly succeeded; but he is more pleasing when he gives the unconscious, self-absorbed character, as in the richly hued «Little Fortune-teller», the «Dead Bird», the «Master Bunbury», the «Age of Innocence», or the little «Miss Bowles» with the dog. He was very successful, too, with portrait-groups of women with children, two of which Mr. Cole has en-

graved. The children in the group with Lady Cockburn¹ are arranged, composed—posed, in fact; but how well this is done, and how firm is his grasp of the salient truths of childhood! Then, again, what could be more natural, unconscious, vivacious, than the Duchess of Devonshire,—the «Beautiful Duchess,» as she was called,—playing at «hot cockles» with her infant daughter! Both pictures were painted in the painter's mature period, when he had arrived at the height of his power, and both are excellent. They seize upon the incidental, the momentary, which was discoursed against by Sir Joshua in favor of the general and the permanent; but he himself proved more than once that his rules for the «grand style» were subject to many exceptions. He certainly never produced richer, fuller, nobler, more complete works of art than these two portrait-pieces.

His success with portraits of men was perhaps not so great. Occasionally he did a scholar or a general with great truth and power, but he seemed to have more sympathy with women and children. Every Englishman considers the «Lord Heathfield» a masterpiece, and in its original state it was undoubtedly a strong portrait. Unfortunately, one of its owners saw fit to cut it down to match another Reynolds on an opposite panel in his house, thus destroying the placing of the figure on the canvas; and after that it was repainted somewhat. It is still a noble canvas, in spite of bad treatment, and shows to-day something of the sturdy manhood of the English officer. The «Johnson» is heavy in touch and drawing, but portrays with much effect the unwieldy frame and the massive features of the irrepressible doctor. Sir Joshua's portraits of himself, of Gibbon, of Goldsmith, are also good pieces of characterization, beside which the flamboyant «Marquis of Rockingham,» the too heroic «Keppel,» the over-dramatic «Lord Ligonier» will not stand for a moment. Whenever Sir

Joshua tried to practise his «old master» theory of generalization he left something to be desired. He had not enough imagination to see the abstract like a Titian or a Paolo Veronese; he needed the concrete before his eyes. When the model was on the platform he did not fail to see truly, and even at times powerfully; but whenever he wandered off to do the heroic or the grand he ran to the superficial. This is peculiarly true of his efforts in historical painting. The figure-piece was his lifelong aspiration, but never his success. The «Death of Dido,» the «Cleopatra,» the «Ugolino»—all the figure-pieces he ever did—would not save a name from the dust of oblivion. He painted half a dozen landscapes, but he never pretended to be a landscape-painter. He used trees, hills, and skies well enough as a background, just as he occasionally painted animals after Van Dyck; but they were mere accessory objects. We may dismiss them all, for Sir Joshua was a portrait-painter pure and simple. The limitation is not to his discredit. He could not have chosen a loftier field to work in. In the whole realm of painting there is nothing so difficult to produce as a thoroughly satisfactory portrait. And Sir Joshua produced more than one of them.

Taking him for all and all, Reynolds must be ranked at the head of the English school. He had not Hogarth's originality, nor Gainsborough's delicacy, nor Romney's spirit, nor Lawrence's skill; but in point of view, taste, intelligence, and breadth of accomplishment, he excelled any one of them. Not alone did peer and the duchess rank him as a great painter: his brothers of the craft acknowledged his position, and all through the works of his contemporaries and followers we shall find traces of his influence. He was virtually the founder of the school of English portrait-painters, and, in fact, the one man who put English art upon its feet and gave it importance.

John C. Van Dyke.

COMPETITION.

THE race is won! As victor I am hailed
With deafening cheers from eager throats; and yet
Gladder the victory could I forget
The strained, white faces of the men who failed!

Julia Schayer.

¹ See frontispiece.

THE ART OF CHARLES KEENE.

WITH EXAMPLES OF HIS WORK, FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.



THE MANAGER'S CALL. («PUNCH» AND DISRAELI.)

I THINK that too much cannot now be said about Charles Keene, too much of his work cannot be exhibited, whether in print or elsewhere, as some slight amends for the general indifference which was his portion during life. I need not point out how small a fraction of the popularity of the «Punch» artists fell to him. To the many, «Punch» meant Leech or Dicky Doyle or Du Maurier; only the few looked to it for Keene. The little that has been written about him proves the little that was thought of him. His drawings, as a rule, were received in silence or with a silly guffaw. It is curious to note the attitude of a critic like Mr. Ruskin, who could be so generous in his recognition of lesser men. Mr. George Somes Layard, in his life of the artist, said (and I am unable to disprove his assertion): «Mr. Ruskin did not find that Keene was worthy even to be mentioned

the idiot, the blackguard, the coxcomb, the paltry fool, the disgraced woman—is pictured for your honourable pleasure on every page. These are thoroughly representative of the entire art industry of the modern press, with clumsy caricature struggling to render its dullness tolerable by insisting on defect—if perchance a penny or two more may be coined out of the cockney reader's itch for loathsomeness.» This delectable sentiment is inspired by illustrated books and magazines and papers of the year 1867 in particular, and in general by all English illustrated books and papers of about the same date. As Charles Keene was among the most distinguished contributors to these publications, it is safe to assume that he came in for a sufficient share of Mr. Ruskin's anathema. But it is neither wise nor fair to judge Mr. Ruskin by any

when he took upon himself to discuss the «Punch» artists.» In the lecture on Leech and Tenniel, Keene's name never appears, though there are continuous references to Du Maurier, and he and Leech and Tenniel, and even Lady Butler, Mrs. Allingham, Miss Kate Greenaway, and Miss Alexander, are exalted here or elsewhere. However, Mr. Ruskin could not quite ignore Keene. When, in «Ariadne Florentina» (Vol. VII), he sneers at the illustrators of cheap «Ladies' Pocket-books», as he has just been praising Du Maurier and the others, it is clear that it can only be Keene who has so incensed him. And Keene again must be the object of Ruskin's wrath in that conveniently forgotten passage in the «Art of England» in which he says: «Cheap popular art cannot draw for you beauty, sense, and honesty; but every species of distorted vice—

one of his criticisms. He has an amusing way of contradicting himself, as by this time we all know. Certainly, with charming unconsciousness of the denunciation he had uttered or was going to utter,—I am not sure in what order these lectures were given,—he did not hesitate to confess in «Aratra Pentelici» that it chanced, «as I was preparing this lecture, one of our most able and popular prints gave me a woodcut of the (self-made man,) specified as such, *so vigorously drawn, and with so few touches, that Phidias or Turner himself could scarcely have done it better*»; and the woodcut—really a wood-engraving—which thus charms him, and is worthy to be ranked with Phidias and to be compared to a Greek coin, is the work

of Charles Keene, printed in «Punch.» The man whom Mr. Ruskin, so far as I know, cannot condescend to mention by name, is thus set up by him to complete the trinity of his greatest gods! These are inconsistencies of criticism, it might be thought, better forgotten; but they help one to understand why Keene was so little known to the public, while draftsmen of very much less merit were glorified. Is it any wonder that English art and English criticism are a laughing-stock to the world, when such pronouncements can be seriously delivered from a professorial chair, and even more seriously printed with the official sanction of the University of Oxford?

But if Keene, as the most accomplished draftsman in England, was never rightly recognized, there seems to be a prevailing impression that this was a matter of indifference to him. I am not able to analyze the mental attitude of an artist, to «reconstruct his psychology,» by scientific study of his work. But still, for all that has been written and said about Keene's indifference, for all the proof that his own letters may be declared to give, I cannot help thinking his supposed independence of appreciation something of a pose, concealing beneath it a feeling more akin to despair, which grew upon him with years of continued neglect. In writing of him, it has been pleasanter to speak, as one may now speak freely, of his delightful personality—of his quaint traits, of his love for music, of his more or less eccentric habits; of his dogs, his bagpipes, his clays; of the fact that he hardly ever rode in a handsome cab, and often cooked his own dinner in his studio. Why not forget the discreditable truth that when alive he was all but unknown; that to most people the initials «C. K.» meant nothing, the drawing



A STUDY FOR «PUNCH.»

—unless of his tipsy men and Sandies—less, and the legend below everything, especially when quite pointless and unintelligible, as supplied to him by the professional purveyors of jokes? And after all, you are reminded, in England artists at least always knew his value, while he was for long received and respected on the Continent. If this be true, then certainly English artists had a curious fashion of expressing their pleasure and belief in his work. It was all very well, after his death, for Lord Leighton to utter platitudes about him; all very well to revive the legend that he had actually once been invited to an Academy dinner. But if there is any history to be written about the Royal Academy of Arts during the last thirty years, it will be to record that James McNeill Whistler, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Charles Keene were not of it—a scandal no whitewashing by lord mayors, presidents, and prime ministers can remove.

Nor, indeed, was Keene appreciated, as the report is, on the Continent. At the time of his death he had barely been heard of in France, despite the gold medal awarded him at the exhibition of 1889; for at that time M. Jacques Blanche could only hope that *«prochainement il sera découvert à Paris . . . par quelqu'un de nos hardis lanceurs de nouveautés et déclaré homme de génie.»* This was written after the Universal Exhibition. And it was also a few years after his death that Bracquemond (who, with Blanche, had got to know him, not from the pages of *«Punch,»* but from casual visits to London), wrote, *«Keene est peu connu en France,»* though the eminent etcher thinks he is worthy to rank with Daumier, with Gavarni. Even Bérardi, whose monumental *«Graveurs du XIX^e Siècle»* gives him a position of authority in France, says: *«Keene est de ceux que la critique met du temps à découvrir. Son nom n'est pas crié sur les toits.»* Those are the verdicts of three of his French admirers, and the only other article about him I have been able to find in a French journal was contributed by an Englishman. I do not believe that the German

PROBABLY A STUDY FOR *«PUNCH.»*

public showed itself more sympathetic. The friendliness of Menzel is accepted as a sign of Keene's popularity in Germany. But the Menzel episode, as I heard the story from Keene's own lips, points to anything but a triumph in the studios of Berlin. As a tribute of his admiration of the German, Keene sent several of his drawings to Menzel. In return, and after an unflatteringly long interval, Menzel presented photographs and proofs of his own work—and eventually, I believe, some originals—to Keene. However, Keene was too generous to go into these details in any of his letters; it was only in terms of sincere eulogy that he could write or speak of the great illustrator.

There is the less excuse for the public's unanimity in ignoring him since the one phase of his art hitherto given to the public is his illustrations, essentially the most popular. The current impression is that if you look through the back numbers of *«Punch,»* and an occasional old magazine or book, you have learned all there is to be learned about Charles Keene as an artist. But this is by no means the case. His work may be divided properly—though the division has never been made—into two classes: that done, in one medium or another, for his own

study and delight; and that intended for publication. You may imagine, if you have not seen examples of the former class, that the engravings in «Punch» represent him fully and satisfactorily. Unfortunately, for the artist, they do not: for me, however, fortunately, as it is the reason I now have the pleasure of showing that there existed an entirely different artist, drawing in a style absolutely apart from that foisted upon him by the wood-engraver.

I shall begin by speaking of the unpublished work. These are chiefly costume poses which he drew at the Langham Sketching Club, and a series of studies done mostly in pen and ink, with a firm yet exquisitely delicate touch, portraits, or drawings of landscape and architecture, done for pure delight in the subject, though many afterward appear as backgrounds in his published designs. Much credit has been given to Keene and some of his contemporaries because they actually took the trouble to go to nature for the backgrounds of their illustrations. Frankly, I cannot see that they deserve great glory for doing only what every true artist does. It was no surprise to me to find a large number of landscapes among Keene's unpublished drawings. One has only to look at the moors and meadows and hills that stretch away beyond his gillies and rustics and sportsmen to be sure they were never faked. But I was amazed at the beauty and perfection of execution he put into these sketches. Some, drawn with a pen in old sketch-books, often on a nasty blue paper, are delicate and exquisite to a degree that makes me fear they must ever remain single works of art, so entirely are they beyond the possibility of any method of reproduction. However, there was another means of expression, capable of even greater delicacy and refinement, with the multiplication of a design as its chief end, of which Keene was master—etching. His few plates are as varied in subject as his drawings. Landscapes, Langham models, portraits—all these he drew with his needle. But from most of his plates so few proofs have been printed that his etchings have virtually escaped even the dealer and the collector.

The unpublished drawings may be arranged under several different heads. Those which, in a way, can most appropriately be considered first are the life studies—studies from the nude. They are owned chiefly by the South Kensington Museum, where they are bound up in a small portfolio.

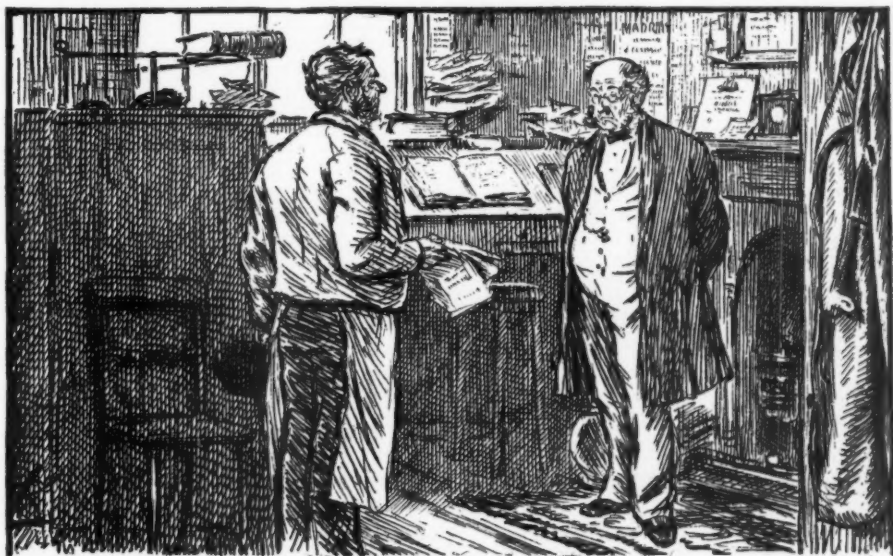
They are all frankly for practice, for

study. A small proportion are in color. Many of the designs are excellent. The Langham studies of men in armor and costume are admirable, even if they cannot be compared to Menzel's. There are little heads so full of character and so good technically that they alone should give him high rank as a painter in water-colors—a medium in which his work was never known, though that of men far his inferior was lauded to the skies. I know of only two or three works in oil by him; but I have seen a few in distemper.

He did a few charcoal-drawings. As I look at them, I read in every line and tone the influence of Menzel, which he would have been eager and proud to acknowledge. And I realize also that they are not surpassed by Menzel's drawings in the same medium; that they are no less varied in subject and execution.

Artists who could appreciate Keene knew that he had produced a series of etched plates; but they probably might not have been able to tell you how many of these there were. M. Béraldi catalogues twenty, but there are really nearer forty. Keene himself was so delightfully vague that he seemed to think there were only about a dozen—too few to be catalogued seriously. «I am amused at the idea of putting me down as a (*Graveur du XIX^e Siècle*,)» he wrote to Mrs. Edwin Edwards, in a letter quoted by Mr. Layard; «I have only scratched a few studies of sketches, not more than a dozen, all told, I should think—the merest experiments. Titles they have not. To save my life, I could n't tell the dates. And as to writing my life! (Story! God bless you, sir, I've none to tell.)» A quotation to that effect. The most stirring incidents in my life are a visit to the dentist (date forgotten), and certain experiences of the last few days. Try to choke the French biographer off.»

The etchings may be grouped under four heads: studies at the Langham and from models, portraits, landscapes, and one humorous subject. As with his drawings, it is impossible to trace any progress, any development. They are the work of an accomplished artist with whom etching was but another responsive medium. If three or four are not successful, it is because they were meant to be elaborated, to be carried much further, and without the intended elaboration they are simply uninteresting. Among the Langham studies, a model with a 'cello is the most distinguished. Though in subject it might suggest Meissonier, in handling



CULTURE FOR THE WORKING-CLASSES.

PHILANTHROPIC EMPLOYER (who has paid his workpeople's expenses to a neighboring Fine Art Exhibition). Well, Johnson, what did you think of it? Pick up an idea or two!

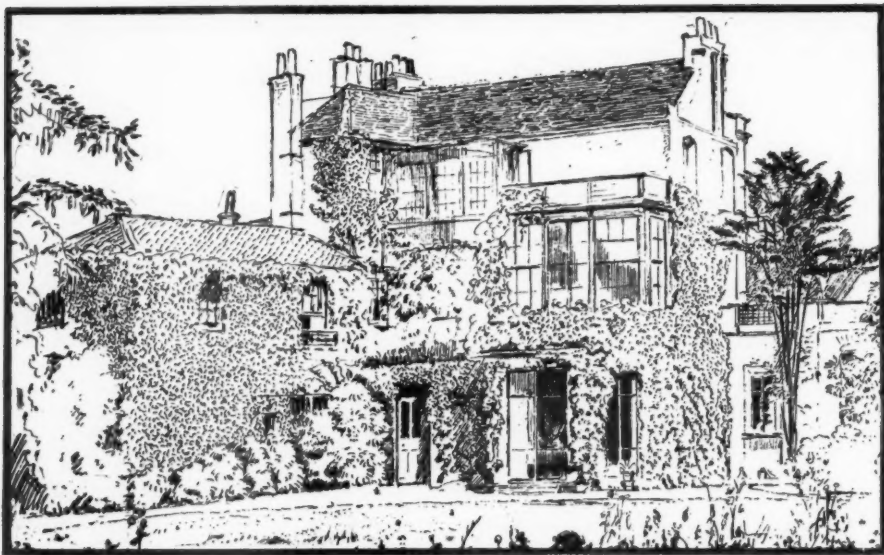
FOREMAN: Well, you see, sir, it were a this way. When us got there, we was a-considering what was best to be done, so we app'inted a deputation o' three on us, to see what it were like, an' when they come out an' said it were only picturs an' such, we thought it a pity to spend our shillin' on 'em. So we went to the Tea Gardens, and very pleasant it were too. Thank you kindly, sir.

there is a suppleness and a painter-like quality of line that the more celebrated artist never approached in his life. And it is astonishing that a man who etched so little had such a command of the richness and depth of color to be obtained from a copper-plate. This, and the woman in the costume of Elizabeth, seated, at her side a lute, in a corner the head of an artist leaning over his drawing, are both signed, so I suppose Keene considered them finished and was pleased with them. It is curious to note that on some of the plates he recorded the number of bitings and the time which each took.

But of all his etchings, none can surpass the portraits. The finest, I think, is one of Edwin Edwards, seated in a garden chair, under a tree, reading a book. The way the man sprawls at his ease, as Keene had probably seen him sprawl hundreds of times, is wonderfully expressed with the finest and most eloquent lines. There is a second portrait of Mr. Edwards, this time painting, and a charming study of Mrs. Edwards. No less charming is the portrait of another lady,—on a lounge in front of a richly figured wall-paper. In this even the old-fashioned bell-pull, even the picture on the wall, as in Mr. Whistler's portrait of his mother, become

important in the wonderful scheme of decoration; and the color is richer, more effective, more deliberately introduced as an essential quality, than was the rule in his plates. It is unsigned. There are several other etchings—none lovelier than the female figure seated with a book, and dressed in the great voluminous skirts of the sixties, held out by the swaying crinoline which Mr. Morris would have had us believe is not beautiful, which Whistler and Millais and Boyd Houghton have shown us was far more graceful than the shapeless draggleries of a later, esthetic generation. Their drawings and Keene's etchings will endure; the opinion of Morris, when confronted with them, must prove but empty words. It is something to be thankful for that, in his drawing of women, Keene did not become a tiresome, mannered conventionalist like Du Maurier.

When the Keene Exhibition was held at the Fine Arts Society, a few years since, besides the more familiar «Punch» designs on the walls there were portfolios containing a few pen-and-ink drawings of figures—mostly single figures—and of landscapes, done with a touch so delicate and so refined that no wood-engraver, unless he were a master like



HOUSE NEXT TO CHARLES KEENE'S IN HAMMERSMITH.

Timothy Cole, could have engraved them on the wood block; at any rate, no Englishman ever did. An admirable example is the seated figure with a veil, published here. Others are drawings of landscape and architecture, like the suburban villa—next, I believe, to his mother's place in Hammersmith. Almost all the landscapes are as English in subject as his illustrations. Those I have seen were mostly in sketch-books, made with a small steel pen and usually with pure black or slightly browned ink, which he carried in an exciseman's bottle hung from his waistcoat button. Mr. Stacy Marks says that he drew straight away in ink, "without any preliminary pencilling as a means of obtaining certainty and sureness of hand." He was very particular in selecting the sketch-books, which were of old Whatman or thin white papers, or of that pale blue used by our fathers for correspondence. In his very early work for the wood-engraver you can see that Keene was influenced more or less by Leech, whose drawings could be engraved, I imagine, fairly well. They were far bolder and simpler, much less artistic, and vastly more popular than Keene's.

Keene's style of drawing for publication became bolder and bolder as time went on. For his own pleasure he continued to make with his pen little masterpieces which, in their refinement, are worthy to rank with the

etchings of Rembrandt and Whistler. In his studies—and he made innumerable studies for «Punch» pictures—he never varied his handling. But when working for «Punch» he either began to think more about the engraver, or else despaired of him and gave him up as hopeless; and that this latter was the case is implied in the few references to the subject in his letters. «They'll spoil it in the engraving, but you shall have the drawing,» he wrote of a certain design to Mr. Crawhall, from whom the subject had been obtained. And to the same friend he maintained his belief «that Bewick was a greater artist than wood-engraver, and that he worked in and was hampered by an ungrateful material. . . . We have not beaten the old masters of wood-engraving (wood-cutting), in my opinion, but have tried to do too much and failed.» Would he not have modified this opinion had masters like Cole and Juengling, Florian and Baude, been his interpreters? By 1866 all the refinement which was at least attempted before has vanished from the «Punch» drawings. Instead of the elaborate cross-hatching by which the modeling and the fleshy look of his faces were obtained, short straight lines have been substituted, and a more open cross-hatching in the background, in striking contrast to the delicate, beautiful, tender studies, impossible to reproduce, made by him for the finished illustrations.

In conclusion, I should like to say a few words about Keene's work generally. As some one has written, there is in it a wonderful feeling for character, a sense of movement and proportion, and a suggestion of living things in living nature. It is in this power of making things live that Charles Keene excelled; that he is the equal of any of the world's master draftsmen. Though all his figures are studied, they are never, in his finished compositions, mere models posing. They are doing what he wanted them to do, and he has seized them at the appropriate, the most expressive moment. He had no scheme, as some one else has pointed out, to which country and town must be reduced, no formula for the expression of day or night. For, as he himself said, and the saying does not lose by repetition, «If you can draw anything, you can draw everything.» You can even make the political cartoon a thing of interest to other people besides those delineated in it; and though his few attempts as cartoonist may be unintelligible in subject, they are interesting in design. He felt everything he drew, and he often acted his subjects and posed for himself. Though the earlier drawings are so elaborate, and the later ones, or the engravings from them, so simple, all are right. His drawings also have been praised for their straightforwardness, their economy of line. I do not know whether this is a merit or a misfortune.

Beauty, his critics like to lament, he could not see; his eyes, they think, were quite blind to it—not knowing the trouble to be in their own short-sightedness. It was left for one ingenious writer to put the general verdict into words, and to declare, after the artist's death, that Keene «failed in the portrayal of beauty, elegance, respectability. A pretty woman never lurked about the point of his pencil,»—how could she? might one venture to ask,—«as she does so delightfully about those of his principal

collaborators on 'Punch.' His gentlemen are snobs; his aristocracy and his clerks are cast in the same vulgar mold; and his brides are forbidding models of virtue, perhaps, but lacking every outward feminine charm.» The true beauty in his drawings must necessarily be hidden from such writers. The artist knows well enough that there is beauty, and of many kinds, in Keene's drawings—greatest of all, beauty in the method of expression, in every line set down, whether it gives the sweep of the wide moorland or the repeated house-fronts shutting in a London street; the greasy creases in Robert's coat, or the rags hanging about the little guttersnipe. And beauty there is, too, in his landscapes,—masterpieces many of them are,—and in his people, the women in voluminous skirts, the little girls in simple frocks. And, above all, there is the beauty essential to show character, however hideous in itself, or insignificant in a mere moral or social aspect. And that he could draw the typically beautiful woman when he wished, his unpublished work proves.

And his humor! Because he did not always invent his legends, he was no humorist, it has



A STUDY FOR «PUNCH.»

been argued. True, his drawings did not, like Gavarni's, depend equally for their wit and meaning upon the lines written below, these, more often than not, being the contribution or creation of a friend. But the humor is in the drawing, which needs no literary interpretation. His figures, his faces, his groups tell their story—a story of delightfully humorous quality, though not as brilliantly satirical as Gavarni's, nor, perhaps, as romantically audacious as Daumier's. His humor was more kindly, more genial, more sympathetic; never fantastic, seldom whimsical; the humor rather of a man who could

see, and found his pleasure in seeing, his fellow-men as they are,—weak, foolish, vain, pert, pretentious, as it might be,—but who loved them none the less for it.

Besides this, in none of his drawings is there the slightest shadow of the vulgarity—the appalling vulgarity—that humorists like Rowlandson and Gillray substituted for the cleaner, because frank, indecency of the French draftsman. He was not a Zola, for all his realism; he was not a Phidias, with all due deference to Mr. Ruskin. He was just "C. K.," the greatest English artist since Hogarth.

Joseph Pennell.



«YOU 'D NEVER SEE A SINGLE SIGHT ON EARTH!»

THE FLIRTING OF MR. NICKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF A SANCTIFIED TOWN."

WITH PICTURES BY F. D. STEELE.

IT was Sunday morning, and church-time at the Station. Mrs. Garry was tying on her bonnet before the looking-glass of her bureau, which article of furniture she had turned a little aslant in order that she might, while dressing, enjoy a reflected view of the people coming up the street to church. She stopped, with her bonnet-strings half tied, to thrust her head out of the window at her side, as if she saw something that demanded a more direct scrutiny. She drew her head back, and called excitedly, «Ed Garry! Come quick!»

Mr. Garry appeared in the kitchen door, with an old gun-barrel and a ramrod in his hands, and a frown of remonstrance on his face. «You know I 'm busy, Marg'et,» he grumbled.

«Ed Garry,» she exclaimed, «you know if it was n't for me you 'd never see a single

sight on earth! You come here to this window!»

Thus adjured, he made slow haste across the room.

She pushed his head and shoulders out of the window. «I wish to goodness,» she said, «you 'd look at that Tommy T. Nickins a-stepping up that street!»

Mr. Garry uttered a contemptuous groan, and attempted a retreat.

His better half held him fast. «I tell you to look!» she continued, with growing excitement. «Look at them pointed shoes, and that new suit, and that hat, and that there necktie! Oh, my goodness gracious alive! And that cane! Oh, if Almira May could rise up! It's a sin and a shame, him setting out, and her not dead in her grave three months. Yes; that's the way you men forget us, Ed Garry.» She shook Mr. Garry by

the collar, by way of venting her indignation on the offending sex; though, if the truth be told, she might have been considered a better representative than he of the faithlessness she condemned, he being her third consort, while she was his first. «Look at him!» she continued, loosing her husband's collar to bestow all her attention upon Mr. Nickins, and drawing back breathlessly within the window as that young gentleman passed jauntily along the plank walk in front of her house, twirling his cane, and wearing his hat at such a dangerous angle that it must have stayed on by a miracle. She gazed until he was out of sight. Then she turned to her husband. «You mind what I say, Ed Garry,» she exclaimed. Then she solemnly and mysteriously pointed her finger straight upward, and said nothing.

Mr. Garry followed her finger with puzzled eyes. «Heaven?» he guessed.

«No,» she answered with asperity. «Tommy T. ain't any more going to heaven than you are by cleaning your old gun every Sunday when you ought to be at church.»

«Angels?» he again ventured.

«Far from it,» she answered.

He gazed hopelessly at the ceiling.

She shook his arm. «You have n't got the sight of a two-hours' kitten!» she exclaimed. «Miss Molly Casselberry!»

Mr. Garry continued his upward gaze, and a slow light began to dawn in his eyes.

At the same instant a by no means fairy tread was heard upon the steep little stairs which led down from the upper room into Mrs. Garry's, and a young woman emerged from the narrow door. It was no less a person than Miss Molly Casselberry herself, the new teacher, and Mrs. Garry's boarder. Miss Molly was a large, slow-moving blonde of the type known as strawberry. It was apparent to the most casual observer that she was a town girl. No country girl could ever have achieved such trimness of figure, such an unbending carriage, such breadth of shoulders and sleeves, and a waist so amazingly small. Her heavy suit of light-red hair was lavishly coiled and curled. Her eyes were brown and stolid, but somewhat softened by white lashes. She was dressed in quite the latest style, and her hat might have represented the creation of a floral world. She stopped in the middle of the floor, and proceeded to pull on a pair of very tight kid gloves.

Mr. Garry escaped with his beloved gun to the kitchen, and the two ladies sallied forth in the direction of church. If Miss Cassel-

berry had anticipated a repetition of the sensation her appearance had caused in church the preceding Sunday,—her first in the Station,—she was doomed to disappointment. It is true there was a good deal of neck-craning as she came down the aisle, and also no small amount of doleful head-shaking; for Miss Casselberry's worldliness was glaringly apparent, not only in her sleeves and dress and jewelry and hat, but in the stiffness of her back as well, which made it evident that in her case vanity had struck in to the very bone. On this occasion, however, there was a counter-attraction to Miss Molly; for half-way back on the men's side, resplendent in a new suit of clothes, a glistening shirt-front and collar, an electric-blue necktie, and a sweetly resigned expression, sat Mr. Tommy T. Nickins, the recent widower, who only the Sunday before had sat in the same bench clad in rusty black clothes, a home-laundered shirt, and a straggling black tie, with unkempt hair and a look of settled gloom. The transformation was startling. The congregation found it difficult indeed to fix their attention upon the sermon. Those who did observed that even Brother Cheatham's mind wandered at times. The younger women of the congregation looked at one another with suspicious inquiry, but the older and wiser women looked straight



«THERE WAS A GOOD DEAL OF NECK-CRANING AS SHE CAME DOWN THE AISLE.»

at Miss Molly Casselberry. The sentiment of them all was probably voiced by old Mis' Gerton, who whispered to Mary Alice Welden, while they knelt on the floor during prayers: "Ah-ha! Tommy T. is setting in to make a big impression on the town girl!"

These surmises received a triumphant verification when, after preaching, Mr. Nickins was seen to linger about the church door until Mrs. Garry and Miss Casselberry came out of it, whereupon he begged the pleasure of Miss Casselberry's company home. Mrs. Garry dropped back precipitately, and, with the rest of the congregation, followed the dashing couple at a respectful distance.

What the sentiments of Mr. Nickins were upon this eventful day may best be gathered from some remarks that fell from his lips that afternoon. Mr. Nickins was the clerk in Mr. Bundy's store, and possessed a key to the back door thereof; and it had been his habit for several years to retire into its seclusion on Sunday afternoons, with Mr. Tice Deacon and other admirers among the very young men, to give them the benefit of his wisdom and experience. His utterances at these times were as eagerly listened to as oracles; for be it known that Mr. Nickins was none other than "the glass of fashion and the mold of form" for the Station youths.

His words on this occasion carried with them the more weight for the reason that during the period of a year, covering the time of his married life and widowerhood, his authority and power in the above-mentioned capacity had been in abeyance. The previous summer he, whose nimble feet had escaped so many pitfalls of similar kind, had fallen into the snares of matrimony. He had consoled himself and his friends at the time by the reflection that he was "marrying money," and had talked largely about running his father-in-law's farm and bossing the hands—assumptions which suffered a speedy downfall, however, for the very day after the wedding Mr. Nickins was put to hard labor in the fields by his father-in-law, not as overseer or "boss," but as a plain "hand"; and at hard labor he continued, under the stern eye of the old squire, and to his own infinite disgust, up to the very day of his young wife's death. She was hardly laid in her grave before he hastened to the Station, and begged in abject terms to be allowed to return to Mr. Bundy's store, his reinstatement therein being the happiest moment of his life. He managed to repress his joyful sense of freedom, however, and dutifully "mourned" from June until September.

"And that," he was saying, addressing all his remarks to Tice, and allowing merely the crumbs of his wisdom to fall upon the others, "is as much as a man ought to allow himself, knowing that them which is dead is as dead and gone as they ever *will* be, and this being a vale of tears anyhow, and human folks having to skirmish around lively to keep up any spirits at all. But if the Station people thinks I am setting out, they are the worst mistaken that ever was, and have n't got the sense that God gave geese, and will sure find it out before they live much longer. No; far be it from me to ever have the least notion of marrying again; and I never expected to do it the first time, and don't know how I come to. But let bygones be bygones, and peace to their ashes, and keep a peeled eye on the future. Of course not saying anything against the ladies, that has their attractions for me, as everybody knows, and I'm not denying. But marrying, Tice, is a different thing, and a powerful good thing to keep out of, being mighty apt to lay a man low in some way or 'nother, in ways he is least expecting of, such as having to work out in the corn-field and tobacco-patch like a nigger, when he ought rightful to be standing behind a counter. No, Tice; fly around with the ladies, and have a big time with 'em, and let 'em admire you all they want, but draw the line at marrying, is my experience and advice, which I intend to keep, and you know I did keep a long time before I got married, under circumstances which other men would have fell into sure, some of the ladies liking me like they did—not meaning to brag, but all my friends knowing it is the gospel truth. Of course I don't mean to uphold flirting, and it has hurt my feelings a many a time at being called a flirt, and everybody giving me that reputation. But when the Station folks gets to marrying me off in their minds, just because I have bought me a new cravat and a new suit, let 'em remember them days before Tommy T. Nickins ever entered into matrimony, and ponder on 'em. And there being a strange young lady in the Station, and her being a town girl, and not knowing my ways, *she* will have to find 'em out."

This speech made a profound impression, especially the last sentence, which was translated into less delicate language by his hearers, so that before night it was pretty well understood throughout the Station that Tommy T. Nickins was going to flirt Miss Molly Casselberry.

This added a hundredfold to the interest of the situation, and speculations were rife

concerning the outcome. The attractions of Mr. Nickins for the female heart were well known, and were felt to be a credit to the Station—a credit which would be augmented by his success in this case, a result confidently predicted by many. On the other hand, a number of the people were inclined to think that, Miss Casselberry being a town girl and knowing the ways of the world, Mr. Nickins was likely to get the worst of it, and be beguiled into marriage again. On the whole, the chances were regarded as about even; and the town settled down to the contemplation and enjoyment of the contest with all the zeal it would have expended upon a horse-race, had that amusement not been regarded as deeply worldly and distinctly contrary to the Bible, flirting being looked upon as one of the very few legitimate pleasures, and as, in fact, encouraged rather than otherwise by the canons of the Old Testament.

Mr. Nickins, confident in his powers both of insinuation and retreat, flung himself gaily into the fray with the proverbial zeal of a widower. The following Sunday he appeared in church wearing a cravat of brilliant salmon-pink, and again walked home with Miss Molly, and even went so far as to remain to dinner at Mrs. Garry's. During the progress of the meal he kept up an incessant flow of talk, both Mr. and Mrs. Garry feeling that it was their place to be seen and not heard when young folks were about, while Miss Molly herself, being one of those persons who prefer to win a reputation for brilliant conversational powers and rare wisdom by the simple method of keeping silence, threw in only an occasional monosyllable.

Nor did Mr. Nickins confine his attentions merely to Sundays, as was the habit of all the other young men of the Station. He not only braved public opinion to the extent of dropping into the Garry sitting-room on week-day evenings whenever it suited his pleasure, but if any letters came for Miss Molly in the night mail, he took them up to her at the school-house the following morning, walking boldly to her desk, and calmly interrupting any recitation that might be in progress, to deliver himself of such remarks as arose in his mind. In this proceeding he took a certain pride; for it is no small matter to be perfectly at one's ease with a person of whom the rest of the community stand in great awe, as the Station people could not fail to do of a young lady of so lofty and uncommunicative a disposition as Miss Molly, and one possessing such learning

that a common jimson-weed became, upon her tongue, a Jamestown plant.

Miss Molly always walked down to Bundy's to get her afternoon mail, at which times Mr. Nickins was exceedingly solicitous, apologizing profusely if no letters had arrived for her, casting the most languishing glances at her across the counter, and never allowing her to depart without a small parcel of chewing-gum or candy, which he religiously charged up to himself if Mr. Bundy was in sight. Miss Molly would immediately proceed to enjoy these delicacies, chewing away with cow-like solemnity as she leaned against the counter or passed down the street.

It may readily be believed that Miss Molly was at an early day in possession of a full and minute history of the life of Mr. Nickins.



«MR. NICKINS WAS EXCEEDINGLY SOLICITOUS.»

So intent, indeed, was that gentleman upon the discussion of the absorbing subject, that he failed to elicit any confidences in return from Miss Molly, save the single fact that one of her sisters was a fashionable dressmaker up in Louisville, and sent her the dresses which seemed to be the chief thought and joy of her life.

Upon the occasions of Mr. Nickins's calls Mr. and Mrs. Garry always retired hastily to

the kitchen, and sat there during the remainder of the evening, with the self-effacement which was expected of old married people in the Station—not, however, entirely out of earshot of Mr. Nickins's almost unbroken monologue.

"It's funny how she lets him do all the talking," mused Mr. Garry, one evening. "It ain't natural."

"You ain't able to see your hand before you, Ed Garry," his wife said sharply. "She's giving him plenty of rope so 's he'll do his own hanging. He'll talk himself right into marrying her, you'll see."

"Tommy T. is a heap too wary for any such," declared Mr. Garry, emphatically.

"Miss Molly Casselberry is a deep one, and you'll live to see it, Ed Garry; and plenty able to take care of herself," retorted his spouse—"and Tommy T., too," she added.

Along in the latter part of November Mr. Nickins reported the progress of his case to Mr. Deacon in the following words, as they leaned upon the counter one dismal day, and Mr. Nickins looked soulfully at the dropping rain.

"I am not proud, Tice," he said, "and the Lord forbid my setting too much store by the talents he has give me; but if ever any man has reason to hold his head high, it is him that knows he has been fell in love with by a lovely woman, and likewise intelligent-minded and town-raised. But the way I have *managed*, Tice, being the thing that makes it harder for me to walk humble than anything else, so that I have to pray continual to be delivered from pride. And if I speak to you confidential, it is for you to keep your mouth shut, especial to your grandma, only telling you for your own good and guiding. Supposing, now, as is often the fact, the case of a beautiful young lady—not calling no names—setting where you are now at, and me here across the counter from her, and having handed her her letters, but she caring so little for 'em that she slips 'em careless into her pocket—they not being the *only* objects she has come down to Bundy's for, Tice. Then I will fold my arms and look at her, Tice, and maybe groan gentle, which a woman always appreciates, and never fails. Then she will say it is a nice day, and I will say yes, but there is other nice and beautiful creatures in this world besides the weather, and more affecting to my heart. Then I will lay my hand on my heart sudden, and ketch my breath, and she will say, oh, *have* I got the heart-disease? And I will tell her to never mind, and not notice the suffer-

ings of such as me, that have no right to expect it from her; but that, if she must know, I have it, and incurable, but what has give it to me never, never shall pass my mortal lips. Then I will fix my eye wild-like on her hair, which is red, but which it suits me better to call golden, and pleases her a heap more. (O lovely hair!) I will say unconscious-like, (but not for me!) Likewise her eyes. Then, Mr. Bundy maybe having stepped out a minute, and her hand laying on the counter, I will lay mine on it, entirely unbeknown to me, and squeeze it mournful, all the time gazing out at the railroad-track. Then I will come to and realize, and snatch my hand away, and ask her to forgive one that is that bad off he has n't got not even a speck of mind left, and ain't accountable. And she will say that my troubles downright distresses her, and if it will do me any good to speak out my mind, to do so, and confide in her; which is getting a heap too near the danger-line, Tice, and puts me some to my paces. So I tell her no, Heaven forbid; that them thoughts I have it would be heartless and wicked to speak out over a new-made grave that I am bound to consider the feelings of; that never—no, never—will I speak under a year, if then, though lonesome I am, deprived of joys both past and future. Then she will say she understands my position exact, and my feelings, having knowed others in similar; but to cheer up, that I will get over them, as others has done, to her living knowledge; that it's a long lane that knows no turning. I reckon she's getting to think I'm a pretty long one, Tice; but, howbeit, that gives you some notion of the way I manage; and not meaning to brag, but I believe there's a mighty few could do the same as successful. And that is the way I am going to keep on, and never a more pointed word on the subject of marrying will she ever get out of me, Tice,—no, not in *ten* years; nor no other woman; and wild horses could n't drag it out of me,—having had, as I said, all the experience I want. And a man being the one that *has* to do the proposing, if any,—that being something a woman *can't* do,—I know I am safe, and can enjoy myself walking on the slippery edge without no fear of falling in—walking on the slippery edge being to me, Tice, what gambling or drink is to some men, but which is a thing you better not try till you get older and have more experience."

All of which was faithfully reported by Mr. Tice to his maternal grandmother, old Mis' Gerton, before sundown, and promptly

handed down, with trifling additions, by her to the town.

Matters went on in the smooth and charming way described by Mr. Nickins until the week before Christmas—that gentleman carrying out his plans to the letter, and venturing to the extreme limit of the slippery edge with never a misstep nor a waver in equilibrium. Down to the very abyss of matrimony would his talk run; but in the twinkling of an eye, by some astonishing mental gymnastic, his thoughts would be browsing upon the placid hill-sides of friendship or the green grass of a grave.

His amazement may therefore be better imagined than described when, on the evening of the Sunday before Christmas, Miss Casselberry fixed firm eyes upon him, and opened her rosy and seldom-parted lips to give calm utterance to these words:

“Mr. Nickins, I have made up my mind to marry.”

Mr. Nickins stared at her with starting eyes and helplessly open mouth. The young lady continued imperturbably:

“I do not think it is well for either man or woman to live alone, but especially man; and, above all, a man who has once loved and lost—as well you know, and I have often heard you say.”

The muscles of Mr. Nickins’s body suffered a relaxation which made him almost unable to keep a sitting posture.

“Feeling that I am fitted to shed a balm upon the path of such a man,” she continued, “I have decided to marry; and I think it best to speak out plain and unmistakable to you at the present time, knowing your feelings for me, and wanting things to go off smooth and pleasant to all. I have made up my mind to marry, Mr. Nickins, and to marry on Christmas day.”

Mr. Nickins gasped. “Ain’t it a little soon, Miss Molly,” he tremulously inquired, “to be showing the proper respects to them that is dead and gone?”

Miss Molly opened her eyes. “I hope not,” she answered severely. “I have thought about that, and I hope I am the last one, Mr. Nickins, to step into another’s shoes before the proper time. No; I have made up my mind to marry on Christmas day, in church, after morning meeting, in a golden-brown ladies’ cloth trimmed in seal fur and jewel passementerie and cream-colored lace, with hat, gloves, shoes, and stockings to match, which my sister has been getting ready for me, and which will be here to-morrow by express. And I am going to have a black velvet

cape trimmed in jet, and a dozen of all kinds of underclothes, and a pale-blue silk morning wrapper, and a pink cashmere tea-gown with a Watteau plait, and a dark-green silk dress with iridescent beading, and a picture hat, and an opera bonnet, and will go to Louisville on my bridal trip.”

These various items Miss Molly told off solemnly and impressively on her long white fingers, with evident relish.

Mr. Nickins listened spellbound as he felt the tremendous weight of circumstance crush in upon him. Now or never was the time for his brilliant strategic talents to assert themselves. Surely out of that eloquently open mouth would issue some saving words, some new declaration of independence, which would dispel this lowering cloud of doom, and burst asunder these frightful toils. Twice, thrice, the words seemed to rise to his dry lips; twice, thrice, they lost themselves in a gasping sigh. Oh, Mr. Nickins, where is your tongue? where is your boasted talent? whither has your gallant courage flown? Speak, speak before it is everlastingly too late; for you hang upon the uttermost edge of the abyss! Upon your action at this dreadful moment depend not only your own safety and happiness, but the pride and credit of the Station, the confident wagers of your many friends!

But the fateful moment passes; the edge, for once, is too slippery and slanting. Is it possible that in the young man who visibly shrinks within himself before the determined gaze of that large and placid young woman we behold the confident and valiant being who gave utterance, only three short months before, to the declaration that the said young woman being a town girl and not knowing his ways, she would have to find them out? Is it possible that we hear him say, in a broken voice of base capitulation, these ignoble words:

“And what would you wear if you was me, Miss Molly?”

MR. NICKINS took an early leave that evening. As he went down the street his shoulders were bowed as if with the weight of years, and every few minutes he pinched himself wonderingly. He let himself into his room over the store, and soon fell asleep from sheer brain exhaustion.

Morning, however, threw a brighter glamour over his prospects; that adaptability with which the human mind is reconciled to the inevitable began to assert itself. When Mr. Tice Deacon sauntered into the store about

ten o'clock, Mr. Nickins was in sufficient spirits mournfully to buttonhole him and escort him through the store to the back portion thereof. Here, seated upon a flour-barrel, Mr. Nickins began the following interesting confidences:

"Little did I think, or would have believed, Tice,—no, not if a' angel from heaven had blowed it on a trumpet,—that ever I would live to see what I do see, or say what I do say. Far was it from me to make any such calculations as have come round, and I honest had as little expectation of 'em as a new-born babe, or as that old dominicker hen of

and tender that it is beautiful to see and hear from her own lips. No; I am not that hard heart and vile sinner, nor never could be, I pray the Lord, even if it *was* sprung on me that sudden my skin was all goose-flesh when I heard it, never expecting no such, and thinking it was a man's place to say such words as them, and not a young lady's, and not believing a woman could take such a bit as that between her own teeth. And when a man don't know a thing *can* happen, he natchully ain't able to prepare his mind for it, and got to take it as it comes, whether or no. Not saying anything against anybody, or that things don't have their advantages, which I could not see at first, but am able to see some now; for I don't know of a handsomer nowhere, not to say imposing, nor a better dresser, which is a comfort to a man not to have his women-folks look dowdy and country; and her outfit is going to open the Station's eyes. Then, being a town girl, too, is a good thing—a' indispensable, I might say, country girls not being congenial to my mind, which I know, having tried."

Mr. Nickins paused a moment after this delicate allusion to his late spouse, and looked thoughtfully at the ceiling.

"Then, her folks being town folks, it will be perfectly natchul for them to want us to live with them in town, so I reckon you 'll see me leaving the Station before long, always having felt like the Station was n't no place for a man like me to live in. So I say, the Lord knows best, and is mighty apt to provide for us, which Mr. Bundy, being a' infidel, says there ain't no such a thing; but I know better, because if the Lord never provided for me this time, who did? I know I never done it myself. Yes; I say the Lord provides for us, though in ways unbeknown, and sometimes so unexpected and strong and sudden that they 're like my pa-in-law's old butting ram for taking a man plumb off his feet, which is the way I have been took. What has took me, Tice, being that next Sunday, it being Christmas, me and Miss Molly Casselberry are going to get married in church, right after meeting, and go up to Louisville on our wedding-trip."

Mr. Nickins looked intently at his friend as he made this startling announcement. Mr. Deacon's fair face, with its suspicion of a mustache, flushed and then paled; his lip quivered; he caught his breath, and winked very fast.

"Tommy T.," he faltered in a voice of profound reproach, "I am disappointed in you. I cannot deny it. I wish you joy." He looked



«IF I AIN'T ANYTHING ELSE, I AM A GENTLEMAN.»

your grandma's had Tuesday of being e't up by a hawk Wednesday, my principles being each and every single one the direct other way. But I now realize that, like Solomon says, things is going to happen to us, no matter how much we kick against the pricks. And if any man is able to kick out of all sorts of traces, I have always thought I was, and still believe. But there is situations, Tice, that no man can kick out of—no, not even if he was a Samson—and keep his self-respects, especial when chickens has been counted before they are hatched, and wedding-clothes bought and made up. I hope, if I ain't anything else, I *am* a gentleman, and can't bear to break the heart of a weak woman, or disappoint her affections, which has twisted themselves around me so strong

at Mr. Nickins as he would have gazed upon some crumbling ruin, then crushed his hat savagely upon his head and departed.

He went straight home, and hastily un-bosomed his sorrow to his grandmother, who was chopping mince-meat in the kitchen. That lady made no attempt to conceal her excitement. The chopper shook visibly in her hands; her eyes grew as sharp as an eagle's; she drew short breaths. «Tell it again, Tice,» she commanded; «every word!» He did so, repeating Mr. Nickins's language as nearly as possible. Old Mis' Gerton flung the chopper down on the table, snatched her bonnet and shawl, fastened them on with violently trembling fingers, and was gone like a flash, regardless of snow and rheumatism.

In an hour's time the amazing news was all over town that Mr. Nickins and Miss Casselberry were to be married the following Sunday; that Miss Casselberry, having ordered her trousseau beforehand, had done the proposing, and that Mr. Nickins had not had the spirit to refuse. These were savory morsels to roll under the tongues of the various gossips, and excitement ran high. A large proportion of the Station people dropped in casually during the afternoon to offer congratulations to Mr. Nickins, which he received with much composure and an air of perfect resignation.

A number of the ladies also called at Mrs. Garry's during school hours that day. Did she know Miss Molly and Tommy T. were going to get married the next Sunday? Merciful goodness, no; but she had looked for it from the first, and had told Ed Garry so, as he was called in from the wood-house to bear witness. When people had talked so big about Tommy T. Nickins being able to flirt Miss Molly Casselberry, a teacher, and a town girl, and her boarder, they had talked like the wind, which listeneth not whither it bloweth.

And while the ladies discussed the absorbing subject, there arrived by express for Miss Casselberry two large, fat pasteboard boxes, evidently from a dressmaker, which of course confirmed the matter. The ladies took what peeps they could by raising the corners of the lids. In the neighborhood of four o'clock all the visitors except old Mis' Gerton took a hasty leave—going, in fact, out of the back door, having caught sight of Miss Molly entering the front gate. Old Mis' Gerton grimly and courageously remained, and, when Miss Molly came in, demanded the truth as to her getting married Sunday. Miss Molly solemnly said that she could not deny it; that she was

indeed going to marry after meeting on Sunday, in a golden-brown ladies' cloth trimmed in seal fur, jewel passementerie, and cream-colored lace, with hat, gloves, shoes, and stockings to—but here were the interesting articles themselves, which the ladies should see with their own eyes. Thereupon the boxes were opened, and the contents inspected in all lights, and condemned for their worldliness and praised for their beauty.

The entire week passed in much the same way as this first day. Every lady in the Station called during school hours to inspect the bride's trousseau, which Mrs. Garry made bold to exhibit. New boxes arrived every day, and many of the visitors were fain to call as often. If by chance Miss Molly caught any of them there on her return from school in the afternoons, they had seemingly dropped in on urgent errands, and were careful not to refer to the subject uppermost in their minds, save on one or two occasions when Miss Molly herself, in a burst of condescension, opened up a discussion of her wedding-clothes. By common consent all reference to the bridegroom was avoided, the ladies of the Station feeling that the peculiarly delicate circumstances of the case precluded any mention on their part of Mr. Nickins, unless the subject were first broached by Miss Molly, while her own thoughts soared in too high a heaven of clothes ever to drop down to the level of her prospective husband.

The feelings of Mr. Deacon were somewhat mollified by his being requested to act as his friend's best man, to which duty he looked forward with that mournful pleasure which is supposed to animate the bosom of a pall-bearer. The two gentlemen made a trip up to town early in the week, and purchased the bridegroom's clothes, and also a large and shiny black valise. These preparations had a distinctly favorable effect upon Mr. Nickins's spirits, which steadily rose, until by Saturday, when his arrangements were all completed and he had actually succeeded in borrowing the money from Mr. Bundy for his bridal trip, he was in a truly hilarious frame of mind.

Mr. Nickins saw but little of his promised bride during the week; for when he did call upon her she exhibited such an unflattering absorption in her wedding-clothes that he found it very trying to his vanity. He endeavored to interest her by describing the clothes he had bought, but without success, for she only looked at him absent-mindedly. When he inquired how she wished him to enter the church, she said, oh, of course he

must suit himself about that; and on his stating that Tice was to walk in with him, she said she was sure that was very nice. Mr. Nickins could only conclude that it was the proper and delicate way of town girls to devote all their thoughts to their trousseaux, and none to their future husbands; and of Miss Molly's affection for himself there arose in his mind not the shadow of a doubt.

On Saturday afternoon he called upon Brother Cheatham, the minister, to secure his services for the all-important event. Brother Cheatham congratulated him cordially, and said he was not unprepared, having just received a note from the lady herself. He playfully drew from his pocket a sheet of pink paper covered with Miss Casselberry's large and legible writing, begging him to hold himself in readiness to unite her in the holy bonds of matrimony to the gentleman of her choice immediately after meeting on the morrow.

SUNDAY was as clear and cold and bright as Christmas day and a wedding-day should be. Excitement was at a high pitch in the Station, and the church was crowded to overflowing. Every man, woman, and child



“ANY ONE OF THEM TIES WOULD LOOK MORE ELEGANT.”

in town was there, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Garry, who were to come later with the bride, and Mr. Nickins and Mr. Deacon.

These two gentlemen were engaged in making as stunning a toilet as possible. The bridegroom gazed regretfully at three satin neckties stretched across his bureau, which were of the respective colors of lavender, pale blue, and sea-green. “Any one of them ties would look more elegant, not to say more cheerful, Tice, and becoming,” Mr. Nickins said critically, trying them severally against his complexion; “but white she said, and white it shall be, me not being the man to contradict a lovely woman, and having plenty of chance, anyhow, to wear them gayer ones on the wedding-trip.”

The toilets being completed, the gentlemen descended to the street, Mr. Deacon lugging his friend's valise down to the railroad platform. They then walked up in the direction of Mrs. Garry's house. Some distance in front of them, with stately and pompous tread, walked a portly gentleman who had come out of the hotel, and who was known to have arrived on the midnight train the night before. He was evidently a city gentleman approaching middle age, and wore a shining silk hat and elegant black broadcloth clothes. Mr. Nickins and Mr. Deacon eyed him with some curiosity, which was heightened when he turned in at Mrs. Garry's gate and was admitted to the house. They quickened their pace, and were greeted at the door by Miss Molly herself, who said she was glad to see them, and appreciated their coming, but would have to ask them to excuse her, as time was short, and she had yet to put on her hat and gloves; that she would see them a little later at the church. The middle-aged gentleman eyed them blandly from the sitting-room sofa. There was nothing left for them but to saunter up to the church, Mr. Nickins confiding to Tice on the way that the middle-aged gentleman was either Miss Molly's uncle or her brother-in-law, he could not decide which, knowing that she had several of both; that he appeared to be in fine circumstances, which was a good thing, and had evidently come to give the bride away.

The bridegroom and his best man entered the church, and sat on the back seat of the gentlemen's side. To say that every head in that congregation was turned is to do small justice to the occasion; for every head was turned not once, but many times, each seeming to be the center of a small but lively cyclone. Mr. Nickins was a man of sufficient self-possession to enjoy thoroughly the impression he was making. So intent, indeed, was he upon this that the remainder of the bridal party had entered the church and



«AT THIS POINT A SHRIEK WENT UP FROM THE BRIDE.»

were some distance up the aisle before he realized it. He sprang to his feet, seized Mr. Deacon by the arm, and hurried after them. Miss Casselberry, in the conscious glory of her golden-brown ladies' cloth, trimmed exactly as she had foretold, with hat, gloves, shoes, and stockings to match, stepped proudly up the aisle on the arm of the handsome and portly gentleman, her uncle or brother-in-law, as the case might be. Then followed Mrs. Garry and her husband, the latter hanging back painfully, and looking wildly about as if for some avenue of escape. The bridegroom, with his best man, whom he was obliged to support all the way up the aisle, brought up the rear. Arriving before the pulpit, Mr. Garry beat a retreat to the front seat, while the portly relative, the bride, the bridegroom, and the best man ranged themselves before the minister, and Mrs. Garry stationed herself in the rear.

The loud hum and buzz in the congregation subsided into a deep silence as Brother Cheatham began the marriage ceremony with a few preliminary remarks, addressed to his two dear young friends, in which he warned them of the many snares of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and of the duties of mutual forbearance and patience, following up this exhortation with a prayer, wherein he repeated for the benefit of the Omnipotent pretty much what he had said to them did. The moment of intensest interest then arrived, when he signified, by a movement of his hand, that the interested parties should draw a step nearer, which all five of them did. The congregation leaned breathlessly forward as one man; the solemn words, in Brother Cheatham's best manner, rolled sonorously forth:

«Do you, Thomas T. Nickins, take this woman, Mary Ann Casselberry, to be your lawful wedded wife, to love, cherish, and protect—»

At this point a shriek went up from the bride, who had stood as if paralyzed during the utterance of these words, as also had the portly relative. «No, no,» she said weakly; «there is a mistake! Somebody has made a mistake! Mr. Nickins is not the bridegroom! Oh, my goodness gracious, what on earth—» With a hysterical sob, she looked about her, and then laid her head upon the shoulder of the portly gentleman.

The latter, seeing that the congregation gazed with fascinated horror at the bridal party, and feeling that something must be done, drew forth a card from his pocket and presented it pompously to the minister. It bore this inscription:

STEPHEN BARTHOLOMEW,
Funeral Director.
Louisville, Ky.

As this failed to enlighten the minister, having no apparent bearing upon the occasion, Mr. Bartholomew went on to declare, with considerable unction of manner, that it was evident there had been a slight misunderstanding in the present instance, which doubtless a few words would set right: that he, Stephen Bartholomew, was the chosen husband of the young lady who now wept on his shoulder, overcome by her feelings; that he had met and loved her the previous summer, but the wedding had been postponed that due respect might be shown, as was entirely proper, to a deceased; that sufficient time having elapsed since the decease of said

deceased, he now claimed his bride; and that as time, trains, and likewise the dark angel, waited for no man, he must beg the minister to proceed with the ceremony.

Thereupon Miss Casselberry lifted up her head from his shoulder, wiped her eyes with a lace handkerchief, and said, with dignity, that how Mr. Nickins could ever have thought she would be *his* bride was more than she, being a mortal woman and not a prophet, could understand, when such had never for a single minute crossed her mind, and her heart had ever beat faithful to her dear Mr. Bartholomew; and especially, she said, did it seem strange to her, when she had told Mr. Nickins, with her own lips, only the Sunday evening before, about her full intentions of getting married at this very hour that now was, and even the identical clothes she was going to marry in, being a golden-brown ladies' cloth trimmed in seal fur, jewel passementerie, and cream-colored lace, with hat, gloves, shoes, and—and handkerchief to match, which they could see for themselves bore out her word, and which she had taken particular pains to tell Mr. Nickins first of all, and enlighten his mind, he having shown her so many kind attentions, which she appreciated highly, but could not reciprocate, and not wanting Mr. Nickins to build any hopes on sand. If she had failed to mention the name of her intended, it was simply an oversight on her part, she having so many things on her mind. When Mr. Nickins had spoken to her about his clothes and those of Mr. Deacon, and, later, when she had seen the two gentlemen come up the aisle, she had supposed that they were only paying her the compliment of being her ushers. Words could not express her sad state of mind at being even the innocent cause of any unpleasant feelings to Mr. Nickins, even if it was all his own fault for being too presumptuous, and none of hers. And regretting all that had happened, and hoping it would never happen again, she must ask Mr. Cheatham to per-

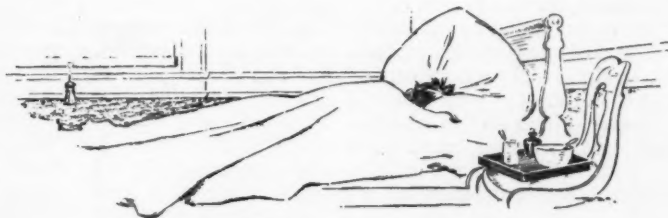
form the ceremony, train-time being very near, and Mr. Bartholomew's business waiting.

At the conclusion of these remarks, Mr. Nickins, who had been standing with dilated eyes and a ghastly whiteness about his lips, unable to move or speak, felt his arm seized by Mr. Deacon, and realized that he was being rapidly piloted down the aisle, with the terrible eyes of the congregation upon him.

There is a merciful numbness which falls upon the human mind at some junctures when a too keen realization would prove fatal. It was not until Mr. Nickins had been put to bed in his own room by Mr. Deacon, and a strong toddy administered to him, that he came to a full sense of the situation, when he went off into as wild a fit of hysterics as could be expected of any woman, his moans and groans and cries of wounded pride being distinctly audible when the newly married couple, accompanied by the congregation, arrived at the railroad platform to wait for the train. It was observed, however, that these painful manifestations cast no damper whatever upon the spirits of the bride, who was much absorbed in contemplating, first over one shoulder and then over the other, the "set" of a handsome black velvet cape, heavily ornamented with jet, which now intervened between the wintry blasts and her wedding-dress, and who smiled a serene farewell to her friends as the rushing train stopped for an instant to receive the happy pair into the luxurious interior of its parlor-car.

But whether the dire humiliation of Mr. Nickins was the result of a premeditated and carefully arranged plan on the part of Miss Casselberry,—an opinion fostered by certain inscrutable smiles from Mrs. Garry,—or only one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence whereby a shining mark is not infrequently made a target for "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," the Station has failed, even after an exhaustive discussion of the question, to make up its mind.

Lucy S. Furman.





MARIA THERESA OF AUSTRIA, MOTHER OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE AS DAUPHINE.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN THE TUILERIES UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE."

THE real Marie-Antoinette has not yet been fully depicted. Recent publications of undoubted authenticity² throw a new light on the true character of one who was neither a saint nor yet a sinner in any grave degree, but an amiable and lovable woman, frivolous in her prosperous days, engrossed in the pursuit of amusement, thoughtless and imprudent in many of her actions and words, but who, nevertheless, in the time of adversity showed that she had inherited the heroic spirit of her mother.

Maria Theresa was a great sovereign, a woman of masculine mind; and although the mother of sixteen children, she remained essentially a politician—a *statesman*, if such an expression may be used. Her daughters were regarded principally as instruments for obtaining political alliances. The youngest and fairest she had destined from her earliest years for the heir to the throne of France.

Marie-Antoinette-Josèphe-Jeanne, of Hapsburg-Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria and future Queen of France, was born on November 2 (feast of All Souls), 1755—the day after the terrible catastrophe at Lisbon, when that city was nearly destroyed by an earthquake. Maria Theresa's daughter was

taught the correct pronunciation of French by two actors of the Théâtre Français, while the French Abbé de Vermond was appointed to direct her education, which, however, was unhappily very incomplete. The writers who glorify the maternal care and vigilance of Maria Theresa are contradicted by the most trustworthy witnesses, the truth seeming to be that the great Empress, engrossed by her political cares, left her children far too completely to the discretion of governesses and subordinates, who were neither very capable nor, perhaps, very conscientious. Drawings were shown to the Empress as the work of Marie-Antoinette which the latter afterward declared she had never touched, and this "make-believe" system seems to have been carried on throughout. The Abbé de Vermond directed only her French studies; but although a good and well-meaning man, the results which he obtained were far from creditable to his efforts. He does not seem to have had the art either of interesting her in any serious pursuit, or of acquiring proper control over her mind and character. Her handwriting even, as proved by autographs, was utterly unformed and childish at the time of her arrival at the court of France, and her spelling was defective.

Through the maneuvers of her imperial mother, and the influence of the Duc de Choiseul, then prime minister of France, who favored the Austrian alliance, the mar-

¹ Readers of this article may be interested to know that the next number of THE CENTURY will contain another paper by the same writer entitled "The Last Days of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette."—EDITOR.

² Taken from the State Papers at Vienna.

riage was settled at the earliest possible age of the Dauphin and of the Archduchess, the bride being only fourteen, and the bridegroom a year older.

On January 21, 1770, Marie-Antoinette received the wedding-ring sent by the Dauphin—the very day, twenty-three years later, on which Louis XVI ascended the scaffold! On April 16 the official demand was made to the widowed Empress, in the name of the "most Christian King," by the Marquis de Durfort. On the 17th the Archduchess solemnly renounced her rights in Austria. On the 19th a ceremony of marriage by proxy was performed (the Archduke Maximilian representing the Dauphin of France), and the official signatures were then appended to the imperial register of births, deaths, and marriages. The young Princess was then required to spend three days in meditation and prayer, as a preparation for her future state. On April 21, after receiving the holy communion, she was taken to pray before the tombs of her ancestors, where lay the father who had loved her with peculiar affection, and whom she had lost in her early childhood. Then came the final parting from her mother, the last meeting in this world; for in those days few people traveled, and sovereigns never left their states.

Before the last heartrending embrace, Maria Theresa gave her daughter a plan and rule of life "to be read over every month." Part of this seems to be the "cut-and-dried" advice taken from a devotional book; but here and there, more particularly in a private supplement of instructions, the eager, earnest tones, evidently of the Empress herself, are in marked contrast with the rest:

"Have no curiosity—this is a point on which I have great fears for you. Avoid all familiarity with your subordinates. Ask Monsieur and Madame de Noailles,¹ and even insist, that they shall tell you what you ought to do; and request that they shall warn you sincerely of anything to be corrected in your manner or your speech, or in any other respect. Do not be ashamed of asking advice, and do nothing out of your own head. At the beginning of every month I will despatch a special messenger to Paris; meanwhile you can prepare your letters so as to send them immediately on the arrival of this messenger. Mercy² will have orders for his return. You can also write to me by post, but only on unimportant matters such as every one may know. Destroy my letters, which will enable

¹ They were appointed to conduct the Dauphine to Versailles.

me to write to you more openly; I will do the same as regards yours. Say nothing about domestic affairs here; there is nothing but what would be uninteresting and even wearisome. Speak of your family with truth and moderation."

Elsewhere she says very sagely: "I should in no wise be desirous of your introducing any novelties or doing anything contrary to the custom of France; you must pretend to nothing peculiar to yourself, nor quote what is done here, nor try that such should be imitated."

This judicious advice might be followed with advantage by many young brides even in private life; but the state of the court of France at that time was such as to render the future position of the innocent but thoughtless and imperfectly educated young Princess one of peculiar difficulty and peril.

The King, worn out physically and mentally by the excesses of his life, was bearing the yoke of his favorite, the Comtesse du Barry, who reigned supreme. The first Dauphin had died several years before, to the great grief of the nation, for his principles were in strong contrast to those of his father. His wife, the Dauphine, an exceedingly estimable woman strongly attached to her husband, did not long survive him. They left five children: three sons—the Duc de Berry, who after his father's death became Dauphin and heir apparent to the throne of France (afterward king as Louis XVI), the Comte de Provence, and the Comte d'Artois (later known respectively as Louis XVIII and Charles X); and two daughters—Madame Clotilde and Madame Elisabeth.

The Queen, Marie Leczinska, had died some time before the marriage of the Dauphin, her grandson; and since her death the position of "first lady in the land" had been held by her daughter, Madame Adelaide, a clever woman of an imperious, domineering temper, who was by no means pleased to yield her prerogatives, as she must needs do, to the child-wife of a boyish nephew. Madame Victoire, fat, sleepy, and good-natured, cared little for anything beyond a good dinner and her other comforts, but was led and governed by her elder sister; Madame Sophie was singularly ill-favored, very shy, very disagreeable, and utterly insignificant; the youngest and most amiable of the four sisters, Madame Louise, had recently left the court for a Carmelite convent.

Maria Theresa had a strong desire to give

² The ambassador of the German Empire at the court of France.



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., N. Y., OF A PAINTING BY JEAN-MARC MATTIER.

suitable guidance to her daughter. She consequently arranged with the German ambassador, Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, a secret correspondence, by which she was to be told of everything concerning the young Dauphine. Mercy kept a journal, which was regularly sent to the Empress, in which the most minute details of the daily life of the Princess are jotted down; every act, every incautious word, is registered. Being in utter ignorance of this agreement, Marie-Antoinette treated Mercy with full confidence, often expressing astonishment at the information possessed by the Empress concerning her, but never dreaming that Mercy, whom she entirely trusted, was in fact an accredited spy through whom everything was revealed.

There is, it must be owned, something revolting in the part played by Mercy. True, the revelations were made only to her mother; but she was Empress of Germany, and while Marie-Antoinette ought henceforward to have been devoted to the interests of France, the country over which her husband was to reign, the one idea of Maria Theresa was the prosperity and welfare of her own empire.

On May 6, 1770, after having, in those days of slow traveling, left Vienna on the 21st of April, Marie-Antoinette reached the last German town before Kehl, and the bridge over the Rhine. A pavilion had been erected on the island in the middle of the river, where she was to be solemnly given to the French envoys, and where she was to meet her French household.

The three envoys of the French king stood in the central division as the door opened on the Austrian side and the Archduchess appeared. She advanced toward a platform in the center of the room while the formal surrender to the French was read over; her Austrian attendants then kissed her hand, and disappeared into the Austrian division, closing the door of separation. The Princess was then taken into a room on the French side, where she was undressed and clothed from head to foot in French attire, according to custom on such occasions. When ready, the door was thrown open, and the Princess appeared in full dress, as "Dauphine." Her French household was then formally presented to her; when, gracefully running to the Comtesse de Noailles, her *dame d'honneur*, or first lady, the young Princess embraced her, with the earnest request that she would be her guide and counsel in the performance of the new duties which awaited her.

On the French bank of the Rhine one of the sixty traveling-carriages sent to meet her took the Princess to Strasburg; but meanwhile a storm, which had grown more and more dark and lowering during the ceremony, burst over the city, and terrific peals of thunder mingled with the cheers of the crowd as Marie-Antoinette passed through the gates—a dreary entry into her future kingdom! After a short rest, the Princess continued her journey, finding in every town an enthusiastic reception.

On the 14th of May she reached Compiègne, where, at some distance from the town, she met the Duc de Choiseul, whom she welcomed as a friend. A few minutes later, as she crossed the forest of Compiègne, the King and the Dauphin, with a numerous escort, were seen coming out to meet her. Marie-Antoinette stepped from her carriage, and, running toward the King, threw herself on her knees, whereupon he raised and embraced her. The Dauphin, overpowered with shyness, hardly dared to look at his bride, but ventured to "salute her on the cheek."

The next day the whole court left Compiègne for Versailles, stopping at St. Denis, where Marie-Antoinette, to the great delight of the nuns, wished to see her new aunt, Madame Louise, then a novice at the Carmelite convent. She spent the night at the small château of La Muette, where the King presented her with a pearl necklace that had been brought to France by Anne of Austria, and worn by the queens and dauphines of France, in which each pearl was the size of a hazel-nut and all were exactly of the same water.

On May 16, 1770, at ten o'clock in the morning, Marie-Antoinette made her official entry into that celebrated palace of Versailles which became her home till the outbreak of the French Revolution. The definitive marriage ceremony took place that morning in the chapel of Versailles, and was followed by great rejoicings. The youth of the bride, her childish grace, impressed every one favorably, and even the hostile "Mesdames de France," daughters of the King, were propitiated. She was so young, so pretty, so ingenuous, so caressing, that the imperious Madame Adelaide at once concluded that she would be easily directed in all things. The King told Mercy that he found the young Dauphine lively, but "rather childish"; adding, however, "But that is only natural at her age." The heavy, shy Dauphin was not demonstrative; still he admitted that he liked her face and conversa-



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., N. Y., OF A PAINTING.



THE PALACE AND PARK OF VERSAILLES.

tion, that she was very agreeable, and that he was altogether well pleased.

The memoirs of the time all dwell upon the promise of her yet undeveloped beauty: the noble cast of her features, her brilliant complexion, the golden shade of her beautiful hair, her graceful manner, and the remarkable dignity of her attitude. She spoke French well, with a slight German accent and some German idioms; but she was so young and so completely surrounded by French attendants that these traces of her foreign origin soon disappeared.

On the first arrival of Marie-Antoinette at Versailles, the traditional apartments of the queens of France were not ready to receive her, and for the first six months she resided in temporary rooms on the ground floor of the palace. After this period she removed to the first floor, where a suite of splendid rooms opening out of the *Galerie des Glaces*, or Hall of Mirrors, was devoted to her use.

Madame de Noailles, having been dame d'honneur to the late Queen, was naturally appointed to the same post in the household of the young Dauphine. Unfortunately the habits acquired while attending a very precise and aged princess rendered her particularly unfitted to direct a wilful, merry

girl of fourteen, whom she annoyed incessantly by remonstrating on some unconscious breach of etiquette. Madame de Noailles was essentially the court lady, stiff and formal, entirely absorbed by the rules of her position, and looking upon the smallest breach of custom as little less than a sin. The Princess was respectfully chided for having forgotten this or that detail of etiquette, or told that her smiles and bows had not been properly distributed according to rank, till the young Dauphine, who had a keen sense of the ridiculous, became both exasperated and diverted by the constant anxiety of her dame d'honneur. Madame de Noailles seemed to be perpetually in the agonized state attributed to some old lord-in-waiting at one of Queen Victoria's first drawing-rooms, when, seeing the Queen make a move toward a lady presented, he cried aloud in great alarm, "Don't kiss her, ma'am! She is not a peeress!"

Marie-Antoinette had been ill prepared by the simplicity of the court of Vienna for such minute observances. The Empress was so revered by the people, the imperial family was so loved, that it was not necessary to awaken respect by so many of the proverbial "externals." On the other hand, the intense haughtiness which lay behind prevented any close contact with that half-nobility which

had pushed its way into the precincts of the court of France.

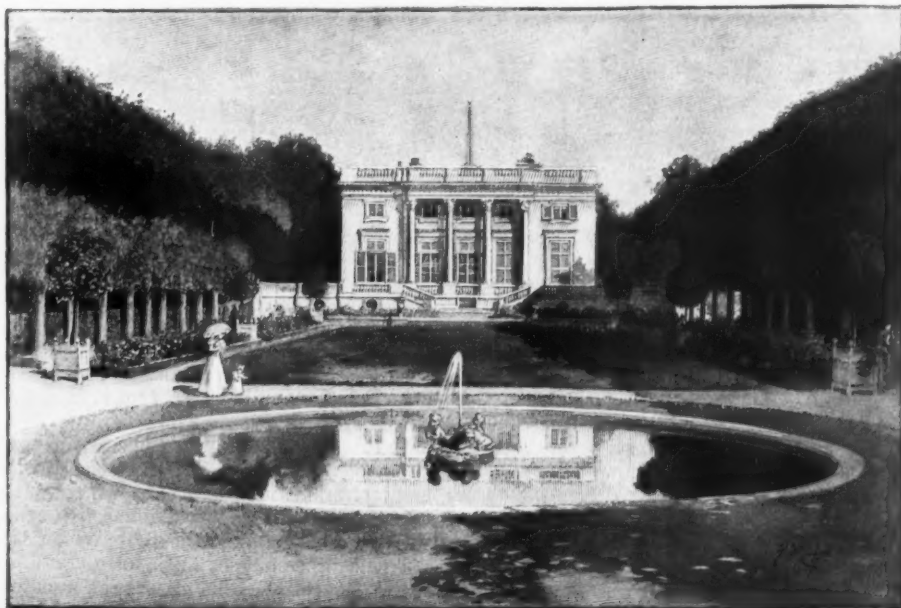
On June 8, three weeks after the arrival of the young Princess, Mercy went to the palace to deliver into her hands a letter from her mother, the Empress, full of good advice. "The only real happiness in this world," she wrote, "is that which comes of a happy marriage. I can speak from experience. All depends on the wife, if she be obliging, amiable, and *amusing*." Again the Empress warns her against familiarity, well knowing her good-natured, easy temper; also against the demands which would assail her from those wishing to use her influence in their favor—an error into which Marie-Antoinette, forgetting her mother's warnings, often fell at a later period.

Mercy reached the palace during the usual card-playing; but as soon as the Dauphine saw him she called him to her, saying that she wished to speak to him. He urged her to finish the game, but as soon as possible she rose. "Seeing that I had a paper in my hand," says Mercy, "she at once understood that it was a letter from your Majesty, and seized it with great eagerness, exclaiming, 'Gott sei Dank!' showing much joy at receiving this letter, which she read immediately."

But troubles were already gathering round Marie-Antoinette, and her wise mother not

being within reach, she was anxious to consult Mercy as to what she ought to do. It was indeed necessary for the poor child to have a friend near her, for she was surrounded by opponents, not the least important of whom was the Duc de la Vauguyon, state tutor, or, as it was termed, "governor," of the Dauphin. In this instance there was no personal animosity, but only excessive jealousy of any influence which might counterbalance his own over the docile but apathetic and obtuse Dauphin. He knew that the pretty young wife was too childish to be feared, but those about her might make her their instrument, and he particularly disliked and dreaded the Abbé de Vermond. The difficulty which Marie-Antoinette wished to lay before her adviser reveals the extraordinary disorder which prevailed in the court; for she informed Mercy that the persons who now held posts in her household, and who previously were employed in other ways, had not been paid their salaries for six months, and that Madame de Noailles urged her to interfere by speaking herself to the Contrôleur-Général. What was she to do?

Mercy approved, but had no time to say more, as supper was served. When he went out the Comtesse de Noailles summoned him to her apartments, and there he learned that



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

PETIT TRIANON, VERSAILLES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

the Duc de la Vauguyon was trying to get rid of the Abbé de Vermond on the ground that his office of reader was a mere sinecure, and that he was useless and out of place at court. Mercy exerted all the influence that he could command to smoothen over difficulties and pacify quarrels, interfering successfully with the King to prevent the dismissal of the Abbé de Vermond.

The cloud had blown over, but Mercy took advantage of the threatened storm to work

she promised to resume regular occupation under his direction. She had just reached the age when emancipation from school-room tasks is most earnestly desired, although she was still so childish that Mercy complains of her hoidenish ways, her fondness for romping with the young children of her attendants, and the consequent disorder of her dress. He notes also what were always marked characteristics of Marie-Antoinette—a strong sense of the ridiculous, and con-



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

HOUSE OF THE SEIGNEUR, PETIT TRIANON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

upon the good feelings of Marie-Antoinette by telling her that the Abbé could not, in justice to himself, retain his position unless the Princess accepted his services. The good Abbé had never known how to interest his pupil in her studies or readings, and certainly seems to have been something of what is familiarly called a bore; but affectionate and warm-hearted as was Marie-Antoinette, she could not bear to be the cause of the departure of an old and tried friend. Consequently, though with evident reluctance,

siderable pungency in the manner of calling attention to anything of the kind which caught her fancy.

In this, as in many other respects, Madame de Noailles ought to have exercised a wise and restraining influence; but she incessantly tormented the wilful young Princess, who, wearied and impatient, finally gave her the nickname of «Madame l'Etiquette.»

Two months after her arrival at Versailles, Marie-Antoinette relates the particulars of her daily life, in a letter to her mother:



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE TEMPLE OF LOVE, VERSAILLES.

«CHOISY,¹ 12th July.

«MADAME MY VERY DEAR MOTHER: I cannot express how much I am affected by your Majesty's kindness, and I protest that I have not yet received one of your dear letters without tears of regret filling my eyes at being parted from such a kind and tender mother; and although I am very happy here, I should earnestly wish to return to see my dear, very dear family, if only for a short time.

«We have been here since yesterday, and from one o'clock in the afternoon, when we dine, till one in the morning, we cannot return to our own apartments, which is very disagreeable to me. After dinner we have cards till six o'clock; then we go to the play till half-past nine; then supper; then cards again till one o'clock, sometimes even half-past one; only yesterday the King, seeing that I was tired out, kindly dismissed me at eleven, to my very great satisfaction, and I slept very well till half-past ten.

«Your Majesty is very kind to show so much interest in me, even to the extent of wishing for an account of how I spend my time habitually.² I will say, therefore, that I rise at ten o'clock, or nine, or half-past nine, and after dressing I say my prayers; then I breakfast, after which I go to my aunts,³ where I usually meet the King. This lasts till half-past ten. At eleven I go to have my hair dressed. At noon the «Chambre» is called, and any one of sufficient rank may come in. I put on my rouge⁴ and wash my hands before everybody; then the gentlemen go out; the ladies stay, and I dress before them. At twelve is mass; when the King is at Versailles I go to mass with him and my husband and my aunts; if he is not there I go with Monsieur the Dauphin, but always at the same hour. After mass we dine together before everybody,⁵ but it is over by half-past one, as we both eat quickly. I then go to Monsieur the Dauphin; if he is busy, I return to my own apartments, where I read, I write, or I work: for I am embroidering a vest for the King, which does not get on quickly; but I trust that, with God's help, it will be finished in a few years [!]. At three I go to my aunts', where the King usually comes at that time. At four the Abbé comes to me; at five the master for the harpsichord, or the singing-master, till six. At half-past six I generally go to my aunts'



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE DAIRY AND TOWER OF MARLBOROUGH, VERSAILLES.

¹ One of the royal residences, destroyed during the Revolution.

² At Versailles.

³ The «Mesdames.»

⁴ Rouge was then a recognized part of court dress.

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⁵ Any well-dressed people were admitted to see the dinners of the royal family, which they witnessed separated from them by a railing only. Marie-Antoinette greatly disliked the custom.

when I do not go out. You must know that my husband almost always comes with me to my aunts'. At seven, card-playing till nine; but when the weather is fine I go out, and then the card-playing takes place in

«I entreat you, my very dear mother, to forgive me if my letter is too long; but my greatest pleasure is to be thus in communication with your Majesty. I ask pardon also for the blotted letter, but I have had to write



AFter a PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., N.Y. OF THE PAINTING BY M^{LE}. BRESSON.

DUC DE LA VAUGUYON.

my aunts' apartments instead of mine. At nine, supper; when the King is absent my aunts come to take supper with us; if the King is there, we go to them after supper, and we wait for the King, who comes usually at a quarter before eleven; but I lie on a large sofa and sleep till his arrival; when he is not expected we go to bed at eleven. Such is my day.

two days running at my toilet, having no other time at my disposal; and if I do not answer all questions exactly, I trust that your Majesty will make allowances for my having too obediently burned your letter. I must finish this, as I have to dress and go to the King's mass. I have the honor to be your Majesty's most submissive daughter,

«MARIE-ANTOINETTE.»

After reading this graphic account of the frivolous obligations inseparable from the court life of the period, can any one be surprised that a girl not yet fifteen was carried away by the current of the stream, and felt no inclination for a more useful or more serious life? It was so easy and natural to plead impossibility; all the princesses she saw lived in the same manner, and did little but courtesy to the King at stated hours, and put on and off their cumbrous court dresses.¹ Why should she alone be expected to employ her time usefully and cultivate her mind?

In her letters to Mercy, the Empress complains bitterly of her daughter's handwriting and spelling, and again and again urges the necessity of taking up her education seriously. But it was very late to begin regular studies.

In answer to an indignant letter from Maria Theresa, Mercy states that he spoke to the Abbé de Vermond, who acknowledged deficiencies, but maintained that the Dauphine never wrote so badly as when addressing her mother; the reason being that she did not consider what she wrote to be safe, and consequently delayed till the special messenger was about to leave, writing then in such haste that her letters were full of "inaccuracies due to precipitation." Whether with just cause or not, the Dauphine considered no papers safe in her apartments; she feared the use of false keys, or that her own would be taken from her pockets at night. Her fears were carried to such an extent that she actually took her mother's letters to bed with her, as the only means of keeping them secure till the next day.

That the caution of Marie-Antoinette was not entirely unfounded is proved from the fact that the Duc de la Vauguyon was actually caught listening at the door of the room where the Dauphine was conversing privately with her husband. Marie-Antoinette, in a letter to her mother, relates this disgraceful act, saying: "A servant, who was either very honest or very stupid, threw the door open, and there was the Duke standing bolt upright, without being able to get away. I remarked to my husband how very objectionable it was for people to listen at doors, and he took it very well."

As yet there was only childish friendship between the boyish Prince and his young wife; he was amused at her playful ways, and good-naturedly submitted to all her wishes, even to the prohibition of his favor-

ite dainties, which disagreed with him, and which she ordered to be removed from the dinner-table without allowing him to partake of them. As he possessed the enormous appetite which characterized the Bourbons, this must have been a trial of temper for the young husband.

Meanwhile the Duc de la Vauguyon was not inactive, and did not scruple to put forward Madame du Barry as a means of keeping his influence over the Dauphin. The latter had boyishly expressed a wish to join the King's private hunting and shooting parties. Madame du Barry, to whom this was made known, immediately informed the King, who gave the required permission. The consequence was that the Dauphin, a boy of fifteen, was thus authorized not only to join the sport, but also to attend the suppers with the favorite which followed at the King's shooting-box, called Saint-Hubert, where, as Mercy solemnly states, "the rules of propriety are not always scrupulously observed."

The "Mesdames," not unnaturally, were much alarmed at this emancipation of the young Prince, and at once determined to acquaint him with the real position of Madame du Barry and all the mischief that she had already caused. The Dauphin was much shocked; his honest nature at once revolted, and from that time he treated Madame du Barry with marked aversion. To his young wife he showed increased affection and confidence, entirely agreeing with her feelings as to the Duc de la Vauguyon, and expressing his own with regard to Madame du Barry, though not without his usual caution.

In vain Maria Theresa writes to her daughter: "Keep a neutral position in everything. . . . I desire you to be more reserved than ever as regards what is going on; listen to no secrets, and have no curiosity. I am sorry to be obliged to say, *confide nothing*—even to your aunts, whom I esteem so much. I have my reasons for saying this." But the open-hearted nature of Marie-Antoinette often prevented the prudence which her wise mother so earnestly inculcated.

The young Dauphine had a great wish to ride on horseback, which, in modern days, would give rise to no objections; but Mercy, foreseeing the disapprobation of the Empress, applied to the King, through the Duc de Choiseul, pleading the youth of the Princess and the probable want of moderation that she would show in the practice of "such violent exercise." The King satisfied them by refusing his consent to the use of horses, but

¹ The state dress of the Dauphine, mother of Louis XVI, weighed sixty-five pounds.



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., N. Y., OF THE PAINTING BY JEAN-MARC RATTIER.

allowed donkeys. Some exceedingly quiet animals were chosen, and the Dauphine rode with her ladies in the forest, Mercy gravely assuring the Empress that "these animals are not at all dangerous."

Nevertheless, Marie-Antoinette managed to slip from her saddle and have a harmless fall. Her ladies, much alarmed, flew to her assistance. She sat on the ground, suppressing a strong inclination to laugh, but would not be raised till they had ascertained "what was the etiquette to be observed when a dauphine of France fell from a donkey."

History does not enlighten us as to the rules observed on this momentous occasion, or the decision of "Madame l'Etiquette."

The Dauphine continued to ride her donkeys, but with an ever-increasing desire for real equestrian exercise, notwithstanding the strong objections of her mother, who wrote that she would spoil her complexion and her figure, besides many other evils. Still the wilful young Princess longed more and more for a horse instead of the humble substitute.

Madame Adelaide—whether from a good-natured wish to satisfy her, or from a more

treacherous motive, does not seem clear—suggested that she might set out for one of her donkey excursions, sending beforehand an equerry with a horse, and that at a stated place she might meet the horse and dismiss the donkey. The Dauphine, though strongly tempted, pleaded the fear of displeasing her mother, also that the King might refuse his permission; but Madame Adelaide overruled all scruples, and finally the Dauphine consented. At the appointed place the horse met her, and the young Princess rode with great delight and no danger, an equerry holding the bridle, and several attendants walking by her side. Marie-Antoinette enjoyed her ride, and not less the prospect of seeing «how Mercy would look,» as she told the Duchesse de Chaulnes, who, of course, immediately repeated the childish jest to Mercy. The latter delayed attending her evening circle for a day or two, although he had letters from the Empress to deliver; but finally he made an ominously solemn entrance into the presence of the young Dauphine, who at once called him to her, asking if he knew that she had «ridden a horse.» Mercy bowed low, and gravely answered, «Oui.» The Dauphine then rejoined, with evident nervousness: «I was in great haste to tell you, but I did not see you, although every one immediately congratulated me on what had given me so much pleasure.»

Still solemn, Mercy replied that he should be much mortified if she supposed that he could join those who complimented her; that as he had real zeal and respect for what concerned her, he could only be grieved at what he thought injurious and likely to displease the Empress.

At this the poor girl's countenance changed, and, exceedingly frightened, she said earnestly, with childlike simplicity: «You would throw me into despair if you said that I could grieve the Empress; I assure you that I am in great anxiety,» then eagerly bringing forward as her justification the King's consent and her wish to please the Dauphin by sharing his favorite exercise. Mercy made no reply, but solemnly delivered the letters, and retired, leaving poor Marie-Antoinette more frightened than ever. The whole, according to modern appreciation, would seem to be a case of «much ado about nothing.»

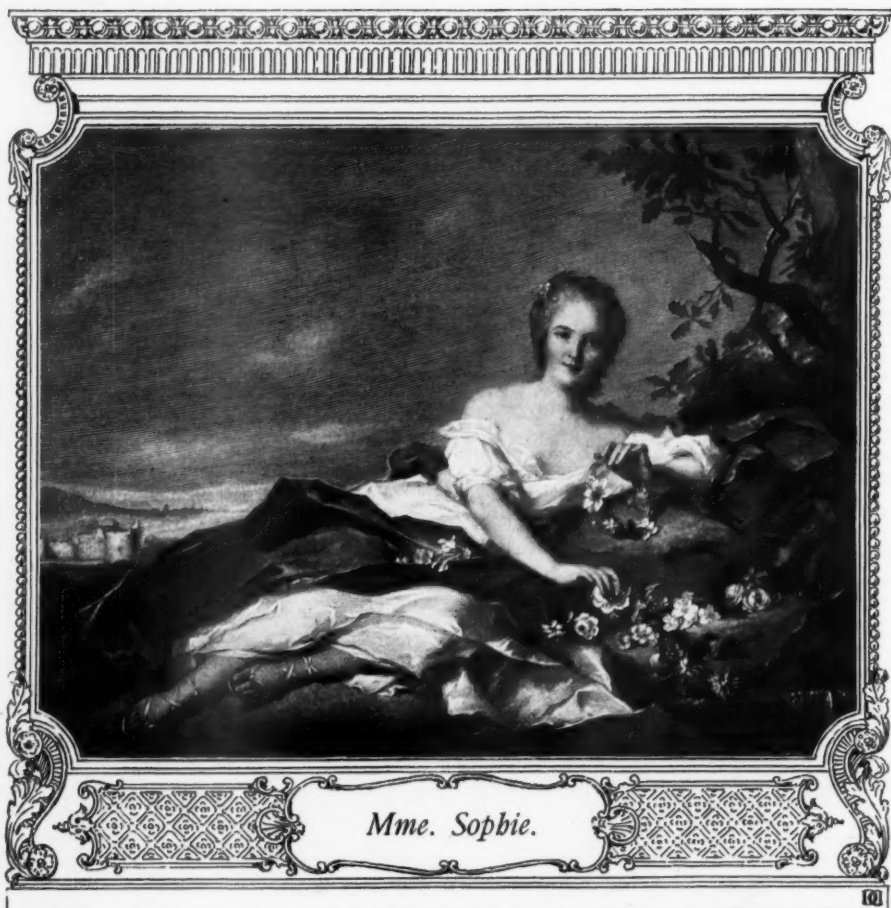
The next day the Princess sent for Mercy, and entreated him to take her part and to justify her in the sight of her mother, the Empress, which he consented to do, provided she would promise not to follow hunts

on horseback or to gallop. Mercy, in fact, warned Maria Theresa that as the King had consented, and the Dauphin had approved, it would be impossible to prevent Marie-Antoinette from continuing to indulge in exercise on horseback, and that the fruitless attempt might have injurious consequences with regard to the moral authority of the Empress over her daughter. Maria Theresa answered that she knew her daughter sufficiently well to be quite convinced that nothing would prevent her from doing anything that she strongly wished to do; but that, nevertheless, she would write to her.

Marie-Antoinette waited with great anxiety for her mother's answer with regard to equestrian exercise, and eagerly asked Mercy if he had «good news» to give her. The letter of Maria Theresa, although hardly satisfactory, sufficed as a half authorization, of which she took advantage heartily. «You say that the King approves, also the Dauphin; they must dispose of all concerning you. I have given them my pretty Antoinette.» But the Empress dwells at length on all the evils which may result from this concession, and concludes: «Now that I have laid all this before you, I shall say no more, and shall try not to think about it.»

Marie-Antoinette had carried her point, and this was all for which she really cared. Notwithstanding her childish wilfulness, her nature was so bright and amiable that it was easy for her to win general popularity; but in what concerned the King her life was a perpetual struggle with court cabals, which created incessant difficulties.

Still, the pretty and winning Dauphine managed playfully to keep in favor with «papa,» as she called the King. The Dauphin, heavy and almost stupid as he seemed, was more and more captivated by his young wife, submitting to be scolded by her for his uncivilized ways, and ever ready to further her wishes, even when contrary to his own. He hated dancing, but as she liked it he arranged to have a ball every Monday in the private apartments of the young couple, but without ceremony, the ladies wearing white dominoes, the gentlemen their ordinary court dress. These balls were highly approved by Maria Theresa as «a great advantage to the Dauphin,» whose somewhat boorish manners really considerably improved, while he retained, nevertheless, the good-natured simplicity which had always characterized him. Madame de Noailles having given a ball in her own private apartments, the Dauphin took his young wife on



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO. N. Y. OF THE PAINTING BY JEAN-MARC NATTIER.

his arm and walked in unexpectedly, saying graciously to the hostess: "I hope, madame, that you will admit both husband and wife. We come not to inconvenience you in any way, but only to share your amusements." This condescension was highly appreciated by all present, and the Dauphine was credited with having civilized the young Prince.

The minute difficulties and inconveniences which beset the Princess in her daily life would hardly be believed but for the testimony of competent witnesses. Mercy states in a letter to Maria Theresa: "I must call attention to the fact that the Dauphine, whose purse is nominally of six thousand livres¹ a month, has in reality not a single crown at her disposal. There are scandalous abuses here as regards money matters. The

¹ The livre was rather more than the modern franc.

Dauphine's purse is given into the care of her treasurer, who keeps back two thousand five hundred livres every month for pensions granted by the late Queen, and which have fallen on the Dauphine without her knowing anything about them. Her *garçons de chambre* receive one hundred louis a month for the Dauphine's card-playing. Whether she wins or loses, no one sees anything more of this money. The bedchamber women take charge of all the remainder, which is usually distributed in gifts suggested by Madame de Noailles, with the forced consent of the Dauphine, who thus keeps no money at her own disposal. She is certainly not well dressed, but that is the fault of the lady who has the charge of her wardrobe. This lady pays little attention to it, and has not much taste."

The Dauphine was allowed a sum of 120,000 livres for her dress alone; but she never interfered in any way, and everything was decided, without consulting her, by the *dame d'atour*, who ordered what was necessary according to her own appreciation, and settled the bills of the tradesmen. At the end of the year she presented incomprehensible accounts, which the Dauphine was required to approve, with the result that her expenses greatly exceeded the allotted sum, through no fault of hers. Mercy was called to the rescue, and discovered the most absurd extravagance. For instance, three ells of ribbon, to tie the powdering-gown of the Dauphine, were put down daily; also several ells of silk (daily!) to cover the basket in which her gloves and fan were deposited, with many other items of the same kind, noted by Mercy in solemn reprobation. With all this waste, the arrangements about her were strangely deficient in comfort.

The Dauphine followed the King's hunting-parties two or three times a week, and in her ready good nature she desired cold meats and refreshments to be taken in her carriage, which she herself distributed among the courtiers as a collation. The natural consequence was that all the young men crowded about her, with the result of too much freedom and buoyancy of spirits on all sides, which greatly displeased the King. The kindness of Marie-Antoinette, which often led her into difficulties, was not deficient on more serious occasions, and no accident or injury to any of her servants ever failed to awaken her warmest sympathy, which was shown in the most efficacious manner.

Her mother's severe letters, the troublesome interference of Mercy, the exhortations of the Abbé de Vermond, never ruffled her sweet temper or provoked a word of rebellion. «I admire every day her gentleness and docility,» says the Abbé de Vermond. «She allows me, in the presence of her dame d'honneur and her bedchamber women, to express truths which, though respectfully worded, are firm, and stronger than what I used to say to her at Vienna in her private room. I know that I owe her confidence to the approbation of the Empress; but is it not remarkable that it should be persistent, and that the Dauphine should have the moral courage to keep near her a troublesome monitor in the midst of so much flattery and adulation?»

But although always gentle and submissive, there was one point in which no satisfactory result could be obtained—that of

regular occupation. She was full of good resolutions, sincerely promised amendment, and with much self-reproach—went on as before! She romped with children; she played with dogs; she laughed and chatted with «my aunts»; she followed hunts even on horseback, notwithstanding her word pledged to her mother; she danced; and so her life passed despite her dread of «mama's» scrutinizing letters.

The attention of the wise mother became, however, engrossed by a more serious matter. The fall of Choiseul was not only of the greatest importance to Maria Theresa, by withdrawing from the French government her most valuable friend, but it was also an event which gained greater magnitude as a criterion of the influence to be attributed to Madame du Barry. Choiseul had always treated the favorite with the contempt that she deserved, and the ladies of his family had spoken of her in unsparing terms. Consequently she hated the whole family, and was determined to remove their obnoxious presence from Versailles, leaving nothing untried to reach this end. She playfully but incessantly teased the King, winding up her arguments by tossing oranges as she laughingly repeated, «Jump, Choiseul! Jump, Praslin!»¹ Meanwhile her supporters importuned the King more seriously, calling his attention to the supposed danger of Choiseul's liberal views and his alleged connivance with the rebellious Parliament. The peace of the indolent old monarch was sufficiently disturbed to induce him to get rid of Choiseul at any cost. The prime minister was informed of his disgrace by a stern letter from the King expressing great dissatisfaction with his services, and enjoining him to retire to his country house, which he was not to leave without permission.

Mercy writes shortly afterward (April 16, 1771) to Maria Theresa, giving a strange picture of the court:

«It is almost impossible that your Majesty should form a correct idea of the horrible confusion which reigns here. The throne is disgraced by the extensive and indecent influence of the favorite, and the wickedness of her partizans.

«The nation shows its feeling by seditious remarks and disloyal pamphlets, where the person of the sovereign is not spared. Versailles is the abode of treachery, spite, and hatred; everything is done through motives of personal interest, and all honorable feeling seems to be discarded.»

¹ The Duc de Choiseul was also Duc de Praslin.



FOVIS XVI.2.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE
AT THE

AGE OF 15 YEARS

12

Madame du Barry had proved her power, and Maria Theresa was too good a politician not to draw her own conclusions as to the necessity of conciliating the favorite. But here she met with unexpected resistance from Marie-Antoinette, who would not stoop to any advances toward a woman she despised.

In vain Maria Theresa brought forward the plausible argument that the Dauphine had no right to judge her grandfather or to look upon Madame du Barry's position as different from that of any other lady admitted to the court. For once Marie-Antoinette was rebellious, and plainly declared to her mother that she would do anything to satisfy her except what was "contrary to honor."

Great was the wrath of the Empress, who in her reply showed so much indignation at the insinuation that she could advise anything "contrary to honor" that the poor young Dauphine finally was driven to half measures, which, as usual, satisfied no one, and decidedly displeased Madame Adelaide, whose aversion for Madame du Barry was not concealed, and who required the same attitude from her nephew's wife. In all these difficulties the Dauphin was too timorous and too undecided in his actions to be of any real use or support to the young wife thus besieged by conflicting advice and exigencies. Although the marriage of the Comte de Provence was in serious preparation, the royal brothers were still such absolute school-boys that they quarreled and fought even in the presence of Marie-Antoinette, who on one occasion hurt her hand in trying to separate them. They were all, in fact, mere children, and should be judged as such.

The Dauphin had received a good, plain education, and possessed a considerable amount of stolid good sense, with the best and most honorable feelings. He was thoroughly kind-hearted and good-natured; unfortunately, he was aware of his external deficiencies, and was consequently so painfully shy and timid that his natural awkwardness was considerably increased. He seldom knew what to say or do, or when it should be said or done. This unfortunate hesitation followed him through life, and was the principal cause of many misfortunes. Even toward his young wife, whom he deeply loved, he could not bring himself to show his real affection; and although always kind and particularly good-natured, he seemed indifferent and even cold in his treatment of her.

The Comte de Provence was more intelligent than his elder brother, and rather pedantic, fond of classic studies and quota-

tions. He was jealous of the Dauphin's superior rank, and quite convinced that he himself was far more capable of filling his position. In this he was, perhaps, not wholly mistaken. He was reserved and prudent, but neither straightforward nor sincere; he had, however, far more tact than the Dauphin, and knew better how to steer his way through court intrigues and cabals.

The Comte d'Artois was a complete scapegrace, who behaved like a spoiled child and followed his very questionable tastes without restraint. Nevertheless, his appearance and manners distinguished him favorably from his brothers—that is, when he chose to behave like a gentleman, which was not always the case.

The question of the marriage of the Comte de Provence, soon to be followed by that of the Comte d'Artois, was a subject of fresh anxiety to Maria Theresa and her faithful Mercy. Would the Princess chosen be a friend or an enemy? What would be her influence over the King and the "Mesdames"? To the latter the final choice of a princess of Savoy, daughter of the Prince of Piedmont (afterward King of Sardinia), was agreeable,—any one rather than an Austrian,—and many cutting insinuations were thrown out by Madame Adelaide, sometimes endured with seeming unconsciousness, sometimes taken up sharply, by Marie-Antoinette.

"If mama could see how things go on here, she would be less severe in her judgment of me," said the Dauphine to Mercy; "matters are really unendurable."

The Princess of Savoy arrived—shy, insignificant, and absolutely devoid of beauty. Her portraits give the idea of a dark, full face with coarse features and thick lips, redeemed only by fine dark eyes. But the first impression of the King was unfavorable. "She is very ugly," was his characteristic remark. The Dauphin, with his usual blunt sincerity, expressed much the same opinion to his brother, who, to his credit, replied with dignity, "I like her as she is."

There could be no comparison between the Dauphine and her sister-in-law—a fresh source of envy, increased by the marked preference shown by the King to the pretty and graceful Dauphine. With her natural warmth of feeling, aided by the politic advice of Mercy, Marie-Antoinette tried in every way to propitiate the Comtesse de Provence, and, though with some fluctuations due to ill-natured remarks from the "Mesdames," she succeeded in establishing friendly intercourse; but from time to time

small incidents revealed a degree of duplicity on the part of both the Comte and Comtesse de Provence which especially shocked and chilled the open-hearted frankness of Marie-Antoinette.

On one of these occasions she ran to her husband and embraced him, saying earnestly: "I feel that I love you every day more and more. Your honesty and frankness charm me, and the more I compare you with others, the more I know how much greater your worth is than theirs."

This effusive speech, although so evidently sincere, did not suffice to give confidence to the too diffident Prince. Some time after this incident he suddenly asked his wife, "Do you really love me?" She earnestly replied, "Indeed I do; and every day I esteem you more highly."

He seemed happy on receiving this assurance; but his uncouth manners and awkward ways often irritated the Dauphine, who lost patience and reproved him sharply. He showed no anger at these remonstrances, but his eyes would fill with tears. When she saw this she would embrace him, and her own tears would flow; but notwithstanding her efforts and his good intentions, the attempt to civilize the Dauphin seemed hopeless.

As a boy he had been neglected, and, with his very sensitive heart, the absence of all tenderness and affection about him had made him shrink within himself and become incapable of expressing what he well knew how to feel. After the death of his mother he had said mournfully: "Whom can I love now? No one loves me here!" He now loved his wife, but could hardly believe that she returned his affection.

The death of the Duc de la Vauguyon delivered Marie-Antoinette from an adversary, if not an enemy. Unhappily, the Duc d'Aiguillon, who had replaced Choiseul as prime minister, headed the anti-Austrian party, and was on terms of intimate friendship with Madame du Barry. This was enough to cause intense dislike on the part of Marie-Antoinette, which she showed with her characteristic but impolitic frankness. In vain her wary mother and Mercy remonstrated, both understanding only too well that she was wilfully creating a dangerous enemy.

The marriage of the Comte d'Artois to the sister of the Comtesse de Provence soon followed, attended by the usual intrigues. The Princess was not endowed with more beauty or grace than her sister, though with a better complexion—her only superiority. But she was less intelligent and more disagreea-

ble in manner. From the first arrival of the Piedmontese princesses, the daughter of the German Cæsars could not maintain her position without incessant struggles. In her dislike for court trammels, she had gladly allowed Madame Adelaide to continue to preside over the official circle in the evenings, which was her own prerogative as future queen; but Mercy now insisted upon her right being immediately claimed, lest it should be usurped by the Comtesse de Provence, who would thus be placed in a superior position.

"Trifles light as air" caused incessant squabbles, notwithstanding the amiable efforts of Marie-Antoinette to promote peace and affectionate intimacy with her sisters-in-law. The aunts interfered, taking part now with one, now with another, but more frequently blaming Marie-Antoinette.

The state visit of the Dauphin and Dauphine to Paris, which ought to have taken place on their marriage, but which had been constantly deferred, was at last granted by Louis XV. The Dauphine won all hearts by her grace and charm of manner; even the Dauphin sufficiently conquered his habitual shyness to produce a favorable impression; and when they both appeared on that balcony of the palace of the Tuileries¹ where so many princesses have been presented to the population of Paris, the enthusiasm with which the Dauphine was greeted knew no bounds.

Marie-Antoinette, describing the scene to her mother, the Empress, exclaims: "How happy we should feel in our state, on winning so easily the love of a whole nation! And yet nothing is so precious. I felt this deeply, and shall never forget it."

The Empress continued her exhortations and reprimands, without ever provoking rebellion on the part of her really remarkably submissive daughter, who tried to improve, renewed her resolutions, and, though with fluctuations, read more regularly with the Abbé de Vermond, studied music, and made considerable progress, especially on the harp, which she particularly liked. She also danced very gracefully and well. The poor Dauphin took lessons with her, but with his ungainly figure and heavy steps never reached the desired result. The Empress complained of her daughter's letters as too laconic and cold; but when exhorted by Mercy on the subject of showing affection to her mother, poor Marie-Antoinette replied: "I love the Empress; but I fear her, even at a distance. When I write I never feel at ease with her."

¹ The last royal bride who appeared there was the Empress Eugénie.

To this Maria Theresa replies: "Do not say that I scold, that I preach, but say: 'Mama loves me, and has constantly my advantage in view; I must believe her and comfort her by following her good advice.' You will find the benefit of this, and there will then be no further shadow between us. I am sincere, and I exact great sincerity and candor toward myself."

But in writing to Mercy the Empress speaks severely of Marie-Antoinette. "Notwithstanding all your care and discernment in directing my daughter, I see only too clearly how unwilling are her efforts to follow your advice and mine. In these days only flattery and a playful tone are liked; and when, with the best intentions, we address any serious remonstrance, our young people are wearied, consider that they are scolded, and, as they always suppose, without reason. I see that this is my daughter's case. I shall, nevertheless, continue to warn her when you see that it may be useful to do so, adding some amount of flattery, much as I dislike that style." She adds that she has not much hope of conquering her daughter's "indolence."

Notwithstanding her mother's asperity, Marie-Antoinette really loved her; if she knew that the Empress was ill in health or unhappy, she wept bitterly and seemed miserable. With regard to the vexed question of the readings with the Abbé, the few books the titles of which are quoted are so uninteresting that her dislike for them cannot cause surprise.

The enthusiastic reception which the young couple had met from the Parisians led them to return to Paris and appear at the opera and theaters, where they were always well received. But the young members of the royal family, encouraged by the free use of these pleasures, took a strong fancy to see the public masked ball at the Opéra. Every precaution being taken as to the manner in which they were surrounded, so as to obviate the evident drawbacks to such an amusement, the King consented to the freak, which was much enjoyed. Unfortunately, this was the beginning of the excessive liking shown at a later period by Marie-Antoinette for such diversions.

Theatricals also became a passion. The young princes and princesses got up charades and even plays in their private apartments, with only the Dauphin as spectator; and so far there was no harm. The Dauphin, seeing how much all this was enjoyed, established a small theater in his apartments, where short, amusing plays were performed by

professional actors; these, too, were received with delight. There were, however, balls given in the palace which the Dauphine liked sufficiently to remain till six o'clock in the morning; she then heard mass, and went to bed till two o'clock in the afternoon. On such occasions it may be supposed that the literary interviews with the Abbé were omitted.

The pleasures which they shared with the King, had other serious drawbacks. In one evening at the King's play of lansquenets, the Dauphine won twelve hundred louis.¹ Much annoyed at her success, she tried to lose the sum again; finally, at the end of the game, she retained seven hundred louis. The next morning she sent fifty louis to each of the two principal parishes of Versailles for the poor, and consulted Mercy as to the disposal of the remainder, declaring that she would keep nothing for herself. Mercy advised her to divide the sum between her servants, who had now remained a year and a half without wages; this the Dauphine effected immediately, which caused general satisfaction. Mercy notes that she was not naturally generous, and in general she did not spontaneously show even sufficient liberality for the requirements of her high position.

On April 28, 1774, Louis XV felt the first symptoms of illness while at Trianon, his favorite summer palace adjoining Versailles, to which he returned immediately. During the night of the 29th the characteristic eruption of smallpox appeared in its worst form. With admirable devotedness, the King's daughters came to his bedside, notwithstanding the dreadful danger of contagion, and remained there day and night till his death. Marie-Antoinette had asked admittance to his room, but, for very evident reasons, neither the heir apparent nor his wife was allowed to breathe an atmosphere so dangerous that more than fifty persons took the smallpox, merely from having crossed the gallery before the door of the King's room. Monsieur de Létorières took the disease fatally, merely through having opened the door to look at the King for two minutes.

Regardless of danger, the Archbishop of Paris came to Versailles. He was anxious to secure the means of repentance and a Christian death to the wretched sinner; but, at the same time, he declared that he would not allow the last sacraments of the church to be administered to the dying man unless Madame du Barry were previously dismissed

¹ The louis was then worth nearly twenty-five francs (between four and five dollars).

from the palace. On the 4th of May the Duchesse d'Aiguillon took her to a country house belonging to the Duc d'Aiguillon. There was consequently no further obstacle to the administration of the last rites of the church. Shortly afterward his condition became more alarming, and it was evident that the end was at hand.

The courtiers crowded in the large room called the «Salle de l'Œil de Bœuf,» where they habitually awaited the King's pleasure. The carriages were in readiness to take the royal family to Choisy; a lighted candle placed in the window of the King's apartment was to be extinguished as the signal for departure, which the fear of contagion, in addition to other considerations, caused to be impatiently expected.

The candle was extinguished; the great clock was stopped at the fatal hour—3 P. M. It was the 10th of May, 1774. The rush of the courtiers, with a noise like thunder, as they hastened to pay homage to the new sovereign, was the first announcement of the great event to the young heir and his wife. Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette burst into tears, and with a joint impulse fell on their knees, exclaiming: «God help us and

protect us! We are too young to reign!» The King was not yet twenty; the Queen was in her nineteenth year.

Madame de Noailles came into the room where they had remained together in seclusion and anxious expectancy, and addressing them by their new titles, begged them to receive the dignitaries who had come to pay homage to the King and Queen. The Queen appeared leaning on the King's arm; weeping bitterly, she received the first visits of the royal family and the principal officials; but the physicians urged the necessity of immediate departure. The carriages were ready, and the whole court set off for Choisy, leaving the wretched remains of the late sovereign to the care of servants and workmen. The unfortunate man who soldered the lead coffin died within twenty-four hours. The body was taken to St. Denis, the burial-place of the kings of France, during the following night, with a military escort, followed by the execration of the populace loudly expressed on the way. The scandalous reign of Louis XV was ended; a new reign was beginning.

«Le roi est mort!»

«Vive le roi!»

Anna L. Bicknell.

THE BLOOD-RED BLOSSOM.

«WHENCE comest thou, Child, when April wakes,
So phantom-fair through these green brakes?
Why wilt thou follow, fond and fain,
My footsteps to the wood again?

«Why, as I rest by this gray rock,
Do thy wet eyes the violets mock?
Oh, tell me why in thy white bosom
Thou ever wearest the blood-red blossom?»—

«Thou comest to watch the violets die,
And over early love to sigh;
Thou comest to watch the wild rose waken,
And drop thy tears o'er love forsaken.

«And wouldst thou know why these three
years,
When April wakes, I rise in tears?
And wouldst thou know why in my bosom
I wear forever the blood-red blossom?

«'T was here I grew, warm nature's child,
Too young to be by love beguiled;
I took the mantle of the spring
To be my infant covering.

«My heart was full of tender loves,
Soft as a dove-cote full of doves;
I brought the violets kisses true,
Warm as the sun and fresh as dew;

«Loved to-day and wished the morrow,
Went blue-eyed and knew no sorrow,
Dreaming what I saw, and seeing
What I dreamed, a gentle being;

«Seeing, dreaming, loving all,
What should such a child befall,
Save the sunshine, save the breeze
Blowing to the shining seas?

«Oh, fair I flowered in opening youth,
Too pure to doubt that love is truth;
I took the fragrance of the May
To be the sweetness of my clay.

«Came the spirit of desire;
Came the finding of the lyre;
Came the night without repose;
Came the singing of the rose.

«I saw it open, fresh and fair,
And spread upon the country air;
I saw the shy bud swell apart,
And at the last give all its heart.

«I felt a tremor seize my breast,
And hopes unknown and unconfest;
I only knew some joy to be
By joy that then was dear to me.

«And down I knelt, and kissed it oft—
Kisses many, pure, and soft;
I thought—I was so childish wise—
God planted it in Paradise.

«Oh, blithe beneath the branch of June
My heart danced with the stars in tune;
And, throb on throb, deep nature's flood
Grew warm and gladdened in my blood.

«Oh, love began as Phosphor bright
Melts on the rosy breast of light;
Oh, love began as this wild wood
Quires with its red-throat multitude!

«I gave my body to sweet desire;
I gave my soul to the shrill lyre;
And all night long, without repose,
I sang the beauty of the rose.

«And I forgot the violets dead,
And many a lily's golden head;
And I passed by all gentle flowers
Wherewith love decks his mortal bowers.

«My blood is faint, my cheeks are pale,
Since I began the deathless tale;
And thee I follow, fond and fain,
When to the wood thou goest again.

«By this gray rock I stand, a child;
My eyes are wet, my looks are wild,
I see a deep wound in thy breast,
And tears bedew thy secret rest.

«The wood shall wilt, the grass shall wither,
But with the spring will I come hither;
And when from all things here I fade
With lovers dead shalt thou be laid.

«And now thou knowest why these three
years,
When April wakes, I rise in tears;
And now thou knowest why in my bosom
I wear forever the blood-red blossom.»

George Edward Woodberry.

(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE
STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of «Far in the Forest,» «Roland Blake,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

XXIX.

«WHEN,» continues Jack, «I found Delaney had gone away, I was in a quandary. I by no means desired to go alone to see Captain Wynne. At last I made up my mind to ask Hugh. If there came a quarrel, it should be mine. I resolved there should be no fight if I could help it, and that there might be trouble if Hugh were first to see his cousin I felt sure. The small sword was out of the question, but the pistol was not. I intended no such ending, and believed I had the matter well in my own hands. When I found Hugh at the quarters I told him quietly the whole story.

«That he was in a mad rage at his aunt I saw. I hate to see Hugh smile in a certain

way he has, with his lips set close. He said nothing save that he would go with me, and that I was altogether in the right. He was reluctant to promise he would leave me to speak alone, but at last I did get him to say so.

«Mr. Arthur Wynne was alone in his room at the inn, and would see us. He was writing, and turned from his table, rising as we entered. He looked red and angry, in a soiled dressing-gown, and I thought had been drinking. He did not ask us to be seated, and we remained standing until our unpleasant talk came to a close.

«He said at once, 'My good cousin, I presume I owe to you the note I have had from Miss Peniston to-day.'

«('You do not,» said Hugh, not looking at all displeased.

"Indeed? I had hoped you had come to offer me the only satisfaction in life your slanders have left me. My health is no longer such as to forbid the use of a pistol."

"Pardon me," said I, "this is my affair, and not Mr. Wynne's. I have had the honour of late to hear Mr. Delaney relate what passed in the jail."

"Have you, indeed? An old story," said Arthur Wynne.

"None the less a nasty one. I had also the pleasure to tell Miss Peniston that you suggested to the traitor Arnold to use my friend's known loyalty as a safe means of getting to Sir Henry Clinton a letter which was presumably a despatch as to exchange of prisoners, but was really intended to convey to Sir Henry the news that the scoundrel Arnold was willing to sell his soul and betray his country."

"Who told you this nonsense?" said the captain, coming toward us.

"Major André," said I. "You may have my friend's word for that."

"It is a lie!" he cried.

"Men about to die do not lie, Mr. Wynne. It is true."

"The man's face changed, and he got that slack look about the jaw I have heard Hugh describe. To my astonishment, he did not further insist on his denial, but said coldly, 'And what then?'"

"Nothing," said I. "Having told what I knew to a woman, I had no mind to have you say I had slandered you behind your back. That is all."

"Is it, indeed? And which of you will give me the honour of your company to-morrow?"

"Neither," said I. "We do not meet men like you."

"His face flushed. 'Coward!' he said."

"If I am that," said I, pretty cool, and shaking a little after my silly way, "you know best, and will remember, I fancy, for many a day. Good-morning, sir."

"On this he cried out, 'By——! this shall not pass! I—I will post you in every inn in town, and my cousin too. No man shall dare—'"

"Stop a little," said Hugh. "If it comes to that I shall know what to do, and well enough. I have no desire to put my own blood to open shame, but if this matter goes further, I shall publish Mr. Delaney's statement, and that, sir, will close to you every gentleman's house here and in London too."

"And shall you like it better to have it known that you were General Arnold's agent?"

"I saw Hugh's face lose its quiet look, and

again he smiled. 'In that case,' he said, 'I should tell my own story and Mr. André's to his Excellency, and then, my good cousin, I should kill you like a mad dog, and with no ceremony of a duel. You warned me once when I was a mere boy. It is my turn now. As there is a God in heaven, I will do as I have said.'

"Two can play at that game," said Arthur. Hugh made no reply.

"And on this we left the man standing, and went forth without another word."

"I think his fangs are drawn," said Hugh. And indeed that was my opinion. I made up my mind, however, that at the least unpleasant rumour of any kind, I would take such a hand in the matter as would save Hugh from having to go to extremities."

With the date of a week or so later I find added: "The man thought better of it, I dare say, when the drink wore off; how much of his folly was due to that I cannot tell. It was plain that my dear Darthea had let him go at last. Was it because her sweet pity distressed her to wound a man once dear that she was held so long in this bondage? or was it that absence, said to be the enemy of love, was, in a woman of her sense of honour, a reason why she should not break her word until she had a more full assurance of being right?"

"I think he slowly lost his place in the heart won when Darthea was younger and perhaps carried away by vain notions which lost value as time went on. Such men have for the best of women a charm we cannot understand."

I have left Jack to tell a part of my life which I am glad to leave to another than I. I heard no more of my cousin, except that he had made up his mind to go home under his parole. This did not fill me with grief. I had the sense to know that for many a day Darthea were better left alone.

My Aunt Gairnor had recovered from the remorse which, as usual with her, followed upon some futile attempt to improve the machinery of other folks' fates. In fact, although Darthea closed her doors upon Mistress Wynne and would on no account see her, my aunt was already beginning to be pleased with the abominable trap she had set, and was good enough to tell me as much.

For three days after Jack had informed me as to the drama my aunt had planned I stayed away from her, being myself in no very happy state of mind, and unwilling to trust myself. When at last, of a Saturday afternoon, I came in on Mistress Wynne, she got up from her

accounts, which she kept with care, saying at once: "It is a week since you were here, sir, and of course I know why. That long-tongued girl-boy has been prating, and your lordship is pleased to be angry, and Darthea is worse, and will not see me because I had the courage to do what you were afraid to do."

"Upon my word, Aunt Gainor," said I, "you are a little too bad. I was here four days ago, and have I said an impatient word? If I was angry I have had no chance to say so." Nor had I.

"Then if you are not angry you ought to be." She seemed to me bigger than ever, and to have more nose than usual. "You ought to be. I made a fool of myself, and all for you; and because I have burned my fingers in pulling your goose out of the fire, you must get into a passion. You have no need to smile, sir. I suppose it were finer to say chestnuts, but a goose she is, and always will be, and I love her like a child. Your soft-hearted Excellency was to see me last week, and saying that he had no children, I, that have no right to any, said I was as ill off, and we looked at each other and said nothing for a little, because God had given to neither the completeness of life. Is he stern, sir? I don't think it. We talked of General Arnold, and of poor Peggy his wife, and as to all this he was willing enough, and frank too. Despite Dr. Rush and Mr. Adams, he can talk well when he has a mind to. But when I said a word of poor André, I had better have kept my tongue quiet, for he said quickly: 'Mistress Wynne, that is a matter I will never hear of willingly. I ask your pardon, madam.' I could do no more than excuse my want of thought, and we fell to discussing tobacco-growing."

"But what more of Darthea?" said I, for all the generals in the world were to me as nothing compared with one little woman.

"Oh, there is no more, except that I am unhappy. I will never again be kind to anybody. I am only a miserable, useless old maid." And here she began to cry, and to wet a fine lace handkerchief.

Just now comes in saucy Miss Margaret Chew,—we call her Peggy,—and is rather flustered by my aunt in tears. "Oh, Mistress Wynne," she says, "I beg pardon. I—"

"What for?" says my aunt. "My Manx cat has eaten the raspberry jam. That is all." Whereon we laugh, and the little lady, being pretty-spoken, says she wishes she was Mistress Wynne's cat, and while my aunt dries her eyes goes on to say, "Here is a note for

you to dine with us and Mr. Washington, and I was bid write it, and so I did on the back of the queen of hearts for a compliment, madam," and with this she drops a curtsey.

My aunt, liking beauty and wit combined, kissed her, and said she would come.

This diversion cleared the sky, which much needed clearing, and Miss Chew being gone away, my aunt detained me who would willingly have followed her.

After that I comforted her a little as to Darthea, and said she could no more keep up being angry than a June sky could keep cloudy, and that, after all, it was just as well Darthea knew the worst of the man. I related, too, what Jack had told, and said that now my cousin would, I thought, go away, and we—thank Heaven!—be quit of him forever.

"And yet I must see him once," she said, "and you too. I have put that deed in the hands of James Wilson, and he has taken counsel of our friend Mr. Attorney-General Chew."

"I suppose you are right, Aunt Gainor," said I. "The man is bad past belief, but he has lost Darthea, which is as much punishment as I or any could desire. I think with you this estate business should some way be settled, and if it is to be his, I have no mind to leave the thing in doubt, and if it be mine or my father's, I for one do not want it. I have enough, and no wish to muddle away my life as a Welsh squire."

"We shall see," said my aunt, not at all of my opinion, as I readily perceived. "We shall see. He shall have justice at our hands, and James Wilson will be here at four to-morrow, and you too, Hugh, whether you like it or not."

I did not, and I said so. She had written my cousin that she desired to see him concerning the deed. Whether from interest, or what, I know not, he had replied that he would be with her at half-past four.

Thus it happened that I was to see Arthur Wynne once more, and indeed I felt that my aunt was right, and that it were as well all our accounts with this man were closed. Just how this would come about I knew not yet, but closed they should be; as to that I was fully advised in my own mind.

XXX.

At four punctually arrived my friend the famous lawyer. He was not a handsome man, but possessed a certain distinction, which he owed to a strong face, well-modelled head, and a neatly powdered wig, the

hair being tied back, after the fashion of the bar, in a black queue-bag with, at the end, a broad black ribbon. He took the snuff my aunt offered, carefully dusting the excess off the collar of his brown velvet coat, and sat down, saying, as he took some papers from a silk bag, that it was altogether an interesting and curious question, this we had set before him. And why had we held this deed so long and said nothing?

I told him of my father's and my grandfather's disinclination to open the matter, and why and how the estate had seemed of little worth, but was now, as I believed, more valuable.

Hearing this, he began to question my aunt and me. He learned from our replies that at the time I got the deed from my father none but my parent had any clear idea of what this old family compact meant, but that now we were in possession of such facts as enabled us to understand it. I then went on to make plain that my aunt was full of the matter, and eager, but that I had no inclination at any time to enter on a long and doubtful litigation in another country.

To myself I confessed that I desired no immediate settlement until I saw what Arthur meant to be at. It was one more hold on a scamp still able to do me mischief. If it was clearly his father's estate, and not ours, he should soon or late be relieved of any possible doubt this deed might still make as to questions of title.

When Mr. Wilson turned to my aunt he found a more warlike witness. She delighted in the prospect of a legal contest.

"When a child," she said, "I used to hear of my father's having consented to make over or give away to his brother William an embarrassed estate, and that the crown officers were in some way consenting parties to the agreement, my father engaging himself to go to America when let out of jail.

"There is no doubt," she went on, "that Wyncote was under this arrangement legally transferred by my father to his next brother. Our Welsh cousins must have this conveyance. It seems, from the deed you have examined, that privately a retransfer was made, so as, after all, to leave my father possessed of his ancestral estate. If ever he chose to reclaim it he was free to do so. The affair seems to have become more or less known to the squires in that part of Merionethshire. William was, we presume, unwilling to take an unfair advantage of his brother's misfortune, and hence the arrangement thus made between them."

"You state the case admirably," said the lawyer. "And what else is there?"

"But little. Letters of affection and esteem came and went at long intervals. I recollect hearing bits of them, but cannot say if the estate matter were ever mentioned. After William's death the correspondence may or may not have ceased. His brother Owen came into the property without interference, and, dying, left a young son, Owen, who is still alive. His son Arthur, Captain Wynne, is to be here to-day. There are personal matters involved, into which there is no need to go. The Welsh branch is no doubt desirous in some way to clear the matter; but having held the estate for a century they are, we may presume, not very eager to give it up. In justice to Owen Wynne, I may say that it is probable that because of a long minority he only began, as I think, a few years ago to have any doubt as to his title. I may add," my aunt went on, "that Captain Wynne came and went during the war, and that only of late has this deed turned up."

"And your brother is quite unfit to help us?" said Wilson.

"Yes; and unwilling if he were able."

"I see, madam, I see; a difficult business."

"And this deed?" said my aunt; "you were about to speak of it."

"It is," he replied, "a simple act of sale for one shilling, a reconveyance of Wyncote from William to Hugh, the date October 9, 1671. It is in order, and duly witnessed."

"Well?"

"As to its present value, Mistress Wynne, there is a consensus of opinion between the Attorney-General and myself."

"That is to say, you agree," said my aunt.

"Precisely, madam. It is our belief that the lapse of time has probably destroyed the title. There is no annexed trust, on William's part, to hold for his brother's use, and the length of undisputed, or what we lawyers call adverse, possession—something like an hundred years or more—seems to make it impossible for my friends to oust the present holder. Am I clear?"

"Too clear, sir," said my aunt. "Is that all?"

"No; I said, 'seems.' There are other questions, such as the mention of the matter in letters. If the succeeding brothers in letters or otherwise from time to time acknowledged the rights of Hugh Wynne, that might serve to keep alive the claim; if, too, it can be proved that at any time they paid over to Hugh or his son, your brother, madam, rents or dues, as belonging to these American

claimants, this too would serve to give some validity to your present claim. It is a question of dates, letters, and of your possession of evidence in the direction of repeated admissions on the part of the Welsh holders."

My Aunt Gainor was at once confident. Search should be made. She had some remembrance in her childhood of this and that. In fact, my aunt never admitted the existence of obstacles, and commonly refused to see them. Mr. Wilson shook his head dubiously. "There seems to have been negligence or a quite culpable indifference, madam. The time to be covered by admissions is long, and the statutes of 32 Henry VIII and 21 James I, 1623, do, I fear, settle the matter. The lapse in the continuity of evidence will be found after the death of Hugh. Twenty years will suffice, and I am forced to admit that your claim seems to me of small value. It was simply an estate given away, owing to want of the simplest legal advice."

"Wait until I look through our papers," said my aunt. "We are not done with it yet, nor shall be, if I have my way, until the courts have had a chance to decide."

"It will be mere waste of money, my dear lady. Now, at least, you can do nothing. The war is not over, and when it is, none but an English court can settle the title. I confess it seems to be a case for amicable compromise."

"There shall be none—none," said my aunt.

"And we are just where we began," said I.

"Not quite," he returned. "You may have a case, but it seems to me a weak one, and may lie in chancery a man's lifetime. I, as a friend as well as a lawyer, knowing you have no need of the estate, hesitate to advise you to engage in a suit of ejectment. I should rather counsel—ah, that may be Mr. Wynne."

It was a clamorous knock at the hall door, which caused Mr. Wilson to cut short his advice with the statement that it would need longer discussion, and that this must be the other party.

It was, in fact, my cousin, who was set down in a chair, as I saw by a glance through the window. When Jack and I had seen him at his inn he had been a little in liquor, and wore a sort of long chintz bedgown wrapper, with his waistcoat buttoned awry—not a very nice figure. He was now Arthur Wynne at his best. He stood a moment in the doorway, as beautiful a piece of manhood as ever did the devil's work. His taste in all matters of dress and outer conduct was beyond dispute, and for this family meeting he had appar-

ently made ready with unusual care. Indeed this, my last remembrance of Arthur Wynne, is of a figure so striking that I cannot resist to say just how he looked. His raiment was costly enough to have satisfied Polonius; if it bore any relation to his purse, I know not. It was not "expressed in fancy," as was that of the macaroni dandy of those early days. He knew better. As he stood he carried in his left hand a dark beaver edged with gold lace. His wig was small, and with side rolls well powdered, the queue tied with a lace-bordered red ribbon. In front a full Mechlin lace jabot, with the white wig above, set his regular features and dark skin in a frame, as it were, his paleness and a look of melancholy in the eyes helping the natural beauty and distinction of a face high-bred and haughty. The white silk flowered waistcoat, the bunch of gold seals below it, the claret-tinted velvet coat and breeches, the black silk clocked hose with gold buckles at ankle and knee, and a silver-hilted dress-sword in a green shagreen sheath, complete my picture. I wish you to see him as I saw him, that in a measure you may comprehend why his mere personal charms were such as to attract and captivate women.

He came forward with his right hand on his heart and bowed to my aunt, who swept him a space-filling curtsy, as he said quite pleasantly, "Good afternoon, Cousin Gainor; your servant, Mr. Wilson." To me he bent slightly, but gave no other greeting. It was all easy, tranquil, and without sign of embarrassment. As he spoke he moved toward the table, on which Mr. Wilson had laid his papers and bag. Now, as always, a certain deliberate feline grace was in all his movements.

"For a truth, he is a beauty," said my Aunt Gainor after our meeting was over. "And well-proportioned, but no bit of him Wynne. He has not our build." Nor had he.

"Pray be seated," said my aunt. "I have asked my friend and counsel, Mr. James Wilson, to be present, that he may impartially set before you a family matter in which your father may have interest. My nephew, Hugh Wynne, is here at my earnest solicitation. I regret that Mr. Chew is unable, by reason of engagements, to do me a like favour. Mr. Wilson will have the kindness to set before you the nature of the case."

Mistress Wynne, sitting straight and tall in a high cap, spoke with dignified calmness.

"At your service, madam," said the lawyer, looking Arthur over with the quick glance of a ready observer. Before he could go on

to do as he was bidden I found my chance to say, "You will be so good, Mr. Wilson, as to state Mr. Owen Wynne's case, as well as our own, with entire frankness; we have no desire to wrong any, and least of all one of our blood."

"I think I understand you fully," said Wilson. "A deed has been put in the hands of Mr. Attorney-General Chew and myself, and as to its value and present validity an opinion has been asked by Mistress Wynne and her nephew."

"Pardon me," said Arthur; "is not my Cousin John the proper person to consider this question?"

"Assuredly," returned Mr. Wilson, "if his state of mind permitted either his presence or an opinion. No interests will be affected by his absence, nor can we do more than acquaint those who are now here with what, as lawyers, we think."

"I see," said Arthur. "Pray go on."

"This deed seems to convey to my client's grandfather—that is to say, Mistress Wynne's father—certain lands situate in Merionethshire, Wales. I understand that you, sir, represent the present holder."

"I am," said Arthur, "the son of the gentleman now in possession of Wyncote, and have full permission to act for him. If, indeed, you desire further to learn on what authority—"

"Not at all, not at all," interposed Wilson. "Your presence suffices; no more is needed. This meeting commits no one."

"I was about to ask the date of this document," said Arthur.

"Certainly; here it is." And so saying, the lawyer spread the deed out on the table. "It is a conveyance from William Wynne to Hugh of that name; the date, 1671, October 9; the witnesses are Henry Owen and Thomas ap Roberts. It is voluminous. Do you desire to hear it?"

"No; oh, no! What next?"

"We believe," continued the lawyer, "that this deed has ceased to have effect, owing to lapse of time and the appearance—pray note my words—the *appearance* of undisputed ownership by the younger branch. Neither is there any trust to hold the estate for Hugh; it is a mere conveyance."

"There can be, of course, no doubt," returned Arthur—"I mean as to a century of unquestioned possession."

"I am not secure as to the point you make," said Mr. Wilson, courteously. "I cannot now decide. I am asked to state the matter impartially. My clients wish justice done

to all, and will take no unfair advantage. It may be you have no case. There may have passed frequent letters on both sides, admitting the claim or reasserting it, and thus keeping it alive. Rents may have been paid. Facts like these may open questions as to the length of undisputed holding. Only your own courts can decide it, and that with all the evidence before them."

"I am obliged by your frankness," said my cousin. "I had hoped to see the matter fully settled."

"That will never be," said my aunt, "until I have carried it through every court in England."

"As you please," replied Arthur.

"Mr. Wynne," said I, "while my father lives we shall do nothing; nor even afterward, perhaps. I do not want the money, nor the old home. What is done may depend much on your own actions, sir." I had no desire to lose this hold on him. As I spoke I saw him look up astonished, as was also, I thought, the lawyer, who knew nothing of our quarrels.

"If," said I, "you had come to us frankly at first, and stated why you came, we should have said what I now say. No, I should have said far more. I believe this ends the matter for the present." My aunt lifted her hand, but I added, "I pray you let it rest here, aunt," and for a wonder she held her peace.

Arthur, too, seemed about to speak, but his worse or better angel, I know not which, prevailed, and quietly saluting us all, he rose and took his leave.

"We shall see when this war is over," said my aunt, taking the deed. "Many thanks, Mr. Wilson; I should like to have your opinion in writing."

"I shall send it in a week or two. Mr. Arthur Wynne seems to have come over, as I judge from what he said, with authority to act for his father. Why he did not at once relate his errand I cannot see. Had you had no deed it would have closed the matter. If he found you had one he would have been only in the position he is now in to-day."

"I fancy he may have been fearful and over-cautious, not comprehending the nature of those he had to deal with," said I. "You must have known him as I do, Mr. Wilson, to understand his actions. I was sorry you did not let him tell us what powers he really had. I was curious."

"Yes, yes, I interrupted him. It was a mistake." And so saying he rose.

"It shall not rest here," said my aunt.

«Something shall be done.» And on this I too went away, declining further talk.

When Arthur came over to learn what he could as to their title to Wyncote, he failed to see that we were people whom no prospect of gain could lead into the taking of an advantage. He thus lost the chance a little honest directness would have given him. When, later, my father threw in his way the opportunity of absolute security as to the title, the temptation to get secretly from him a legal transfer, or—God knows—perhaps the power to destroy the deed, was too much for a morally weak and quite reckless nature. I was the sole obstacle, or I seemed to be. We loved the same woman; she had begun to doubt her English lover. If I had died he had become assured, not only of the possession of Wyncote, but of being ultimately my father's heir.

Of this Jack writes: «Here was a whole brigade of temptations, and he could not stand it. He would have broken that tender heart I loved. God help me! I think I should have killed him before he had the cruel chance.»

If to the estate and other worldly baits was added the remembrance of the blow a mere boy gave, I do not know. It is certain that at last he hated me, and as sure that I had as little love for him.

XXXI.

EARLY in March of 1782 Jack and I concluded that the war was over, or was to be but a waiting game, as indeed it proved. After some thought over the matter we both resigned, and as it was desired to lessen the list of officers, we were promptly released from service.

On March 22 his Excellency rode away from town under escort of Captain Morris's troop of light horse. I went along as far as Burlington, being honoured when I left by the personal thanks of the general, and the kind wish that I might discover it to be convenient to visit him at Mount Vernon.

April was come, and we gladly turned again to the duties which awaited us both. His Excellency had gone to watch Sir Guy Carleton penned up in New York. Congress wrangled, our gay world ate and danced, and the tardy war fell to such slackness that it was plain to all a peace must soon come, although we were yet to see another winter pass before the obstinate Dutchman on the English throne gave up a lost game.

In July my father died of a sudden afflux

of blood to the head; and although he was blooded by Dr. Rush several times, never was so far bettered as to speak to me. Only once, as I am told is not rare, he so revived when in the very article of death as to look about and say, thinking my hand in his was my mother's, that she must not grieve for him.

Alas! he had been as one dead to me for many a year. I wore no black for him, because I was and am of the opinion of Friends that this custom is a foolish one. My aunt was ill pleased at my decision, and put herself and all her house in mourning. None the less, for my part, did I regret, not so much the natural, easy death, as the sad fact it seemed to fetch back so plainly, that from my youth up here were two people, neither of them unkindly or ill-natured, who were all through life as completely apart as if no tie of a common blood had pledged them to affection.

I saw—I can see now—the gray and drab of the great concourse of Friends who stood about that open grave on Arch street. I can see, too, under the shadow of his broad gray beaver, the simple, sincere face of James Pemberton, my father's lifelong friend. He spoke, as was the custom of Friends, at the grave, there being no other ceremony, an omission of which I confess I do not approve. Much moved, he said:

«Our friend John Wynne departed this life on the 23d of July of this year [being 1782]. For many years he hath carried the cross of afflicting sickness, and hath unceasingly borne testimony to the doctrine and conduct upheld of Friends. He was a man of great abilities, and, like our lamented William Penn, of an excellent gravity of disposition, without dissimulation, extensive in charity, having neither malice nor ungratefulness. He was apt without forwardness, yet weighty, and not given to unseemly levity. The wise shall cherish the thought of him, and he shall be remembered with the just.» And this was all. One by one they took my hand, and with my Aunt Gainor I walked away. I closed the old home a day or two later, and went with my aunt to her farm.

I had not seen Darthea for many a day. «Let her alone,» said my aunt. I think Jack was often with her; but he knew to hold his tongue, and I asked no questions. At last, a week after the funeral, I recognised her hand in the address of a note to me. I read it with a throbbing heart.

«SIR: I have heard of your great loss with sorrow, for even though your father has been

*Just to not say how
when his mother died?*

this long while as one lost to you, I do think that the absence of a face we love is so much taken from the happiness of life. You know that your aunt hurt me as few could, but now I am not sorry for what then befell. The thought of death brings others in its train, and I have reflected much of late. I shall go to see Mistress Wynne to-day, and will you come and see me when it shall appear to you convenient? I am for a little at Stenton, with Madam Logan."

Would I, indeed? My dear old Lucy, a little stiff in the knees, carried me well, and seemed to share my good humour as I rode down the long road from Chestnut Hill.

The great trees about the home James Logan built were in full leaf, and under their shade a black groom held two horses as I rode up. Darthea came out, and was in the saddle before she saw me.

The rich bloom of health was again on her cheek, and deepened a little as I went toward her.

I said I was glad to see her, and was she going to my Aunt Gainor's? If so, and if it were agreeable to her, the groom might stay. I would ride back with her. Then Mrs. Logan, at the door, said this would suit very well, as she needed the man to go to town. After this we rode away under the trees and up the Germantown road, Miss Peniston pushing her horse, and we not able on this account to talk. At last, when I declared Lucy too old to keep up the pace, the good beast fell to walking.

Soon we went by the graveyard where the brave Englishman, General Agnew, lay; and here Darthea was of a mind to be told again of that day of glory and defeat. At the market-house, where School-house Lane comes out into the main street of Germantown, she must hear of the wild strife in the fog and smoke, and at last of how I was hurt; and so we rode on. She had gotten again her gay spirits, and was full of mirth, anon serious, or for a moment sad. Opposite Clieveden I had to talk of the fight, and say where were Jack and Sullivan and Wayne, although Jack more concerned her. As we rode up the slope of Mount Airy I broke a long silence.

"Darthea," said I, "is it yes, or always no?"

"Will you never be contented?" she returned. "Is n't it mean to say these things now? I can't get away. I have half a mind to marry Jack, to be rid of you both."

"Is it *yes* or *no*, Darthea?"

"Yes," she said, looking me in the face. I am a strong man,—I was so then,—but a great rush of blood seemed to go to my head,

and then I went pale, as she told me later, and I clutched at Lucy's mane. I felt as if I might fall, so much was I moved by this great news of joy.

"Are you ill?" she cried.

"No, no," I said; "it is love! Thy dear love I cannot bear. Thank God, Darthea!"

"And do you love me so much, Hugh? I—I did not know." She was like a sweet, timid child.

I could only say, "Yes, yes!"

"Oh, Hugh!" she cried. "How can you forgive me? But I am not like other women. My word—you will know—and then you will forgive me." Her eyes were full of tears, her face all aglow.

"There is—there never will be anything to forgive."

"But I was so foolish—and—I was so foolish."

"Let us forget, Darthea. I have thy love. God knows it is enough."

"Thank you, Hugh. Don't speak to me for a little, please." And under the warm August afternoon sky we rode on at a foot-pace, and said no word more until we came to my aunt's door. Then Darthea slyly put on her riding-mask, and we went in.

My aunt had her in her great arms in a moment. The mask fell, and then my aunt held her off a little, looked from her to me, and said, "Has he made you cry, sweetheart? He always was a fool. I am very glad. You have made an old woman's heart sing with joy. It is not your fault. Hugh's silly face was enough. Lord! girl, how pretty you are! Do you suppose I never was in love? I never was, but I know the signs." Darthea, released, was pleased enough to be let go up to my aunt's room. By and by she came down, saucy and smiling, and later came Jack, when my aunt, being too happy to hold her dear old tongue, told him, while poor Darthea looked at him with a tender gravity I did not understand. He went away very soon, saying he had business in town, and this is what he writ that night:

"And so she will have my Hugh, and he the best lady alive. I pray the good God to keep them from all the sorrows of this world. If he love her as I love her, she can ask no greater love; and he will—he cannot help it. Now I will write no more. God bless thee, Darthea!" It was thus a gallant gentleman loved in those stormy days.

And here, with this dear name, his records close, and there is the date of August 1, 1782, and a line drawn underneath.

The new relation soon to be established

between us of necessity brought Madam Peniston and my aunt into frequent council. There were matters of dress to be considerably dealt with, and I was told it must be six months before orders could be filled from France, England being just now out of the question. Where the mysteries of women's garments are concerned a man hath no better resort than to submit humbly, as to a doctor or a lawyer. Here of a certainty knowledge is power, and as to this matter, a man had best learn to conceal amazement under a show of meekness.

When I ventured to remonstrate Darthea looked serious, and would I ever have fallen in love with her unless she had laid snares of gown and ribbon, and how was my love to be kept if for the future there were not provided a pretty variety of such vanities? Even my Aunt Gainor refused to discuss the question. I must wait; and as this was the single occasion known to me when she had declined a hand at the game of talk, I began to perceive that ignorance is weakness, and so at last, calmly confessing defeat, I waited until those consulting chose to advise me, the patient, of their conclusions.

Meanwhile Mrs. Peniston had ceased to grieve over the lost lover and the great estate—it never was really great.

My aunt could not let go of the notion that we must have a fight for Wyncote. This tendency to become possessed by an idea, I came to see later, was a family trait, of value if wisely kept in due place, but capable, also, of giving rise to mischief. My aunt, in some of her talks with Darthea's relative, heard of that good dame's past regrets at the loss of a title and estate and a British lover, and of how flattered we ought to be.

I presume poor Madam Peniston was well and sharply answered; but it was not in my Aunt Gainor not to boast a little of how we were the elder branch, and of what might chance in the fairy future. When Mrs. Peniston saw the deed, and was told of the search my aunt was making for letters to support our claims, she was too excited not to let out enough to disturb Darthea, and this although my aunt told Mrs. Peniston of my dislike of the whole matter, and how it was never to be mentioned or known to any until more evidence came to light. Thus cautioned, she was just mysterious enough to excite my quick-witted maid, who was as curious as any of her sex.

When of course she questioned me, and some notion of the mischief on hand came thus to my knowledge, I saw at once how it

might annoy Darthea. I said that it merely concerned a question in dispute between Arthur Wynne's family and my own, and ought not, I thought, to be discussed just now. The mere name of her former lover was enough to silence her, and so I begged her to put it aside. She was willing enough. I had happier things on my own mind, and no present desire to stir in the matter. In fact, I wished most earnestly to keep it awhile from Darthea. How much she knew I could not tell, but I was well aware that she was, above all things, sensitive as to any reference to Arthur Wynne. That she had once loved him with the honest love of a strong nature I knew, and somewhat hated to remember; but this love was dead, and if the sorry ghost of it haunted her at times, I could not wonder. My aunt had once or twice mentioned him casually, and each time Darthea had flushed, and once had asked her never to speak of him again. I meant soon—or more likely later—to discuss the matter quietly with Darthea; for then, as always, I held to the notion that the wife should have her share in every grave decision affecting the honour and interests of her husband.

After this I spoke most anxiously of the matter to my aunt, and entreated her to quiet Madam Peniston, and to let the thing rest in my hands. This she declared most reasonable, but I knew her too well not to feel uneasy, and indeed the result justified my fears.

My aunt, as I have said, had gone wild a bit over that deed, and when Darthea was not with her was continually discussing it, and reading over and over Mr. Wilson's opinion. I got very tired of it all.

One night, late in October, I rode out from town, and, after a change of dress, went into the front room with the dear thought in my mind of her whom I should see.

A welcome fire of blazing hickory logs alone lighted up the large room, for my aunt liked thus to sit at or after twilight, and as yet no candles had been set out. As I stood at the door, the leaping flames, flaring up, sent flitting athwart the floor queer shadows of tall-backed chairs and spindle-legged tables. The great form of my Aunt Gainor filled the old Penn chair I had brought from home, liking myself to use it. Just now, as usual, she was sitting erect, for never did I or any one else see her use for support the back of a chair. At her feet lay Darthea, with her head in the old lady's lap—a pretty picture, I thought.

Darthea leaped up to run to me. My aunt

said nothing, not so much as "Good evening," but went out, and in a minute or two came back, exclaiming, in an excited way, that she had waited all day, and now at last she had great news, and we must hear it.

I was bewildered until I saw she had in one hand the deed and in the other a bundle of letters. Then I knew what a distressful business was to be faced, and that it was vain to cry "Stop!"

"What is it?" said Darthea.

"It can wait," said I. "I insist, Aunt Gainor."

"Nonsense! The girl must know soon or late, and why not now?"

"I must hear, Hugh," said Darthea.

"Very well," I returned, as angry with the old lady as ever I had been in all my life.

"It is a thing to settle," cried Aunt Gainor, in her strong voice. "We must agree—agree on it—all of us."

"Go on," said I. And Darthea insisting, I said nothing more, and was only concerned to be done with it once for all.

"The war will soon end," said my aunt, "and something must be done. These letters I have come upon put a new face on the matter. I have not yet read all of them. But among them are letters to your grandfather of great importance."

I was vexed as I have rarely been. "I never doubted, Aunt Gainor, that in my grandfather's life some acknowledgments may have passed; but it is the long lapse of time covered by my father's life which will fail as to evidence."

"It shall not!" she cried. "You shall be mistress of Wyncote, Darthea. These letters—"

"I? Wyncote?" said Darthea.

"Let us discuss them alone, aunt," I urged, hoping to get the matter put aside for a time.

"No; I will wait no longer. I am deeply concerned, and I wish Darthea to hear."

"Why not refer it to Mr. Wilson? Unless these letters cover far more of a century than seems likely, they cannot alter the case."

"That is to be determined," said the old lady. "I shall go to England and settle it there. You shall be Wynne of Wyncote yet, sir."

"What! what!" cried Darthea. "What does all this mean? Tell me, Hugh. Why is it kept from me?" It was plain that soon or late she must know.

"My aunt thinks Wyncote belongs to us. There is an old deed, and my aunt will have it we must go to law over it. It is a doubtful matter, Darthea—as to the right, I mean.

I have no wish to stir it up, nor to leave my own land if we were to win it."

I saw Darthea flush, and in a moment she was at my aunt's side.

"Stop!" said I. "Remember, dear, I have not hid it from you. I desired only that some day you and I should consider it alone and tranquilly. But now there is no help for it, and you must hear. The deed—"

"Is this it?" she broke in, taking the yellow parchment off the table where my aunt had laid it.

"Yes, yes," said my aunt; "and you must bring Hugh to his senses about it, my dear. It is a great estate, and rich, and the old house—we have its picture, Darthea. Madam Wynne of Wyncote, I shall come and visit you." The old lady was flushed, and foolishly eager over this vain ambition.

Darthea stood in the brilliant firelight, her eyes set on the deed. "I cannot understand it," she said.

"I will send for candles," cried Mistress Wynne, "and you shall hear it, and the letters too"; and with this she rang a hand-bell, and bade Cæsar fetch lights.

I looked on, distressed and curious.

"And this," said Darthea, "is the deed, and it may give you, Hugh—give us the lands?"

"But I do not want it," cried my aunt, greatly excited. "It is to be Hugh's. Yours, my dear child."

"If," said Darthea, speaking slowly, "the elder brother dies, as he surely will before long, it will be—it will be Arthur Wynne who, on his father's death, will inherit this estate?"

"That is it," said my aunt. "But he shall never have it. It is ours. It is Hugh's."

My dear maid turned to me. "And it would be ours," said Darthea, "if—"

"Yes," cried Miss Wynne. "There are no ifs."

"Do you want it, Hugh—these Welsh lands?" asked Darthea.

I thought she looked anxiously at the deed in her hand as she stood. "Not I, Darthea, and least of all now. Not I."

"No," she went on; "you have taken the man's love from him—I think he did love me, Hugh, in his way—you could not take his estate; now could you, Hugh?"

"No!" said I; "no!"

"Darthea, are you mad?" said Aunt Wynne.

"I will not have it!" cried Darthea. "I say I will not have it, and it concerns me most, madam." I had never before seen her angry.

«Do you love me, Hugh Wynne?» she cried.

«Do you love me, sir?»

«Darthea!»

«Will you always love me?»

«Dear child!» I exclaimed. «What is it?»

«Give me that deed,» said my aunt. «Are you crazy fools, both of you?»

«Fools, Mistress Wynne?» said Darthea, turning from me, the deed still in her hand. «You are cruel and unkind. Could I marry Hugh Wynne if he did this thing? Are there no decencies in life, madam, that are above being sold for money and name? I should never marry him if he did this thing—never; and I mean to marry him, madam.» And with this she unrolled the deed, crumpled it up, and threw it on the red blaze of the fire.

There was a flash of flame and a roar in the chimney. It was gone in a moment, and our Welsh lands were so much smoke and cinders.

My aunt made a wild rush to rescue them, but struck her head against the chimney-shelf, and fell back into a chair, crying, «You idiot! you fool! You shall never marry him!»

I picked up the slim little lady in my arms, and kissed her over and over, whilst, as she struggled away, I whispered:

«Thank God! Dear, brave heart! It was well done, and I thank you.»

My aunt's rage knew no bounds, and I may not repeat what she said to my Darthea, who stood open-eyed, defiant, and flushed.

I begged the furious old lady to stop. A whirlwind were as easily checked. At last, when she could say no more, my dear maid said quietly:

«What I have done, Hugh should have done long since. We are to live together, I trust, madam, for many years, and I love you well; but you have said things to me not easy to forget. I beg to insist that you apologise. For lighter things men kill one another. I await, madam, your excuses.»

It was a fine sight to see how this fiery little bit of a woman faced my tall, strong aunt, who towered above her, her large face red with wrath.

«Never!» she cried. «I have been—it is I who am insulted and put to shame, in my own house, by a chit of a miss.»

«Then good-by,» said Darthea, and was by me and out of the house before I could see what to do or know what to say.

«She is gone!» I cried. «Oh, Aunt Gainor, you have broken my heart!»

«What did I say, Hugh?» said my aunt. I do truly think she did not know what she had said; and now she was off, and I after her, knocking over Cæsar and our belated candles,

and out of doors after Darthea. I saw her join her a few yards away, and did wisely to hold back. I knew well the child-heart my aunt carried within that spacious bosom.

What the pair of them said I do not know. In a few minutes they were back again, both in tears, the whole wretched business at an end. I thought it better to go away and leave them, but my aunt cried out:

«Wait, sir! I am an old ass! If either of you ever mention this thing again, I—I will wring your necks. I make free to say that some day you will both regret it; but it is your affair and not mine. O Lord! if Cat Ferguson ever comes to know it—»

«She never will,» said Darthea; «and we will love you and love you, dear, dear mother, and I am sorry I hurt you; but I had to—I had to. If I was wise I know not; but I had to end it—I had to.»

Never before had I heard the sweet woman call my aunt mother. She often did so in after years. It melted the old spinster, and she fell to kissing her, saying:

«Yes, I am your mother, child, and always will be.» But ever after Mistress Wynne was a trifle afraid of my little lady, and there were no more such scenes.

When my aunt was gone away to bed, though not to sleep, I fear, my dear maid came and sat at my feet on a cushion, and for a time was silent. At last, looking up, she said, «Hugh, was I wrong to burn it?»

Then I was silent a little while, but from the first I was resolved to be ever outright and plain with my lady, who was impulsive, and would need help and counsel and government, that her character might grow, as it did in after years. I said; «Yes, Darthea. It was not yours, nor altogether mine; it was my father's land, if it belonged to any of us. It is better for me to tell you the simple truth. It would have made no difference had the deed been left undestroyed; it would only have given you the chance to know me better, and to learn that no consideration would have made me take these lands, even had our title been clear. Now you have destroyed my power of choice. I am not angry, not even vexed; but another time trust me, dear.»

«I see! I see,» she exclaimed. «What have I done?» and she began to sob. «I was—was wicked not to trust you, and foolish; and now I see Aunt Gainor had reason to be angry. But you are good and brave to tell me. I could not have said what you said; I should have declared you were right. And now I know it was weakness, not strength, that made me do it. I shall pray God to for-

give me. Kiss me, Hugh; I love you twice as much as ever I did before."

When I had done her sweet bidding, I said, "Darthea, let us forget all this. Wrong or right, I at least am pleased to have the thing at rest forever; and, wrong or right, I thank you. I was honest, Darthea, when I said so; and now good-night." At this she looked me in the eyes, and went slowly out of the room, and, I fear, had no better slumbers than my Aunt Gainor.

XXXII.

EARLY in February of 1783 we were married by the Rev. William White, long after to be our good bishop. Christ Church was full of my old friends, my Aunt Gainor in the front pew in a magnificent costume, and Mrs. Peniston with Jack, very grave of face, beside her. As no De Lanceys were to be had in our rebel town, Mr. James Wilson gave away the precious gift of Darthea Peniston. We went in my aunt's chariot to Merion; and so ends the long tale of my adventures, which here, in the same old country home, I have found it pleasant to set down for those who will, I trust, live in it when I am dead.

In April, 1783, peace was proclaimed. In November of that year I heard from Colonel Hamilton that our beloved general would, on December 4, take leave of his officers, and that he was kind enough to desire that all of his old staff who wished should be present. I was most pleased to go.

In New York, at Fraunce's Tavern, near Whitehall Ferry, I found the room full of the men who had humbled the pride of England and brought our great war to a close. His Excellency entered at noon, and seeing about him these many companions in arms, was for a little so agitated that he could not speak. Then with a solemn and kindly expression of face, such as I had once before seen him wear, he filled a glass with wine, and, seeming to steady himself, said:

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honourable."

So saying, he drank his wine, and one after another went by him, shaking his hand. No word was said, and these worn veterans

of the winter camps and the summer battlefields moved out, and saw their former general pass down, between lines of infantry, to the shore. There he got into a barge. As he was rowed away he stood up and lifted his hat. All of us uncovered, and remained thus till he passed from sight, to be seen no more by many of those who gazed sadly after his retreating form.

There is an old book my grandchildren love to hear me read to them. It is the "Morte d'Arthur," done into English by Sir Thomas Malory. Often when I read therein of how Arthur the king bade farewell to the world and to the last of the great company of his Knights of the Round Table, this scene at Whitehall slip comes back to me, and I seem to see once more those gallant soldiers, and far away the tall figure of surely the knightliest gentleman our days have known.

My years go on in peace. We have enough—far more than enough—for all the wants and even for the luxuries of life. It is late in the night, and Christmas-time, in the great stone house at Merion. The noise of little ones—and they are many—has ceased. I hear steps and laughter in the hall. The elder ones troop in to say good-night. There are Darthea and Gainor, mothers of the noisy brigade now in bed, and here is Hugh, the youngest, and Jack, with the big build of his race. And soon all are gone and the house quiet.

I looked up where, under my dear Jack Warder's face, which Stuart did for me, hangs Knyphausen's long blade, and across it Jack's sword. Below, my eye lights on the Hessian pistols, and the sword-knot the gallant marquis gave me.

I watch the crumbling fire, and seem to see once more the fierce struggle in the marketplace, the wild fight on the redoubt, and my cousin's dark face. The years have gone by, and for me and mine there is peace and love, and naught a man in years may not think upon with joy.

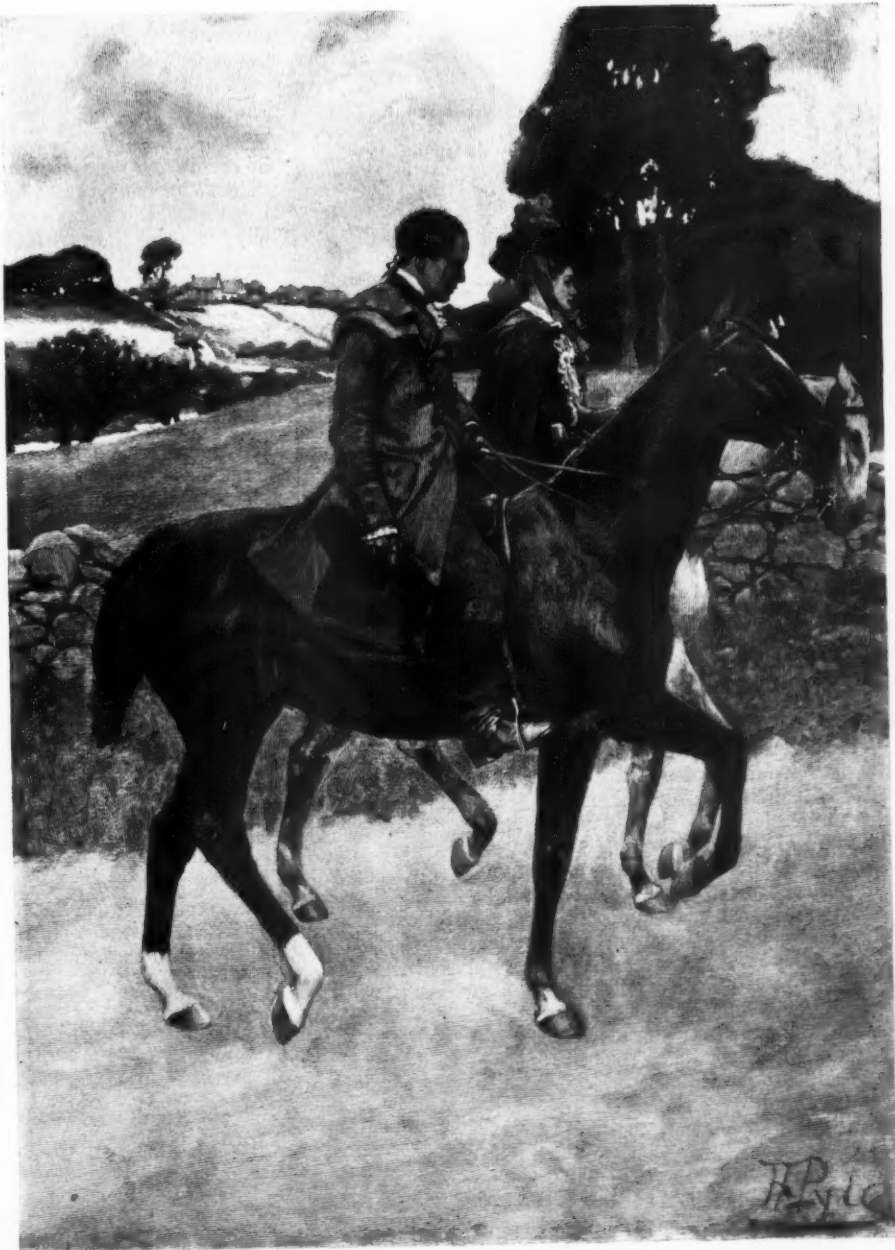
Suddenly two hands from behind are over my eyes; ah, well I know their tender touch! Says a dear voice I hope to hear till life is over—and after that, I trust—"What are you thinking of, Hugh Wynne?"

"Of how sweet you have made my life to me, my darling."

"Thank God!"

THE END.

S. Weir Mitchell.



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

“IS IT YES OR NO, DARTHEA?”

WHAT IS AN AURORA?



WEST END OF AN AURORAL BAND.

Photographed February 1, 1892, by Dr. Brendel, and sent by him to Mr. James P. Hall, and by him given to the writer.

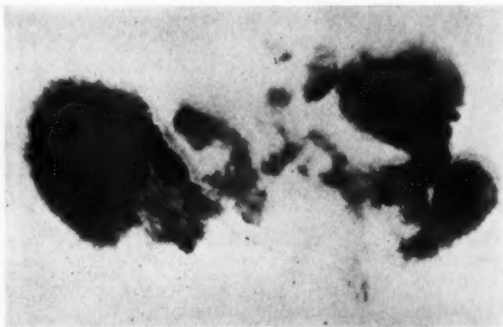
ON the first day of January, 1892, Dr. Brendel and Herr Raschen reached the Alten Fiord, Lapland, to remain several months, studying auroral displays and magnetic disturbances. Brendel succeeded in photographing the aurora, a very difficult thing to do, as all who have attempted it know. The deep reds which are so beautiful to the eye make little impression on the photographer's plates, and the light itself is generally feeble and flickering. Not unaptly have the quivering auroral beams been called "merry dancers." Even the bright displays are hard to photograph, as we may see from an entry in General Greely's note-book on January 21, 1882. "A most beautiful aurora," he says, "with intense light, at times sufficiently bright to cast my shadow on the snow. Rice exposed a sensitive plate without effect, but the constantly changing position of the aurora may have been the cause."

But, some one will say, photographing an aurora, while interesting from a scientific standpoint, is not a very momentous matter to men or nations. And we make haste to answer that these auroral displays are linked with phenomena which have a very practical interest. Long before the now well-known relations of solar phenomena and terrestrial magnet-

ism had been determined, Sir William Herschel thought he could from meager data detect evidence that the price of wheat was generally higher at times of few sun-spots. In later days we have Stanley Jevons tracing a connection between financial crises and sun-spots, and a host of writers tabulating the allied phenomena—of auroras, sun-spots, magnetic disturbances—and tracing in their periodicities a close relation to famines, commercial crises, and abnormal weather. What a wonderful achievement it would be to foresee the weal and woe of a decade!

While such relations are conjectural, there is little doubt that auroras and solar and magnetic disturbances are closely linked. They do not come and go by chance. The astrophysicist knows that these phenomena will be very numerous in 1903. He knows that a similar condition will not again occur until 1915, the mean period being eleven years. How was this period discovered? Professor Langley tells us in his "New Astronomy," page 76:

It does not seem to have occurred to any one to see whether they [sun-spots] had any regular period for coming or going, till Schwabe, a magistrate in a little German town, who happened to have a small



PHOTOGRAPH OF SUN-SPOTS OF AUGUST 8, 1893. MADE AT LICK OBSERVATORY BY PROFESSOR C. D. PERRINE.

telescope and a good deal of leisure, began for his own amusement to note their number every day. He commenced in 1826, and with German patience observed daily for forty years. He first found that the spots grew more numerous in 1830, when there was no single day without one; then the number declined very rapidly, till in 1833 they were about gone; then they increased in number again till 1838, then again declined, and so on, till it became evident that sun-spots do not come and go by chance, but run through a cycle of growth and disappearance, on the average about once in every eleven years. While amusing himself with his telescope, an important sequence in Nature had thus been added to our knowledge by the obscure Hofrath Schwabe, who indeed compares himself to Saul, going out to seek his father's asses and finding a kingdom.

Once the sun-spot period was clearly established, it was only necessary to ransack chronological lists of auroras to find how intimately auroras and sun-spots were connected. Three patient investigators, Wolf, Fritz, and Loomis, soon proved that auroras were most frequent when sun-spots were most numerous. The next step was to find individual relations. One bright September morning thirty-seven years ago, Carrington and Hodgson, separately studying the face of the sun, saw a remarkable outburst near the edge of a great spot. For some days the magnetometers at Kew showed unusual perturbation, and for several nights magnificent auroral displays were seen over two continents. It was long thought that a violent magnetic disturbance occurred *simultaneously* with the outburst, but recent examination of the records disproves this. In 1872 Professor

Young noticed a disturbance in the chromosphere in the neighborhood of a sun-spot, and upon asking the astronomers at Greenwich and Stonyhurst to examine their magnetic records, it was found that great disturbances had occurred about that time. Ten years later the astronomer at Greenwich sent out a message that read something like this: "Remarkable sun-spot now visible. . . . Area of whole spot, $\frac{247}{100000}$ of the sun's visible surface." Try to imagine what this means, and fancy yourself on the sun while that tremendous storm was in progress. We know

that here on earth there was a magnetic storm with auroral displays that beggar description. Beginning a little before daylight on November 17, 1882, not a wire of the Western Union Telegraph Company could be used for three hours. The market quotations could not be sent. Late in the afternoon the trouble seemed to decrease, but at night there was a brilliant auroral display, and all telegraphic service was again interrupted. A very short circuit from Boston to Dedham showed the disturbance equally with other circuits. The cables to Europe and the wires to Chicago were alike unworkable. A message was sent from Bangor to North Sidney, seven hundred miles, by cutting out the regular batteries and allowing the energy of nature to have its own way. The current was just as strong as if a hundred cells had been at work. At Albany the switchboard was ignited; and in telephone offices generally the annunciators dropped continually. Switchboards and wires were burned at Chicago. Incandescent lamps were illuminated in St. Paul, and even in far San Francisco the tele-

phone operators were nigh distracted. Over half of North America, across the Atlantic, and on over northern Europe, it seemed as if legions of ethereal demons were busy inciting electric and magnetic apparatus to strange and mischievous antics.

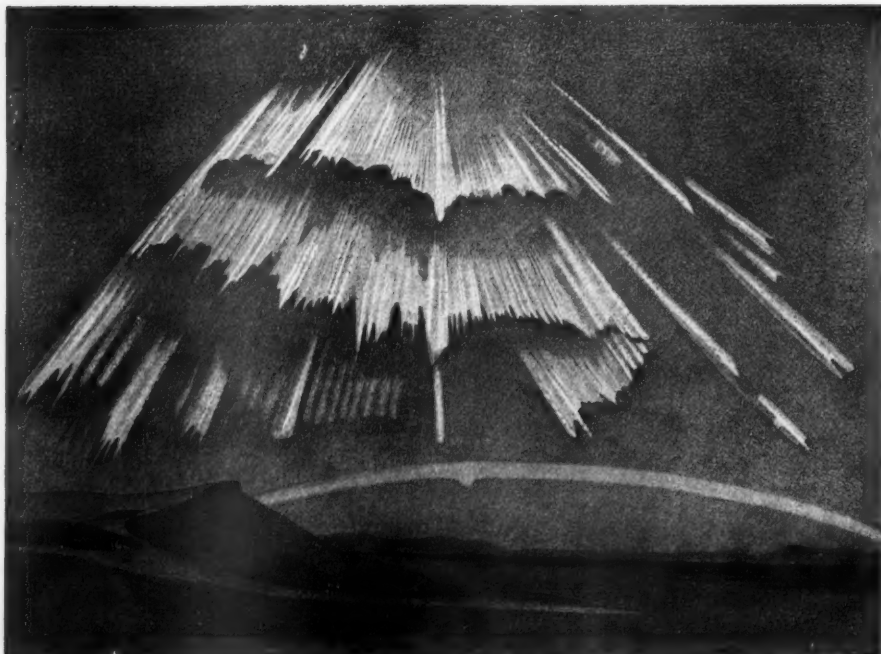
It so happened that about the pole that year were clustered representatives from twelve nations. The Russian international expeditions were at the Lena Delta and Nova Zembla; the Norwegian at Bossekop; the Dutch at Dicksonhavn; the German at Kingua Fiord; the Finnish at Sodankyla; the Swedish at Spitzbergen; the Danish at Godthaab; the Austro-Hungarian at Jan Mayen; and the British at Fort Rae. France had two stations in the antarctic region, and our own country had the well-known Lady Franklin Bay party under Greeley, and the Point Barrow party under Ray.

November 14-19, 1882, was a period never to be forgotten by these arctic prisoners. While we at home saw the display of a decade, the observers of the frozen North, turning



PHOTOGRAPH OF SUN-SPOTS OF AUGUST 29, 1893,
SHOWING RELATIVE SIZE. MADE BY PROFESSOR
C. D. PERRINE, LICK OBSERVATORY.

For purposes of illustration the spots are made white.



APPEARANCE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS IN THE EAST, AS SEEN AT CAPE THORDSEN, DECEMBER 21, 1882.

From the report of the Swedish expedition, "Aurores Boreales," by Carlheim-Gyllenskiöld.

their eyes southward or westward or eastward, saw visions glorious by *day* as well as by night, and felt perhaps some measure of recompense for their isolation and peril. Coming out of their dark quarters, they were startled and at first blinded, and General Greely writes: "The curtain appeared at one time so near our heads that Gardner and Israel speak of having unconsciously dodged to avoid it." In Ralston's diary is the entry: "The aurora appeared so low down that I raised my hand instinctively, expecting to bathe it in the light"; and Brainard relates a like impression. What a pity that under such conditions no electrometric apparatus was available! With Thomson water-dropping collectors and multiple-quadrant electrometers, records of the electrification of the lower air could have been obtained, and a few more threads raveled out from nature's tangled skein. Some observations of the potential of the air, made by Andrée, who was a member of the Swedish party at Cape Thordsen, Spitzbergen, seem to show that the electric potential diminished very rapidly during an aurora, and in fact became negative. As is well known, this same Andrée has lately attempted to reach the pole in an

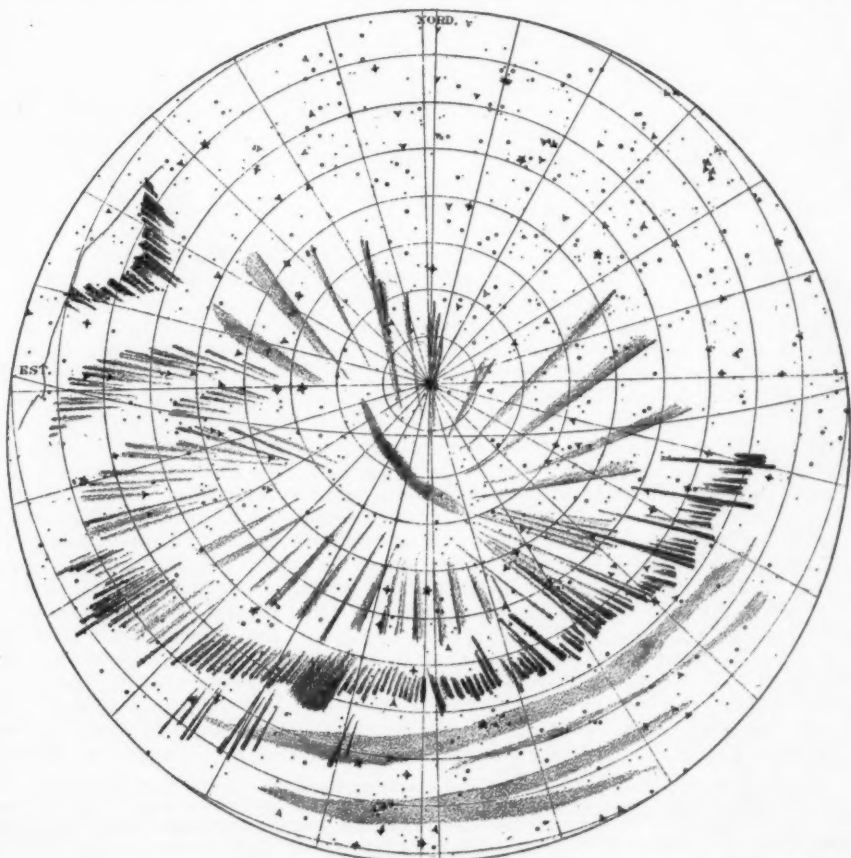
air-ship. Not the least valuable result of the adventure will be the increase in our knowledge of the electricity of the air in polar regions. We shall learn a little more about the height of auroras. We know now that while they are from fifty to seventy miles high in latitude 50°, the height decreases as we approach 68°. At Godthaab, Paulsen measured many with theodolites, and found that some were less than two fifths of a mile high. Hildebrandsson and others have seen auroras below the clouds. Such results lead us to believe that the time is ripe to suggest a new classification of auroral displays. It has been further noticed that the colorless and quiescent auroras were *not* necessarily coincident with magnetic disturbances, while those of brilliant color and rapid change were. Many so-called auroras are probably what the Germans would call *wetter-leuchten*, and akin to silent lightning.

Our little planet unquestionably responds to solar disturbances. The intense auroral displays that occur simultaneously over continents are, one may think, answering signals to the messages flashed from the sun through the quivering ether. But we may also have our own little storms and

disturbances; and while appearances may be similar, the phenomena are of different origin. Some of the difficulties and discrepancies which have been met in tabulating sun-spot, magnetic, and auroral phenomena can be thus explained. One wise remark by Professor Young should not pass unnoticed. "The solar tumult," he says, "may be the brother, and not the father, of our aurora." But this much is plain: the phenomena are closely allied, and mastery of the terrestrial displays will enable us to reach out and attempt the conquest of the solar ones. It may be frankly said that the man of science feels that the aurora has baffled his scrutiny. Unlike lightning, this mysterious light is as harmless as it is beautiful. Weyprecht, who did so much to establish the circumpolar stations, watching from the deck of his ice-bound corvette, thus describes what he saw:

In the south a faint, scarcely visible band lies close to the horizon. All at once it rises and spreads rapidly east and west; . . . the waves of light drive on violently; . . . the edges assume a deep red and green color, and dance up and down; the rays shoot up more rapidly and become shorter; all rise together and approach nearer and nearer the magnetic pole. It looks as if there was a race, and each aspired to reach the pole first. The whole sky is in flames. Involuntarily we listen; such a spectacle must, we think, be accompanied with sound. But unbroken stillness prevails. No pencil can draw it, no colors can paint it, no words describe in all its magnificence the aurora of the coming storm.

In 1881-2 Lemström covered a hillside at Oratunturi with uncovered copper wire having at certain intervals discharging points. A powerful electric current was sent through this, and the peak of the hill at night, it was said, glowed with a pale-yellow or blue light.



POLAR PROJECTION OF THE HEAVENS, SHOWING POSITION OF THE AURORA BOREALIS OF JANUARY 6, 1883.
From the report of the Swedish expedition, "Aurores Boreales," by Carlhelm-Gyllenskiöld.

None of the neighboring peaks were thus marked. This was an attempt at artificial production of the aurora, and may in some respects be fairly compared with Franklin's kite experiment with the lightning. Experiments elsewhere, however, have failed to give similar results. Tromholt, with similar apparatus and in high latitudes, and Vaussehat at the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, where an area of six hundred and forty square meters was covered with wire having fourteen thousand discharging points, obtained no artificial auroras.

One well-nigh forgotten experiment of the Faraday of America may be recalled. Joseph Henry in 1872 concentrated by a small concave mirror a beam of auroral light, and allowed it to fall upon a paper on which were written some letters with sulphate of quinine, and these became visible just as when illuminated by a discharge of electricity. He also noticed the effect upon a galvanometer needle during an aurora, observing that the needle was deflected, and that a like deflection was always observed "when a flash of lightning took place within the visible horizon of Washington."

Finally, what has that most powerful pry of modern science, the spectroscope, revealed? It tells us what metals are flaming in distant worlds; what can it tell us of the aurora? When the light emitted by an incandescent gas is examined with a spectroscope, bright bands or lines are seen, and these are so characteristic that they serve to identify the substance. When the light passes through a gas, however, certain rays are absorbed, depending upon the intervening gas; and in the spectrum *black* lines are seen exactly where characteristic bright lines would have been. The aurora gives a spectrum something like that given by lightning, or rather like several lightning spectra superposed. One bright line is always present, but as many as eleven lines had been seen up to 1883. The Cape Thordsen observers ran the number up to thirty-two. Sixteen of these lines nearly coincide with air-lines, eight with the positive-pole spectrum of nitrogen, four with the nitrogen negative pole, and three with hydrogen lines. From spectroscopic evidence we should say that the aurora was a discharge of electricity in rarefied air. Lockyer has built up a spectrum

almost identical with that of the aurora by taking low-temperature spectra of manganese, magnesium, lead, and thallium. It is not the auroral spectrum, however. Very recently Berthelot succeeded in condensing the new gas argon with benzine vapor, and obtained a magnificent green-and-yellow fluorescence under the influence of a gentle electrification. The spectrum was very much like that of the aurora, and it is suggested that through some combination of argon in the upper air under electrical influences an auroral appearance might result. This brings us to the views which have been put forward by Paulsen abroad and Bigelow at home. The former thinks that the aurora may be a luminous electrification of the upper air, brought about by the absorption of radiant energy of a certain character and alteration of the wave-length. The auroral light, then, would be a kind of fluorescence. Bigelow, independently of Paulsen, had suggested a similar explanation. He regards the aurora as a phosphorescence due to the transformation of vibrating energy by the air. In other words, certain motions of the ether, which we have no way of recognizing, are altered just enough to convert them into light.

Before leaving the question of the origin of the aurora, we should mention that occasionally in the southern part of the United States feeble sporadic displays are seen. These are now known to occur at times of great thunder-storm activity.

We have been called "children of the sun," and there is truth as well as poetry in the designation. Year by year the man of science drags himself a little closer to the great central engine. When Faraday, in his mind's eye, saw lines of force traversing space, and when his great disciple Maxwell bequeathed to us the electromagnetic theory of light, men of science felt that a path had been staked out across the maze of solar mysteries. The sun no longer shone as a giver of heat and light only, for in the ether were nerve-like waves of every description. Children of the sun, we respond not only to the great periodic changes, but to every passing spasm and disturbance. Auroras are associated with solar change. In studying them we may fathom the secrets of the sun.¹

¹ Astrophysicists look forward with interest to the opening of the new Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago. Already, at the Kenwood Observatory, Professor Hale has photographed certain solar distur-

ances, attempting to identify them with magnetic disturbances. "It is yet premature," he says, "to draw conclusions; but the magnetic disturbances seem to synchronize closely with spot activity."

Alexander McAdie.

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX AND THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

GRANT'S RIDE TO APPOMATTOX.



It was proposed to the general to ride during the day in a covered ambulance which was at hand, instead of on horseback, so as to avoid the intense heat of the sun; but his soldierly instincts rebelled against such a proposition, and he soon after mounted "Cincinnati," and started from Curdsville toward New Store. From this point he went by way of a cross-road to the south side of the Appomattox, with the intention of moving around to Sheridan's front. While riding along the wagon-road which runs from Farmville to Appomattox Court House, at a point eight or nine miles east of the latter place, Lieutenant Charles E. Pease of Meade's staff overtook him with a despatch. It was found to be a reply from Lee, which had been sent into our lines on Humphreys's front. It read as follows:

April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL: I received your note of this morning on the picket-line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now request an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday, for that purpose.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

Commanding U. S. Armies.

Pease also brought a note from Meade saying that, at Lee's request, he had read the communication addressed to Grant, and in consequence of it had granted a short truce.

The general, as soon as he had read these letters, dismounted, sat down on the grassy bank by the roadside, and wrote the following reply to Lee:

April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. Army:

Your note of this date is but this moment (11:50 A. M.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road. I am at this

writing about four miles west of Walker's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

He handed this to Colonel Babcock of the staff, with directions to take it to General Lee by the most direct route. Mounting his horse again, the general rode on at a trot toward Appomattox Court House. When five or six miles from the town, Colonel Newhall, Sheridan's adjutant-general, came riding up from the direction of Appomattox, and handed the general a communication. This proved to be a duplicate of the letter from Lee that Lieutenant Pease had brought in from Meade's lines. Lee was so closely pressed that he was anxious to communicate with Grant by the most direct means; and as he could not tell with which column Grant was moving, he sent in one copy of his letter on Meade's front, and one on Sheridan's. Colonel Newhall joined our party, and after a few minutes' halt to read the letter we continued our ride toward Appomattox. On the march I had asked the general several times how he felt. To the same question now he replied: "The pain in my head seemed to leave me the moment I got Lee's letter." The road was filled with men, animals, and wagons, and to avoid these and shorten the distance, we turned slightly to the right and began to "cut across lots"; but before going far we spied men conspicuous in gray, and it was seen that we were moving toward the enemy's left flank, and that a short ride farther would take us into his lines. It looked for a moment as if a very awkward condition of things might possibly arise, and Grant become a prisoner in Lee's lines instead of Lee in his. Such a circumstance would have given rise to an important cross-entry in the system of campaign bookkeeping. There was only one remedy—to retrace our steps and strike the right road, which was done without serious discussion. About one o'clock the little village of Appomattox Court House, with its half-dozen houses, came in sight, and soon

Porter.

Marshall.

Sheridan.

Ingalls.

Babcock.

Custer.



Lee.

Grant. Merritt.

Parker.

THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX.

we were entering its single street. It is situated on rising ground, and beyond it the country slopes down into a broad valley. The enemy was seen with his columns and wagon-trains covering the low ground. Our cavalry, the Fifth Corps, and part of Ord's command were occupying the high ground to the south and west of the enemy, heading him off completely. We saw a group of officers who had dismounted and were standing at the edge of the town, and at their head we soon recognized the features of Sheridan. No one could look at Sheridan at such a moment without a sentiment of undisguised admiration. In this campaign, as in others, he had shown himself possessed of military traits of the highest order. Bold in conception, self-reliant, demonstrating by his acts that "much danger makes great hearts most resolute," fertile in resources, combining the restlessness of a Hotspur with the patience of a Fabius, it is no wonder that he should have been looked upon as the wizard of the battle-field. Generous of his life, gifted with the ingenuity of a Hannibal, the dash of a Murat, the courage of a Ney, the magnetism of his presence roused his troops to deeds of individual heroism, and his unconquerable columns rushed to victory with all the confidence of Caesar's Tenth Legion. Wherever blows fell thickest, there was his crest. Despite the valor of the defense, opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets, never to rise again, and he would not pause till the folds of his banners waved above the strongholds he had wrested from the foe. Brave Sheridan! I can almost see him now, his silent clay again quickened into life, once more riding "Rienzi" through a fire of hell, leaping opposing earthworks at a single bound, and leaving nothing of those who barred his way except the fragments scattered in his path. As long as manly courage is talked of, or heroic deeds are honored, the hearts of a grateful people will beat responsive to the mention of the talismanic name of Sheridan.

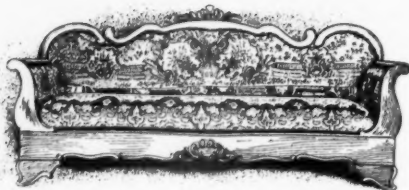
Ord and others were standing in the group before us, and as our party came up General Grant greeted the officers, and said, "How are you, Sheridan?" "First-rate, thank you; how are you?" cried Sheridan, with a voice and look which seemed to indicate that, on his part, he was having things all his own way. "Is Lee over there?" asked Grant, pointing up the road, having heard a rumor that Lee was in that vicinity. "Yes; he is in that brick house, waiting to surrender to

you," answered Sheridan. "Well, then, we'll go over," said Grant.

HOW LEE REACHED McLEAN'S HOUSE.

THE general-in-chief now rode on, accompanied by Sheridan, Ord, and others; soon Colonel Babcock's orderly was seen sitting on his horse in the street in front of a two-story brick house, better in appearance than the rest of the houses. He said General Lee and Colonel Babcock had gone into this house half an hour before, and he was ordered to post himself in the street and keep a lookout for General Grant, so as to let him know where General Lee was. Babcock told me afterward that in carrying General Grant's last letter he passed through the enemy's lines, and found General Lee a little more than half a mile beyond Appomattox Court House. He was lying down by the roadside on a blanket which had been spread over a few fence-rails placed on the ground under an apple-tree which was part of an old orchard. This circumstance furnished the only ground for the wide-spread report that the surrender occurred under an apple-tree, and which has been repeated in song and story. There may be said of that statement what Cuvier said of the French Academy's definition of a crab—"brilliant, but not correct."

Babcock dismounted upon coming near, and as he approached Lee sat up, with his feet hanging over the roadside embankment. The wheels of wagons, in passing along the road, had cut away the earth of this embankment, and left the roots of the tree projecting. Lee's feet were partly resting on these roots. Colonel Charles Marshall, his military secretary, came forward, took the despatch which Babcock handed him, and gave it to General Lee. After reading it the general rose, and said he would ride forward on the road on which Babcock had come, but was apprehensive that hostilities might begin in the meantime, upon the termination of the temporary truce, and asked Babcock to write a line to Meade informing him of the situation. Babcock wrote accordingly, requesting Meade to maintain the truce until positive orders from Grant could be received. To save time, it was arranged that a Union officer, accompanied by one of Lee's officers, should carry this letter through the enemy's lines. This route made the distance to Meade nearly ten miles shorter than by the roundabout way of the Union lines. Lee now mounted



THE SOFA IN THE McLEAN HOUSE.

his horse, and directed Colonel Marshall to accompany him. They started for Appomattox Court House in company with Babcock, followed by a mounted orderly. When the party reached the village they met one of its residents, named Wilmer McLean, who was told that General Lee wished to occupy a convenient room in some house in the town. McLean ushered them into the sitting-room of one of the first houses he came to; but upon looking about, and seeing that it was small and unfurnished, Lee proposed finding something more commodious and better fitted for the occasion. McLean then conducted the party to his own house, about the best one in the town, where they awaited General Grant's arrival.

The house had a comfortable wooden porch with seven steps leading up to it. A hall ran through the middle from front to back, and upon each side was a room having two windows, one in front and one in rear. Each room had two doors opening into the hall. The building stood a little distance back from the street, with a yard in front, and to the left on entering was a gate for carriages, and a roadway running to a stable in rear. We entered the grounds by this gate, and dismounted. In the yard were seen a fine, large gray horse, which proved to be General Lee's favorite animal, called "Traveller," and a good-looking, dark-colored mare belonging to Colonel Marshall. An orderly in gray was

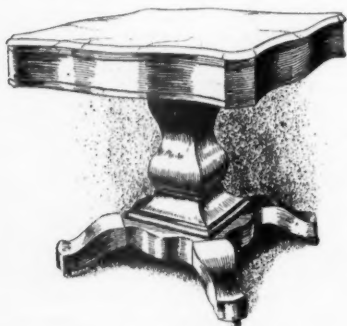
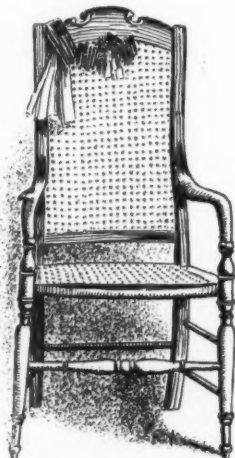


TABLE AT WHICH LEE SAT.

in charge of them, and had taken off their bridles to let them crop the grass:

MEETING BETWEEN GRANT AND LEE.

GENERAL GRANT mounted the steps, and entered the house. As he stepped into the hall, Colonel Babcock, who had seen his approach from the window, opened the door of the room on the left, in which he had been sitting with General Lee and Colonel Marshall awaiting General Grant's arrival. The general passed in, and as Lee arose and stepped forward, Grant extended his hand, saying, "General Lee," and the two shook hands cordially. The members of the staff, Generals



CHAIR IN WHICH LEE SAT.

Sheridan and Ord, and some other general officers who had gathered in the front yard, remained outside, feeling that General Grant would probably prefer his first interview with General Lee to be, in a measure, private. In a few minutes Colonel Babcock came to the front door, and, making a motion with his hat toward the sitting-room, said: "The general says come in." It was then about half-past one on Sunday, the 9th of April. We entered, and found General Grant seated in an old office arm-chair in the center of the room, and Lee sitting in a plain arm-chair with a cane seat beside a square, marble-topped table near the front window, in the corner opposite the door by which we entered, and facing General Grant. Colonel Marshall was standing at his left, with his right elbow resting upon the mantelpiece. We walked in softly, and ranged ourselves quietly about the sides of the room, very much as people

enter a sick-chamber when they expect to find the patient dangerously ill. Some found seats on the sofa standing against the wall between the two doors and on the few plain chairs which constituted the furniture, but most of the party stood.



CHAIR IN WHICH GRANT SAT.

The contrast between the two commanders was singularly striking, and could not fail to attract marked attention as they sat, six or eight feet apart, facing each other. General Grant, then nearly forty-three years of age, was five feet eight inches in height, with shoulders slightly stooped. His hair and full beard were nut-brown, without a trace of gray in them. He had on his single-breasted blouse of dark-blue flannel, unbuttoned in front and showing a waistcoat underneath. He wore an ordinary pair of top-boots, with his trousers inside, and was without spurs. The boots and portions of his clothes were spattered with mud. He had worn a pair of thread gloves of a dark-yellow color, which he had taken off on entering the room. His felt "sugar-loaf," stiff-brimmed hat was resting on his lap. He had no sword or sash, and a pair of shoulder-straps was all there was about him to designate his rank. In fact, aside from these, his uniform was that of a private soldier.

Lee, on the other hand, was six feet and one inch in height, and erect for one of his age, for he was Grant's senior by sixteen years. His hair and full beard were a silver-gray, and thick, except that the hair had become a little thin in front. He wore a new uniform of Confederate gray, buttoned to the throat, and a handsome sword and sash. The sword was of exceedingly fine workmanship, and the hilt was studded with jewels. It had been presented to him by some ladies in England who sympathized with the cause he represented. His

top-boots were comparatively new, and had on them near the top some ornamental stitching of red silk. Like his uniform, they were clean. On the boots were handsome spurs with large rowels. A felt hat which in color matched pretty closely that of his uniform, and a pair of long, gray buckskin gauntlets, lay beside him on the table. We endeavored afterward to learn how it was that he wore such fine clothes, and looked so much as if he had turned out to go to church that Sunday afternoon, while with us our outward garb scarcely rose to the dignity even of the "shabby-genteel." One explanation was that when his headquarters wagons had been pressed so closely by our cavalry a few days before, it was found that his officers would have to destroy all their baggage, except the clothes they carried on their backs; and each one naturally selected the newest suit he had, and sought to propitiate the god of destruction by a sacrifice of his second-best. Another reason given was that, in deference to General Grant, General Lee had dressed himself with special care for the purpose of the meeting.

CONDUCTING THE SURRENDER.

GRANT began the conversation by saying: "I met you once before, General Lee, while we were serving in Mexico, when you came over from General Scott's headquarters to visit Garland's brigade, to which I then belonged. I have always remembered your appearance, and I think I should have recognized you anywhere." "Yes," replied General Lee; "I know I met you on that occasion, and I have often thought of it, and tried to recollect how you

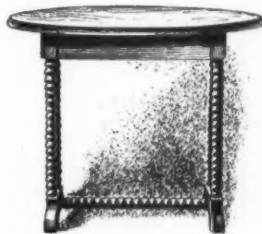


TABLE ON WHICH GRANT WROTE
THE ARTICLES OF SURRENDER.

looked, but I have never been able to recall a single feature." After some further mention of Mexico, General Lee said: "I suppose, General Grant, that the object of our present meeting is fully understood. I asked to see you to ascertain upon what terms you would

receive the surrender of my army." General Grant replied: "The terms I propose are those stated substantially in my letter of yesterday; that is, the officers and men surrendered to be paroled and disqualified from taking up arms again until properly exchanged, and all arms, ammunition, and supplies to be delivered up as captured property." Lee nodded an assent, and said: "Those are about the conditions which I expected would be proposed." General Grant then continued: "Yes; I think our correspondence indicated pretty clearly the action that would be taken at our meeting, and I hope it may lead to a general suspension of hostilities, and be the means of preventing any further loss of life."

Lee inclined his head as indicating his accord with this wish, and General Grant then went on to talk at some length in a very pleasant vein about the prospects of peace. Lee was evidently anxious to proceed to the formal work of the surrender, and he brought the subject up again by saying:

"I presume, General Grant, we have both carefully considered the proper steps to be taken, and I would suggest that you commit to writing the terms you have proposed, so that they may be formally acted upon."

"Very well," replied Grant; "I will write them out." And calling for his manifold order-book, he opened it, laid it on a small oval wooden table which Colonel Parker brought to him from the rear of the room and proceeded to write the terms. The leaves had been so prepared that three impressions of the writing were made. He wrote very rapidly, and did not pause until he had finished the sentence ending with "officers appointed by me to receive them." Then he looked toward Lee, and his eyes seemed to be resting on the handsome sword that hung at that officer's side. He said afterward that this set him to thinking that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to require the officers to surrender their swords, and a great hardship to deprive them of their personal baggage and horses; and after a short pause he wrote the sentence: "This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage."

When he had finished the letter he called Colonel Parker to his side, and looked it over with him, and directed him as they went along to interline six or seven words, and to strike out the word "their," which had been repeated. When this had been done the general took the manifold writer in his right hand, extended his arm toward Lee, and started to rise from his chair to hand the

book to him. As I was standing equally distant from them, with my back to the front window, I stepped forward, took the book, and passed it to General Lee. The terms were as follows:

APPOMATTOX CT. H., VA., April 9, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A.

GENERAL: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly [exchanged], and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside. Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

Lee pushed aside some books and two brass candlesticks which were on the table, then took the book and laid it down before him, while he drew from his pocket a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, and wiped the glasses carefully with his handkerchief. He crossed his legs, adjusted the spectacles very slowly and deliberately, took up the draft of the terms, and proceeded to read them attentively. They consisted of two pages. When he reached the top line of the second page, he looked up, and said to General Grant: "After the words 'until properly' the word 'exchanged' seems to be omitted. You doubtless intended to use that word."

"Why, yes," said Grant; "I thought I had put in the word 'exchanged.'"

"I presumed it had been omitted inadvertently," continued Lee; "and, with your permission, I will mark where it should be inserted."

"Certainly," Grant replied.

Lee felt in his pocket as if searching for a pencil, but he did not seem to be able to find one. Seeing this, I handed him my lead-pencil. During the rest of the interview he kept twirling this pencil in his fingers and occasionally tapping the top of the table with it. When he handed it back, it was carefully treasured by me as a memento of

the occasion. When Lee came to the sentence about the officers' side-arms, private horses, and baggage, he showed for the first time during the reading of the letter a slight change of countenance, and was evidently touched by this act of generosity. It was doubtless the condition mentioned to which he particularly alluded when he looked toward General Grant, as he finished reading, and said with some degree of warmth in his manner, "This will have a very happy effect upon my army."

General Grant then said: "Unless you have some suggestions to make in regard to the form in which I have stated the terms, I will have a copy of the letter made in ink, and sign it."

"There is one thing I should like to mention," Lee replied, after a short pause. "The cavalymen and artillerists own their own horses in our army. Its organization in this respect differs from that of the United States." This expression attracted the notice of our officers present, as showing how firmly the conviction was grounded in his mind that we were two distinct countries. He continued: "I should like to understand whether these men will be permitted to retain their horses."

"You will find that the terms as written do not allow this," General Grant replied; "only the officers are permitted to take their private property."

Lee read over the second page of the letter again, and then said: "No, I see the terms do not allow it; that is clear." His face showed plainly that he was quite anxious to have this concession made; and Grant said very promptly, and without giving Lee time to make a direct request:

"Well, the subject is quite new to me. Of course I did not know that any private soldiers owned their animals; but I think we have fought the last battle of the war,—I sincerely hope so,—and that the surrender of this army will be followed soon by that of all the others; and I take it that most of the men in the ranks are small farmers, and as the country has been so raided by the two armies, it is doubtful whether they will be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they are now riding, and I will arrange it in this way. I will not change the terms as now written, but I will instruct the officers I shall appoint to receive the paroles to let all the men who claim to own a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their little

farms." (This expression has been quoted in various forms, and has been the subject of some dispute. I give the exact words used.)

Lee now looked greatly relieved, and though anything but a demonstrative man, he gave every evidence of his appreciation of this concession, and said: "This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying, and will do much toward conciliating our people." He handed the draft of the terms back to General Grant, who called Colonel T. S. Bowers of the staff to him, and directed him to make a copy in ink. Bowers was a little nervous, and he turned the matter over to Colonel Parker, whose handwriting presented a better appearance than that of any one else on the staff. Parker sat down to write at the oval table, which he had moved again to the rear of the room. Wilmer McLean's domestic resources in the way of ink now became the subject of a searching investigation, but it was found that the contents of the conical-shaped stoneware inkstand with a paper stopper which he produced appeared to be participating in the general breaking up, and had disappeared. Colonel Marshall now came to the rescue, and took from his pocket a small boxwood inkstand, which was put at Parker's service, so that, after all, we had to fall back upon the resources of the enemy to furnish the "stage properties" for the final scene in the memorable military drama.

Colonel Marshall then took a seat on the sofa beside Sheridan and Ingalls. When the terms had been copied, Lee directed his military secretary to draw up for his signature a letter of acceptance. Colonel Marshall wrote out a draft of such a letter, making it formal, beginning with, "I have the honor to acknowledge," etc. General Lee took it, and after reading it over very carefully, directed that these formal expressions be stricken out, and that the letter be otherwise shortened. He afterward went over it again, and seemed to change some words, and then told the colonel to make a final copy in ink. When it came to providing the paper, it was found that we had the only supply of that important ingredient in the recipe for surrendering an army, so we gave a few pages to the colonel. The letter when completed read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL: I have received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they

are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

R. E. LEE, General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,
Commanding Armies of U. S.

While the letters were being copied, General Grant introduced the general officers who had entered, and each member of the staff, to General Lee. The general shook hands with General Seth Williams, who had been his adjutant when Lee was superintendent at West Point some years before the war, and gave his hand to some of the other officers who had extended theirs; but to most of those who were introduced he merely bowed in a dignified and formal manner. He did not exhibit the slightest change of features during this ceremony until Colonel Parker of our staff was presented to him. Parker being a full-blooded Indian, when Lee saw his swarthy features he looked at him with evident surprise, and his eyes rested on him for several seconds. What was passing in his mind no one knew, but the natural surmise was that he at first mistook Parker for a negro, and was struck with astonishment to find that the commander of the Union armies had one of that race on his personal staff.

Lee did not utter a word while the introductions were going on, except to Seth Williams, with whom he talked cordially. Williams at one time referred in a rather jocular manner to a circumstance which had occurred during their former service together, as if he wished to say something in a good-natured way to thaw the frigidity of the conversation; but Lee was in no mood for pleasantries, and he did not unbend, or even relax the fixed sternness of his features. His only response to the remark was a slight inclination of the head. General Lee now took the initiative again in leading the conversation back into business channels. He said:

"I have a thousand or more of your men as prisoners, General Grant, a number of them officers, whom we have required to march along with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them into your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them. I have, indeed, nothing for my own men. They have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in need of both rations and forage. I telegraphed to Lynchburg, directing several

train-loads of rations to be sent on by rail from there, and when they arrive I should be glad to have the present wants of my men supplied from them."

At this remark all eyes turned toward Sheridan, for he had captured these trains with his cavalry the night before near Appomattox Station. General Grant replied: "I should like to have our men sent within our lines as soon as possible. I will take steps at once to have your army supplied with rations, but I am sorry we have no forage for the animals. We have had to depend upon the country for our supply of forage. Of about how many men does your present force consist?"

"Indeed, I am not able to say," Lee answered, after a slight pause. "My losses in killed and wounded have been exceedingly heavy, and, besides, there have been many stragglers and some deserters. All my reports and public papers, and indeed some of my own private letters, had to be destroyed on the march to prevent them from falling into the hands of your people. Many companies are entirely without officers, and I have not seen any returns for several days, so that I have no means of ascertaining our present strength."

General Grant had taken great pains to have a daily estimate made of the enemy's forces from all the data that could be obtained, and judging it to be about 25,000 at this time, he said: "Suppose I send over 25,000 rations, do you think that will be a sufficient supply?" "I think it will be ample," remarked Lee, and added with considerable earnestness of manner, "and it will be a great relief, I assure you."

General Grant now turned to his chief commissary, Colonel M. R. Morgan, who was present, and directed him to arrange for issuing the rations. The number of officers and men surrendered was over 28,000. As to General Grant's supplies, he had ordered the army, on starting out, to carry twelve days' rations. This was the twelfth and last day of the campaign.

Grant's eye now fell upon Lee's sword again, and it seemed to remind him of the absence of his own, and by way of explanation, and so that it could not be construed as a discourtesy, he said to Lee:

"I started out from my camp several days ago without my sword, and as I have not seen my headquarters baggage since, I have been riding about without any side-arms. I have generally worn a sword, however, as little as possible—only during the active

operations of a campaign." "I am in the habit of wearing mine most of the time," remarked Lee, "when I am among my troops moving about through the army."

General Sheridan now stepped up to General Lee, and said that when he discovered some of the Confederate troops in motion during the morning, which seemed to be a violation of the truce, he had sent him (Lee) a couple of notes protesting against this act, and as he had not had time to copy them, he would like to have them long enough to make copies. Lee took the notes out of the breast pocket of his coat, and handed them to Sheridan, with a few words expressive of regret that the circumstance should have occurred, and intimating that it must have been the result of some misunderstanding.

After a little general conversation had been indulged in by those present, the two letters were signed. Grant signed the terms on the oval table, which was moved up to him again for the purpose. Lee signed his letter of acceptance on the marble-topped table at which he sat. Colonel Parker folded up the terms, and gave them to Colonel Marshall. Marshall handed Lee's acceptance to Parker.

AFTER THE SURRENDER.

BEFORE parting Lee asked Grant to notify Meade of the surrender, fearing that fighting might break out on that front, and lives be uselessly lost. This request was complied with, and two Union officers were sent through the enemy's lines as the shortest route to Meade, some of Lee's officers accompanying them to prevent their being interfered with. A little before four o'clock General Lee shook hands with General Grant, bowed to the other officers, and with Colonel Marshall left the room. One after another we followed, and passed out to the porch. Lee signaled to his orderly to bring up his horse, and while the animal was being bridled the general stood on the lowest step, and gazed sadly in the direction of the valley beyond, where his army lay—now an army of prisoners. He thrice smote the palm of his left hand slowly with his right fist in an absent sort of way, seemed not to see the group of Union officers in the yard, who rose respectfully at his approach, and appeared unaware of everything about him. All appreciated the sadness that overwhelmed him, and he had the personal sympathy of every one who beheld him at this supreme moment of trial. The approach of his horse seemed to recall him from his reverie, and

he at once mounted. General Grant now stepped down from the porch, moving toward him, and saluted him by raising his hat. He was followed in this act of courtesy by all our officers present. Lee raised his hat respectfully, and rode off at a slow trot to break the sad news to the brave fellows whom he had so long commanded.

General Grant and his staff then started for the headquarters camp, which, in the meantime, had been pitched near by. The news of the surrender had reached the Union lines, and the firing of salutes began at several points; but the general sent an order at once to have them stopped, using these words: "The war is over; the rebels are our countrymen again; and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field." This was in keeping with his order issued after the surrender of Vicksburg: "The paroled prisoners will be sent out of here to-morrow. . . . Instruct the commanders to be orderly and quiet as these prisoners pass, and to make no offensive remarks."

There were present in the room in which the surrender occurred, besides Sheridan, Ord, Merritt, Custer, and the officers of Grant's staff, a number of other officers and one or two citizens, who entered the room at different times during the interview.

Mr. McLean had been charging about in a manner which indicated that the excitement was shaking his nervous system to its center; but his real trials did not begin until the departure of the chief actors in the surrender. Then relic-hunters charged down upon the manor-house, and began to bargain for the numerous pieces of furniture. Sheridan paid the proprietor twenty dollars in gold for the table on which General Grant wrote the terms of surrender, for the purpose of presenting it to Mrs. Custer, and handed it over to her dashing husband, who galloped off to camp bearing it upon his shoulder. Ord paid forty dollars for the table at which Lee sat, and afterward presented it to Mrs. Grant, who modestly declined it, and insisted that Mrs. Ord should become its possessor. General Sharpe paid ten dollars for the pair of brass candlesticks; Colonel Sheridan, the general's brother, secured the stone inkstand; and General Capehart the chair in which Grant sat, which he gave not long before his death to Captain Wilmon W. Blackmar of Boston. Captain O'Farrell of Hartford became the possessor of the chair in which Lee sat. A child's doll was found in the room, which the younger officers tossed from one to

the other, and called the "silent witness." This toy was taken possession of by Colonel Moore of Sheridan's staff, and is now owned by his son. Bargains were at once struck for nearly all the articles in the room; and it is even said that some mementos were carried off for which no coin of the republic was ever exchanged. The sofa remains in possession of Mrs. Spillman, Mr. McLean's daughter, who now lives in Camden, West Virginia. Colonel Marshall presented the boxwood inkstand to Mr. Blanchard of Baltimore. Of the three impressions of the terms of surrender made in General Grant's manifold writer, the first and third are believed to have been accidentally destroyed. No trace of them has since been discovered; the second is in the possession of the New York Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, which purchased it recently from the widow of General Parker. The headquarters flag which had been used throughout the entire Virginia campaign General Grant presented to me. With his assent, I gave a portion of it to Colonel Babcock.

It is a singular historical coincidence that McLean's former home was upon a Virginia farm near the battle-ground of the first Bull Run, and his house was used for a time as the headquarters of General Beauregard. When it was found that this fight was so popular that it was given an encore, and a second battle of Bull Run was fought the next year on the same ground, Mr. McLean became convinced that the place was altogether lacking in repose, and to avoid the active theater of war he removed to the quiet village of Appomattox, only to find himself again surrounded by contending armies. Thus the first and last scenes of the war drama in Virginia were enacted upon his property.

Before General Grant had proceeded far toward camp he was reminded that he had not yet announced the important event to the government. He dismounted by the roadside, sat down on a large stone, and called for pencil and paper. Colonel Badeau handed his order-book to the general, who wrote on one of the leaves the following message, a copy of which was sent to the nearest telegraph-station. It was dated 4:30 P. M.:

HON. E. M. STANTON,

Secretary of War, Washington.

General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the conditions fully.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

Upon reaching camp he seated himself in front of his tent, notwithstanding the slight shower which was then falling, and we all gathered about him, curious to hear what his first comments would be upon the crowning event of his life. But our expectations were doomed to disappointment, for he appeared to have already dismissed the whole subject from his mind, and turning to the chief quartermaster, his first words were: "Ingalls, do you remember that old white mule that So-and-so used to ride when we were in the city of Mexico?" "Why, perfectly," said Ingalls, who was just then in a mood to remember the exact number of hairs in the mule's tail if it would have helped to make matters agreeable. And then the general-in-chief went on to recall the antics played by that animal during an excursion to Popocatepetl. It was not until after supper that he said much about the surrender, when he spoke freely of his entire belief that the rest of the Confederate commanders would follow Lee's example, and that we should have but little more fighting, even of a partizan nature. He then surprised us by announcing his intention of starting for Washington early the next morning. We were disappointed at this, for we wished to see something of the opposing army, now that it had become civil enough, for the first time in its existence, to let us get close up to it, and to meet some of the officers who had been acquaintances in former years. The general, however, had no desire to look at the conquered,—indeed, he had little curiosity in his nature,—and he was anxious above all things to begin the reduction of the military establishment, and diminish the enormous expense attending it, which at this time amounted to nearly four millions of dollars a day. When he considered, however, that the railroad was being rapidly put in condition as far as Burkeville, and that he would lose no time by waiting till noon of the next day, he made up his mind to delay his departure.

GRANT'S FINAL CONFERENCE WITH LEE.

ABOUT nine o'clock on the morning of April 10, Grant with his staff rode out toward the enemy's lines; but it was found, upon attempting to pass through, that the force of habit is hard to overcome, and that the practice which had so long been inculcated in Lee's army of keeping Grant out of its lines was not to be overturned in a day, and he was politely requested at the picket-lines to wait till a message could be sent to headquarters

asking for instructions. As soon as Lee heard that his distinguished opponent was approaching, he was prompt to correct the misunderstanding at the picket-line, and rode out at a gallop to receive him. They met on a knoll that overlooked the lines of the two armies, and saluted respectfully by each raising his hat. The officers present gave a similar salute, and then withdrew out of ear-shot, and grouped themselves about the two chieftains in a semicircle. General Grant repeated to us that evening the substance of the conversation, which was as follows:

Grant began by expressing a hope that the war would soon be over; and Lee replied by stating that he had for some time been anxious to stop the further effusion of blood, and he trusted that everything would now be done to restore harmony and conciliate the people of the South. He said the emancipation of the negroes would be no hindrance to the restoring of relations between the two sections of the country, as it would probably not be the desire of the majority of the Southern people to restore slavery then, even if the question were left open to them. He could not tell what the other armies would do, or what course Mr. Davis would now take; but he believed that it would be best for the other armies to follow his example, as nothing could be gained by further resistance in the field. Finding that he entertained these sentiments, General Grant told him that no one's influence in the South was so great as his, and suggested to him that he should advise the surrender of the remaining armies, and thus exert his influence in favor of immediate peace. Lee said he could not take such a course without first consulting President Davis. Grant then proposed to Lee that he should do so, and urge the hastening of a result which was admitted to be inevitable. Lee, however, in this instance was averse to stepping beyond his duties as a soldier, and said the authorities would doubtless soon arrive at the same conclusion without his interference. There was a statement put forth that Grant asked Lee to see Mr. Lincoln and talk with him as to the terms of reconstruction, but this was erroneous. I asked General Grant about it when he was on his death-bed, and his recollection was distinct that he had made no such suggestion. I am of opinion that the mistake arose from hearing that Lee had been requested to go and see the "President" regarding peace, and thinking that this expression referred to Mr. Lincoln, whereas it referred to Mr. Davis. After the conversation had lasted a little more than

half an hour, and Lee had requested that instructions be given to the officers left in charge to carry out the details of the surrender, that there might be no misunderstanding as to the form of paroles, the manner of turning over the property, etc., the conference ended. The two commanders lifted their hats and bade each other good-by. Lee rode back to his camp to take a final farewell of his army, and Grant returned to McLean's house, where he sat on the porch until it was time to take his final departure. It will be observed that Grant at no time actually entered the enemy's lines.

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

INGALLS, Sheridan, and Williams had asked permission to visit the enemy's lines and renew their acquaintance with some old friends, classmates, and former comrades in arms who were serving in Lee's army. They now returned, bringing with them General Cadmus M. Wilcox, who had been one of General Grant's groomsmen; Longstreet, who had also been at his wedding; Heth, who had been a subaltern with him in Mexico, besides Gordon, Pickett, and a number of others. They all stepped up to pay their respects to General Grant, who received them very cordially, and talked frankly and pleasantly with them until it was time to leave. They manifested a deep appreciation of the terms which had been accorded to them in the articles of surrender, but several of them expressed some apprehension as to the civil processes which might ensue, and the measures which might be taken by the government as to confiscation of property and trial for treason.

The hour of noon had now arrived, and General Grant, after shaking hands with all present who were not to accompany him, mounted his horse, and started with his staff for Burkeville. Lee set out for Richmond, and it was felt by all that peace had at last dawned upon the land. The charges were now withdrawn from the guns, the camp-fires were left to smolder in their ashes, the horses were detached from the cannon to be hitched to the plow, and the Army of the Union and the Army of Northern Virginia turned their backs upon each other for the first time in four long, bloody years.

In this campaign, from March 29 to April 9, the Union loss was 1316 killed, 7750 wounded, and 1714 prisoners—a total of 10,780. The enemy lost about 1200 killed, 6000 wounded, and 75,000 prisoners, including the captures at Appomattox.

GRANT AVOIDS VISITING RICHMOND.

THE repairers of the railroad had thought more of haste than of solidity of construction, and the special train bearing the general-in-chief from Burkeville to City Point ran off the track three times. These mishaps caused much delay, and instead of reaching City Point that evening, he did not arrive until daylight the next morning, April 11. A telegram had been sent to Mrs. Grant, who had remained aboard the headquarters steamboat, telling her that we should get there in time for dinner, and she had prepared the best meal which the boat's larder could afford to help to celebrate the victory. She and Mrs. Rawlins and Mrs. Morgan, who were with her, whiled away the long and anxious hours of the night by playing the piano, singing, and discussing the victory; but just before daylight the desire for sleep overcame them, and they lay down to take a nap. Soon after our tired and hungry party arrived. The general went hurriedly aboard the boat, and ran at once up the stairs to Mrs. Grant's state-room. She was somewhat chagrined that she had not remained up to receive her husband, now more than ever her "Victor"; but she had merely thrown herself upon the berth without undressing, and soon joined us all in the cabin, and extended to us enthusiastic greetings and congratulations. The belated dinner now served in good stead as a breakfast for our famished party.

The general was asked whether he was going to run up to Richmond on the steamer, and take a look at the captured city, before starting for Washington. He replied: "No; I think it would be as well not to go. I could do no good there, and my visit might lead to demonstrations which would only wound the feelings of the residents, and we ought not to do anything at such a time which would add to their sorrow"; and then added, "But if any of you have a curiosity to see the city, I will wait till you can take a trip there and back, for I cannot well leave here for Washington anyhow till to-morrow."

Several of us put our horses aboard a boat, and started up the James. As a portion of the river was supposed to be planted with torpedoes, we sat close to the stern, believing that in case of accident the bow would receive the main shock of the explosion. We reached the lower wharf of Richmond in safety, put our horses ashore, and rode about for an hour, looking at the city upon which we had laid covetous eyes for so many months. The evacuation had been accompanied by many

acts of destruction, and the fire which our troops found blazing when they entered had left a third of the place smoldering in ashes. The white population were keeping closely to their houses, while the blacks were running wildly about the streets in every direction.

GRANT'S RESPECT FOR RELIGION.

UPON our return that evening to City Point, we found aboard the headquarters boat a clergyman, a member of the Christian Commission, who was personally acquainted with the general. He had called to see him to tender his congratulations, and during their conversation made the remark: "I have observed, General Grant, that a great many battles in our war have been fought on Sunday. Shiloh occurred on that day, the surrender of Donelson, Chancellorsville, the capture of Petersburg, the surrender at Appomattox, and, I think, some other important military events. How has this happened?" "It is quite true," replied the general. "Of course it was not intentional, and I think that sometimes, perhaps, it has been the result of the very efforts which have been made to avoid it. You see, a commander, when he can control his own movements, usually intends to start out early in the week so as not to bring on an engagement on Sunday; but delays occur often at the last moment, and it may be the middle of the week before he gets his troops in motion. Then more time is spent than anticipated in manœuvring for position, and when the fighting actually begins it is the end of the week, and the battle, particularly if it continues a couple of days, runs into Sunday." "It is unfortunate," remarked the clergyman. "Yes, very unfortunate," observed the general. "Every effort should be made to respect the Sabbath day, and it is very gratifying to know that it is observed so generally throughout our country." It was always noticeable that he had a strict regard for the Sabbath, and this feeling continued through life. He never played a game of any kind on that day, nor wrote any official correspondence if he could help it. He had been brought up a Methodist, and regularly attended worship in the Methodist Episcopal Church, but he was entirely non-sectarian in his feelings. He had an intimate acquaintance among clergymen, and counted many of them among his closest friends. He rarely, if ever, spoke about his own religious convictions. It was one of those subjects not to be discussed lightly, and was so purely personal that he naturally shrank

from dwelling upon it, for he always avoided talking upon any subject which was personal to himself. There was such a total lack of egotism in his nature that he could not see how anything touching his own personality could be of interest to others. He was imbued with a deep reverence, however, for all subjects of a religious nature, and nothing was more offensive to him than an attempt to make light of serious matters, or to show a disrespect for sacred things. His correspondence makes mention of his recognition of an overruling Providence in all the affairs of this world; and in his speech to Mr. Lincoln accepting the commission of lieutenant-general he closed with the words: "I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me, and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men." He was always a liberal contributor to church work, and in fact to every good cause. His fault was that he was not sufficiently discriminating. Every mail brought begging letters, and he gave away sums out of all proportion to his means. When pay-day came, it took all the persuasion of those about him to prevent him from parting in this way with the greater part of his pay, his only source of revenue.

GRANT'S ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION AT WASHINGTON.

PREPARATIONS were made to break up headquarters, and the next afternoon the party started by steamer for Washington, reached there the morning of the 13th, and took up their quarters at Willard's Hotel. It soon became noised about that the conqueror of the rebellion had arrived in the city, and dense crowds thronged the streets upon which the hotel fronted. During the forenoon the general started for the War Department. His appearance in the street was a signal for an improvised reception, in which shouts of welcome rent the air, and the populace joined in a demonstration which was thrilling in its earnestness. He had the greatest difficulty in making his way over even the short distance between the hotel and the department. At one time it was thought he would have to take to a carriage as a means of refuge, but by the interposition of the police he finally reached his destination.

That afternoon the Secretary of War published an order stating that, "after mature consideration and consultation with the lieutenant-general," it was decided to stop all drafting and recruiting, curtail the pur-

chases of supplies, reduce the number of officers, and remove restrictions on commerce as far as consistent with public safety. This was a sort of public declaration of peace, and the city gave itself over to rejoicing. Bands were everywhere heard playing triumphant strains, and crowds traversed the streets, shouting approval and singing patriotic airs. The general was the hero of the hour and the idol of the people; his name was on every lip; congratulations poured in upon him, and blessings were heaped upon him by all.

GRANT'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH LINCOLN.

GENERAL GRANT visited the President, and had a most pleasant interview with him. The next day (Friday) being a cabinet day, he was invited to meet the cabinet officers at their meeting in the forenoon. He went to the White House, receiving the cordial congratulations of all present, and discussed with them the further measures which should be taken for bringing hostilities to a speedy close. In this interview Mr. Lincoln gave a singular manifestation of the effect produced upon him by dreams. When General Grant expressed some anxiety regarding the delay in getting news from Sherman, the President assured him that favorable news would soon be received, because he had had the night before his usual dream which always preceded favorable tidings, the same dream which he had had the night before Antietam, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, and Vicksburg. He seemed to be aboard a curious-looking vessel moving rapidly toward a dark and indefinite shore. This time, alas! the dream was not to be the precursor of good news.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln invited the general and Mrs. Grant to go to Ford's Theater and occupy a box with them to see "Our American Cousin." The general said he would be very sorry to have to decline, but that Mrs. Grant and he had made arrangements to go to Burlington, New Jersey, to see their children, and he feared it would be a great disappointment to his wife to delay the trip. The President remarked that the people would be so delighted to see the general that he ought to stay and attend the play on that account. The general, however, had been so completely besieged by the people since his arrival, and was so constantly the subject of outbursts of enthusiasm, that it had become a little embarrassing to him, and the mention of a demonstration in his honor at the theater did not appeal to him as an argument in favor of going. A

note was now brought to him from Mrs. Grant expressing increased anxiety to start for Burlington on the four-o'clock train, and he told the President that he must decide definitely not to remain for the play. It was probably this declination which saved the general from assassination, as it was learned afterward that he had been marked for a victim. It was after two o'clock when he shook Mr. Lincoln's hand and said good-by to him, little thinking that it would be an eternal farewell, and that an appalling tragedy was soon to separate them forever. Their final leave-taking was only thirteen months after their first meeting, but during that time their names had been associated with enough momentous events to fill whole volumes of a nation's history.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH SHADOWS GRANT.

THE general went at once to his rooms at the hotel. As soon as he entered Mrs. Grant said to him: "When I went to my lunch today, a man with a wild look followed me into the dining-room, took a seat nearly opposite to me at the table, stared at me continually, and seemed to be listening to my conversation." The general replied: "Oh, I suppose he did so merely from curiosity." In fact, the general by this time had become so accustomed to having people stare at him and the members of his family that such acts had ceased to attract his attention. About half-past three o'clock the wife of General Rucker called with her carriage to take the party to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad-station. It was a two-seated top-carriage. Mrs. Grant sat with Mrs. Rucker on the back seat. The general, with true republican simplicity, sat on the front seat with the driver. Before they had gone far along Pennsylvania Avenue, a horseman who was riding in the same direction passed them, and as he did so peered into the carriage. When Mrs. Grant caught sight of his face she remarked to the general: "That is the same man who sat down at the lunch-table near me. I don't like his looks." Before they reached the station the horseman turned and rode back toward them, and again gazed at them intently. This time he attracted the attention of the general, who regarded the man's movements as singular, but made light of the matter so as to allay Mrs. Grant's apprehensions.

GRANT'S INTERRUPTED VISIT TO BURLINGTON.

ON their arrival at the station, they were conducted to the private car of Mr. Garrett, then president of the Baltimore and

Ohio railway company. Before the train reached Baltimore a man appeared on the front platform of the car, and tried to get in; but the conductor had locked the door so that the general would not be troubled with visitors, and the man did not succeed in entering. The general and Mrs. Grant drove across Philadelphia about midnight from the Broad street and Washington Avenue station to the Walnut street wharf on the Delaware River, for the purpose of crossing the ferry and then taking the cars to Burlington. As the general had been detained so long at the White House that he was not able to get luncheon before starting, and as there was an additional ride in prospect, a stop was made at Bloodgood's Hotel, near the ferry, for the purpose of getting supper. The general had just taken his seat with Mrs. Grant at the table in the supper-room when a telegram was brought in and handed to him. His whereabouts was known to the telegraph people from the fact that he had sent a message to Bloodgood's ordering the supper in advance. The general read the despatch, dropped his head, and sat in perfect silence. Then came another, and still another despatch, but not a word was spoken. Mrs. Grant now broke the silence by saying: "Ulyss, what do the telegrams say? Do they bring any bad news?" "I will read them to you," the general replied in a voice which betrayed his emotion; "but first prepare yourself for the most painful and startling news that could be received, and control your feelings so as not to betray the nature of the despatches to the servants." He then read to her the telegrams conveying the appalling announcement that Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and probably the Vice-President, Mr. Johnson, had been assassinated, and warning the general to look out for his own safety. A special train was at once ordered to take him back to Washington, but finding that he could take Mrs. Grant to Burlington (less than an hour's ride), and return to Philadelphia nearly as soon as his train could be got ready, he continued on, took her to her destination, returned to Philadelphia, and was in Washington the next morning.

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

IT was found that the President had been shot and killed at Ford's Theater by John Wilkes Booth; that Mr. Seward had received severe but not fatal injuries at the hands of Payne, who attempted his assassination; but that no attack had been made on the Vice-President. When the likenesses of Booth ap-

peared, they resembled so closely the mysterious man who had followed the general and Mrs. Grant on their way to the railroad-station in Washington, that there remained no doubt that he had intended to be the President's assassin, and was bent upon ascertaining the movements of the general-in-chief. An anonymous letter was afterward received by the general saying that the writer had been designated by the conspirators to assassinate him, and had been ordered by Booth to board the train and commit the deed there; that he had attempted to enter the special car for this purpose, but that it was locked, and he was thus baffled; and that he thanked God that this circumstance had been the means of preventing him from staining his hands with the blood of so great and good a man.

Washington, as well as the whole country, was plunged in an agony of grief, and the excitement knew no bounds. Stanton's grief was uncontrollable, and at the mention of Mr. Lincoln's name he would break down and weep bitterly. General Grant and the Secretary of War busied themselves day and night in pushing a relentless pursuit of the conspirators, who were caught, and were brought to trial before a military commission, except Booth, who was shot in an attempt to capture him. John H. Surratt, who escaped from the country, was captured and tried years later, the jury disagreeing as to his guilt.

I was appointed a member of the court which was to try the prisoners. The defense, however, raised the objection that as I was a member of General Grant's military family, and as it was claimed that he was one of the high officials who was an intended victim of the assassins, I was disqualified from sitting in judgment upon them. The court very properly sustained the objection, and I was relieved, and another officer was substituted. However, I sat one day at the trial, which was interesting from the fact that it afforded an opportunity of seeing the assassins and watching their actions before the court. The prisoners, heavily manacled, were marched into the court-room in solemn procession, an armed sentinel accompanying each of them. The men's heads were covered with thickly padded hoods with openings for the mouth and nose. The hoods had been placed upon them in consequence of Powell, *alias* Payne, having attempted to cheat the gallows by dashing his brains out against a beam on a gunboat on which he had been confined. The prisoners, whose eyes were thus bandaged, were led to their seats, the sentinels were posted behind them, and the

hoods were then removed. As the light struck their eyes, which for several days had been unaccustomed to its brilliancy, the sudden glare gave them great discomfort. Payne had a wild look in his wandering eyes, and his general appearance stamped him as the typical reckless desperado. Mrs. Surratt was placed in a chair at a little distance from the men. She sat most of the time leaning back, with her feet stretched forward. She kept up a piteous moaning, and frequently called for water, which was given her. The other prisoners had a stolid look, and seemed crushed by the situation.

SHERMAN'S TERMS TO JOHNSTON.

As soon as the surrender at Appomattox had taken place, General Grant despatched a boat from City Point with a message to Sherman announcing the event, and telling him that he could offer the same terms to Johnston. On April 18 Sherman entered into an agreement with Johnston which embraced political as well as merely military questions, but only conditionally, and with the understanding that the armistice granted could be terminated if the conditions were not approved by superior authority. A staff-officer sent by General Sherman brought his communication to Washington announcing the terms of this agreement. It was received by General Grant on April 21. Perceiving that the terms covered many questions of a civil and not of a military nature, he suggested to the Secretary of War that the matter had better be referred at once to President Johnson and the cabinet for their action. A cabinet meeting was called before midnight, and there was a unanimous decision that the basis of agreement should be disapproved, and an order was issued directing General Grant to proceed in person to Sherman's headquarters and direct operations against the enemy. Instead of merely recognizing that Sherman had made an honest mistake in exceeding his authority, the President and the Secretary of War characterized his conduct as akin to treason, and the Secretary denounced him in unmeasured terms. At this General Grant grew indignant, and gave free expression to his opposition to an attempt to stigmatize an officer whose acts throughout all his career gave ample contradiction to the charge that he was actuated by unworthy motives. The form of the public announcement put forth by the War Department aroused great public indignation against Sherman, and it was some time before his motives were fully understood.

Grant started at daybreak on the 22d, proceeded at once to Raleigh, explained the situation and attitude of the government fully to Sherman, and directed him to give the required notice for annulling the truce, and to demand a surrender of Johnston's army on the same terms as those accorded to Lee. Sherman was, as usual, perfectly loyal and subordinate, and made all haste to comply with these instructions. When he went out to the front to meet Johnston, Grant remained quietly at Raleigh, and throughout the negotiations kept himself entirely in the background, lest he might seem to share in the honor of receiving the surrender, the credit for which he wished to belong wholly to Sherman. The entire surrender of Johnston's forces was promptly concluded. Having had a talk with the Secretary of War soon after General Grant's departure, and finding him bent upon continuing the denunciation of Sherman before the public, I started for North Carolina to meet General Grant and inform him of the situation in Washington. I passed him, however, on the way, and at once returned and rejoined him at Washington.

THE END OF HOSTILITIES.

HOSTILITIES were now brought rapidly to a close throughout the entire theater of war. April 11, Canby compelled the evacuation of Mobile. By the 21st our troops had taken Selma, Tuscaloosa, Montgomery, West Point, Columbus, and Macon. May 4, Richard Taylor surrendered the Confederate forces east of the Mississippi. May 10, Jefferson Davis was captured; and on the 26th Kirby Smith surrendered his command west of the Mississippi. Since April 8, 1680 cannon had been captured, and 174,223 Confederate soldiers had been paroled. There was no longer a rebel in arms, the Union cause had triumphed, slavery was abolished, and the National Government was again supreme.

THE GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON.

THE Army of the Potomac, Sheridan's cavalry, and Sherman's army had all reached the capital by the end of May. Sheridan could not remain with his famous corps, for General Grant sent him post-haste to the Rio Grande to look after operations there in a contemplated movement against Maximilian's forces, who were upholding a monarchy in Mexico, in violation of the Monroe doctrine.

It was decided that the troops assembled at Washington should be marched in review

through the nation's capital before being mustered out of service. The Army of the Potomac, being senior in date of organization, and having been for four years the more direct defense of the capital city, was given precedence, and May 23 was designated as the day on which it was to be reviewed.

During the preceding five days Washington had been given over to elaborate preparations for the coming pageant. The public buildings were decked with a tasteful array of bunting; flags were unfurled from private dwellings; arches and transparencies with patriotic mottos were displayed in every quarter; and the spring flowers were fashioned into garlands, and played their part. The whole city was ready for the most imposing fête-day in its history. Vast crowds of citizens had gathered from neighboring States. During the review they filled the stands, lined the sidewalks, packed the porches, and covered even the housetops. The weather was superb.

A commodious stand had been erected on Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House on which were gathered a large number of distinguished officials, including the President; the members of his cabinet, who had won renown in the cabinet of Lincoln; the acting Vice-President; justices of the Supreme Court; governors of States; senators and representatives; the general-in-chief of the army, and the captor of Atlanta, with other generals of rank; admirals of the navy; and brilliantly uniformed representatives of foreign powers.

General Grant, accompanied by the principal members of his staff, was one of the earliest to arrive. With his customary simplicity and dislike of ostentation, he had come on foot through the White House grounds from the headquarters of the army at the corner of 17th and F streets. Grant's appearance was, as usual, the signal for a boisterous demonstration. Sherman arrived a few minutes later, and his reception was scarcely less enthusiastic.

At nine o'clock the signal-gun was fired, and the legions took up their march. They started from the Capitol, and moved along Pennsylvania Avenue toward Georgetown. The width and location of that street made it an ideal thoroughfare for such a purpose. Martial music from scores of bands filled the air, and when familiar war-songs were played the spectators along the route joined in shouting the chorus. Those oftenest sung and most applauded were "When this cruel war is over," "When Johnny comes marching home,"

and "Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching."

At the head of the column rode Meade, crowned with the laurels of four years of warfare. The plaudits of the multitude followed him along the entire line of march; flowers were strewn in his path, and garlands decked his person and his horse. He dismounted after having passed the reviewing-stand, stepped upon the platform, and was enthusiastically greeted by all present. Then came the cavalry, with the gallant Merritt at their head, commanding in the absence of Sheridan. The public were not slow to make recognition of the fame he had won on so many hard-fought fields. Conspicuous among the division commanders was Custer. His long golden locks floating in the wind, his low-cut collar, his crimson necktie, and his buckskin breeches, presented a combination which made him look half general and half scout, and gave him a daredevil appearance which singled him out for general remark and applause. When within two hundred yards of the President's stand, his spirited horse took the bit in his teeth, and made a dash past the troops, rushing by the reviewing officers like a tornado; but he found more than a match in Custer, and was soon checked, and forced back to his proper position. When the cavalryman, covered with flowers, afterward rode by the reviewing officials, the people screamed with delight.

After the cavalry came Parke, who might well feel proud of the prowess of the Ninth Corps which followed him; then Griffin, riding at the head of the gallant Fifth Corps; then Humphreys and the Second Corps, of unexcelled valor. Wright's Sixth Corps was greatly missed from the list, but its duties kept it in Virginia, and it was accorded a special review on June 8.

The men preserved their alinement and distances with an ease which showed their years of training in the field. Their movements were unfettered, their step was elastic, and the swaying of their bodies and the swinging of their arms were as measured as the vibrations of a pendulum. Their muskets shone like a wall of steel. The cannon rumbled peacefully over the paved street, banks of flowers almost concealing them.

Nothing touched the hearts of the spectators so deeply as the sight of the old war-flags as they were carried by—those precious standards, bullet-riddled, battle-stained, many of them but remnants, often with not enough left of them to show the names of the battles they had seen. Some

were decked with ribbons, and some festooned with garlands. Everybody was thrilled by the sight; eyes were dimmed with tears of gladness, and many of the people broke through all restraint, rushed into the street, and pressed their lips upon the folds of the standards.

The President was kept busy doffing his hat. He had a way of holding it by the brim with his right hand and waving it from left to right, and occasionally passing his right arm across his breast and resting the hat on his left shoulder. This manual of the hat was original, and had probably been practised with good effect when its wearer was stumping east Tennessee. As each commander in turn passed the reviewing-stand, he dismounted and came upon the platform, where he paid his respects to the President, was presented to the guests, and remained during the passage of his command.

A prominent officer of the engineer brigade, while riding by, led to a slight commotion on the platform. He wore a French chasseur cap, which he had had made of a pattern differing from the strict regulation head-gear in having an extra amount of cloth between the lower band and the crown. As he came opposite the President and raised his sword in saluting, he paid an additional mark of respect by bowing his head. At the same moment the horse, as if catching the spirit of its rider, kicked up behind and put down its head. This unexpected participation of the horse in the salute sent the officer's head still lower, and the crown of his cap fell forward, letting out the superfluous cloth till it looked like an accordion extended at full length. The sight was so ludicrous that several of us who were standing just behind the President burst out into a poorly suppressed laugh. This moved him to turn squarely round and glare at us savagely, in an attempt to frown down such a lack of dignity before, or rather behind, the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

For nearly seven hours the pageant was watched with unabated interest; and when it had faded from view the spectators were eager for the night to pass, so that on the morrow the scene might be renewed in the marching of the mighty Army of the West.

The next day the same persons, with a few exceptions, assembled upon the reviewing-stand. At nine o'clock Sherman's veterans started. Howard had been relieved of the command of the Army of the Tennessee to take charge of the Freedmen's Bureau, and instead of leading his old troops he rode with

Sherman at the head of the column, his armless right sleeve giving evidence of his heroism in action.

Sherman, unknown by sight to most of the people in the East, was eagerly watched for, and his appearance awoke great enthusiasm. His tall, spare figure, war-worn face, and martial bearing made him all that the people had pictured him. He had ridden but a little way before his body was decorated with flowery wreaths, and his horse enveloped in garlands. As he approached the reviewing-stand the bands struck up "Marching through Georgia," and played that stirring air with a will. This was the signal for renewed demonstrations of delight. When he had passed, he turned his horse into the White House grounds, dismounted, and strode rapidly to the platform. He advanced to where the President was standing, and the two shook hands. The members of the cabinet then stepped up to greet him. He took their extended hands, and had a few pleasant words to say to each of them, until Stanton reached out his hand. Then Sherman's whole manner changed in an instant; a cloud of anger overspread his features, and, smarting under the wrong the Secretary had done him in his published bulletins after the conditional treaty with Johnston, the general turned abruptly away. This rebuff became the sensation of the day. There was no personal intercourse between the two men till some time afterward, when General Grant appeared, as usual, in the rôle of peace-maker, and brought them together. Sherman showed a manly spirit of forgiveness in going to see Stanton in his last illness, manifesting his respect and tendering his sympathy.

Sherman's active mind was crowded with the remembrance of past events, and he spent all the day in pointing out the different subdivisions of his army as they moved by, and recalling in his pithy and graphic way many of the incidents of the stirring campaigns through which they had passed.

Logan, "Black Jack," came riding at the head of the Army of the Tennessee, his swarthy features and long, coal-black hair giving him the air of a native Indian chief. The army corps which led the column was the Fifteenth, commanded by Hazen; then came the Seventeenth, under Frank P. Blair. Now Slocum appeared at the head of the Army of Georgia, consisting of the Twentieth Corps, headed by the gallant Mower, with his bushy whiskers covering his face, and looking the picture of a hard fighter, and the Fourteenth Corps, headed by Jefferson C. Davis.

Each division was preceded by a pioneer corps of negroes, marching in double ranks, with picks, spades, and axes slung across their brawny shoulders, their stalwart forms conspicuous by their height. But the impedimenta were the novel feature of the march. Six ambulances followed each division to represent its baggage-train; and then came the amusing spectacle of "Sherman's bummers," bearing with them the "spoils of war." The bummers were men who were the forerunners, flankers, and foragers of the army. Each one was often his own commanding officer. If a bummer was too short-sighted to see the enemy, he would go nearer; if he was lame, he would make it an excuse to disobey an order to retreat; if out of reach of supplies, he would wear his clothes till there was not enough of his coat left to wad a gun, and not enough of his shirt to flag a train. He was always last in a retreat and first in an enemy's smoke-house. In kindling his camp-fire, he would obey the general order to take only the top rail of the neighboring fences, but would keep on taking the top rail till there were none of the fences left. The trophies of his foraging expeditions which appeared in the review consisted of pack-mules loaded with turkeys, geese, chickens, and bacon, and here and there a chicken-coop strapped on to the saddle, with a cackling brood peering out through the slats. Then came cows, goats, sheep, donkeys, crowing roosters, and in one instance a chattering monkey. Mixed with these was a procession of fugitive blacks—old men, stalwart women, and grinning picaninies of all sizes, and ranging in color from a raven's wing to a new saddle. This portion of the column called forth shouts of laughter and continuous rounds of applause.

Flowers were showered upon the troops in the same profusion as the day before, and there was no abatement in the uncontrollable enthusiasm of the vast assemblage of citizens who witnessed the march.

Comparisons were naturally instituted between the Eastern and Western armies. The difference was much less than has been represented. The Army of the Potomac presented a somewhat neater appearance in dress, and was a little more precise in its movements. Sherman's army showed, perhaps, more of a rough-and-ready aspect and a devil-may-care spirit. Both were in the highest degree soldierly, and typical representatives of the terrible realism of relentless war.

At half-past three o'clock the matchless pageant had ceased. For two whole days a

nation's heroes had been passing in review. Greeted with bands playing, drums beating, bells ringing, banners flying, kerchiefs waving, and voices cheering, they had made their last march. Even after every veteran had vanished from sight the crowds kept their places for a time, as if still under a spell and unwilling to believe that the marvelous spectacle had actually passed from view. It was not a Roman triumph, designed to gratify the vanity of the victors, exhibit their trophies, and parade their enchained captives before the multitude: it was a celebration of the dawn of peace, a declaration of the reestablishment of the Union.

GRANT'S PLACE IN MILITARY HISTORY.

GENERAL GRANT now stood in the front rank of the world's greatest captains. He had conquered the most formidable rebellion in the annals of history. The armies under his immediate direction in Virginia had captured 75,000 prisoners and 689 cannon; the armies under his general command had captured in April and May 147,000 prisoners and 997 cannon; making a total of 222,000 prisoners and 1680 cannon as the achievement of the forces he controlled.¹

Most of the conspicuous soldiers in history have risen to prominence by gradual steps, but the Union commander came before the people with a sudden bound. Almost the first sight they caught of him was at Donelson. From that event to the closing triumph of Appomattox he was the leader whose name was the harbinger of victory. He was unquestionably the most aggressive fighter in the entire list of the world's famous soldiers. He never once yielded up a stronghold he had wrested from his foe. He kept his pledge religiously to "take no backward steps." For four years of bloody and relentless war he went steadily forward, replacing the banner of his country upon the territory where it had been hauled down. He possessed in a striking degree every characteristic of the successful soldier. His methods were all stamped with tenacity of purpose, originality, and ingenuity. He depended for his success more upon the powers of invention than of adaptation, and the fact that he has been compared at different times to nearly every great commander in history is perhaps the best proof that he was like none of them. He realized that in a sparsely settled coun-

try, with formidable natural obstacles and poor roads, and in view of the improvement in range and rapidity of fire in cannon and small arms, the European methods of warfare and the rules laid down in many of the books must be abandoned, and new means devised to meet the change in circumstances. He therefore adopted a more open order of battle, made an extensive use of skirmish-lines, employed cavalry largely as mounted infantry, and sought to cultivate the individuality of the soldier instead of making him merely an unthinking part of a compact machine. He originated the cutting loose from a base of supplies with large armies and living off the invaded country. He insisted constantly upon thorough coöperation between the different commands, and always aimed to prevent operations of corps or armies which were not part of a joint movement in obedience to a comprehensive plan. His marvelous combinations, covering half a continent, soon wrought the destruction of the Confederacy; and when he struck Lee the final blow, the coöperating armies were so placed that there was no escape for the opposing forces, and within forty-seven days thereafter every Confederate army surrendered to a Union army. He had no hobby as to the use of any particular arm of the service. He naturally placed his main reliance in his infantry, but made a more vigorous use of cavalry than any of the generals of his day, and was judicious in regulating the amount of his artillery by the character of the country in which he was operating.

His magnanimity to Lee, his consideration for his feelings, and the generous terms granted him, served as a precedent for subsequent surrenders, and had much to do with bringing about a prompt and absolute cessation of hostilities, thus saving the country from a prolonged guerrilla warfare.

He was possessed of a moral and physical courage which was equal to every emergency in which he was placed. He was calm amid excitement, patient under trials, sure in judgment, clear in foresight, never depressed by reverses or unduly elated by success. He was fruitful in expedients, and had a facility of resource and a faculty of adapting the means at hand to the accomplishment of an end which never failed him. He possessed an intuitive knowledge of topography, which prevented him from ever becoming confused as to locality or direction in conducting even the most complicated movements in the field. His singular self-reliance enabled him at critical junctures to decide instantly ques-

¹ These figures relate to the final campaign alone. The whole year's captures were of course much larger.

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tions of vital moment without dangerous delay in seeking advice from others, and to assume the gravest responsibilities without asking any one to share them.

His habits of life were simple, and he enjoyed a physical constitution which enabled him to endure every form of fatigue and privation incident to military service in the field. His soldiers always knew that he was ready to rough it with them and share their hardships on the march. He wore no better clothes than they, and often ate no better food. There was nothing in his manner to suggest that there was any gulf between him and the men who were winning his victories. He never tired of giving unstinted praise to his subordinates. He was at all times loyal to them. His fidelity produced a reciprocal effect, and is one of the chief reasons why they became so loyally attached to him. He was never betrayed by success into boasting of his triumphs. He never underrated himself in a battle; he never overrated himself in a report.

General Sheridan, in his "Memoirs," says of his chief, in speaking of the later campaigns: "The effect of his discomfitures was to make him all the more determined to discharge successfully the stupendous trust committed to his care, and to bring into play the manifold resources of his well-

ordered mind. He guided every subordinate then, and in the last days of the rebellion, with a fund of common sense and a superiority of intellect which have left an impress so distinct as to exhibit his great personality. When his military history is analyzed after the lapse of years, it will show even more clearly than now that during these, as well as his previous campaigns, he was the steadfast center about and on which everything else turned."

General Longstreet, one of his most persistent foes on the field of battle, says in his reminiscences: "General Grant had come to be known as an all-round fighter seldom, if ever, surpassed; but the biggest part of him was his heart." And again: "As the world continues to look at and study the grand combinations and strategy of General Grant, the higher will be his reward as a soldier."

While his achievements in actual battle eclipse by their brilliancy the strategy and grand tactics employed in his campaigns, yet the extraordinary combinations effected, and the skill and boldness exhibited in moving large armies into position, should entitle him to as much credit as the qualities he displayed in the immediate presence of the enemy. With him the formidable game of war was in the hands of a master.

THE END.

Horace Porter.

THE CONQUERED.

WE who so eager started on life's race,
And breathless ran, nor stinted any whit
For aching muscles or the parching grit
Of dust upon the lips; who set the face
Only more desperately toward the place
Where the goal's altar smoked, if runners knit
With stronger limbs outran us; we who sit
Beaten at last—for us what gift or grace?

Though we have been outstripped, yet known have we
The joy of contest; we have felt hot life
Throb through our veins, a tingling ecstasy;
Our prize is not the wreath with envy rife,
But to have been all that our souls might be:
Our guerdon is the passion of that strife.

Arlo Bates.

UP THE MATTERHORN IN A BOAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A DAY IN TOPHET," "A JUDICIAL ERROR," ETC.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

PART IV.

V.



SAW Hill's lips move two or three times, but it was impossible to hear a word in the uproar by which we seemed engulfed. Have you ever seen a withered leaf caught in the angle of some big building, and hurled hither and thither, round and round, up and down, almost dropped, perhaps skimming the surface of the ground in search of some peaceful spot on which to rest, and then caught up again and hurled on high, a plaything for the autumn winds? Well, that was precisely the position we were in for what seemed a cycle of time. In reality I suppose not more than a minute or two elapsed before the crashing roar beneath died away, and the last of the avalanche disappeared down the mountain-side. Beneath us, where that strange rushing field had been only a moment before, there lay a great jagged trough, a furrow plowed out by a power before which iron would have been like paper, and steel like wisps of straw. And then, as if the forces of the air lost interest as soon as the great dance was ended, the winds passed in a howling gust, after driving us with only moderate force against the towering wall of the mountain. Here a precipice rose above us, straight and tall; and against this the balloon was lightly tossed now and then, rebounding like a ball, but drawn back again to the rocky cliff as if by a magnet. Probably that was the secret of the unaccountable attraction the *Cloud Queen* exhibited for the earth in preference to the air—an attraction that forced us to be constantly on the alert to push the craft away from projecting points of rock toward which we were continually being drawn perilously near. This slow, seemingly cautious ascent gave the balloon the appearance of feeling its way like a person giddy with the height above and the depth beneath; and it did not take us long to realize that we were enjoying a unique experience, even though our nerves were somewhat shaken. As for Hill, he revived from danger as a gull does from a dash

of spray, and events that would have turned an ordinary man's hair white seemed to him unworthy any special comment.

"How's this?" he asked Clambor, pushing the boat away from an arm of rock that seemed reaching for it. "Does n't this beat your method of climbing?"

"Well, rather!"

"Less exertion required, and, according to my way of thinking, less anxiety."

"Wait a bit," said I. "You may call this trip free from anxieties; but if I get back alive, I mean to pay the premium on my accident policy with humble gratitude and my congratulations to the company."

Hill looked at me quizzically, and nodded to Clambor.

"Pretty poor performance, that, on the fiddle-string of friendship, eh? Here I've pulled him through everything so far, and yet he expresses doubts as to my ability. There's nothing like judging a man's future by his past. However, Jabez and I don't worry, do we, Jabez?"

Being aroused from a light slumber by this question and the prod of a boot-heel, Jabez wagged consent at once—but he was a bit of a wag anyway. He then for the first time became aware of the vicinity of the mountain, and he at once sized it up as a trespasser, and pounced upon it accordingly.

"Can't you read a sign when you see it?" he indignantly inquired of the Matterhorn. "What does 'Keep off the grass' mean, anyhow? 'Come and sit down'? Well, I rather guess not! You'd better go to school, you had."

Jabez paused, but the mountain maintained a haughty silence which irritated him, and he went on:

"I've had my eye on you for some time, and I wish to say right now that of all the ugly-looking mugs I ever saw, yours is the best specimen of that kind of architecture. Wow! Go off and hang yourself to something high, and get out of the way!"

I had often encouraged Jabez to express himself freely, but I had more than once had occasion to lament his tendency to drop at

once into personalities. He ought to have edited a city daily or been a politician. I could see that he was working himself up to a pitch of profanity, and I tried to calm him. This timely effort would no doubt have succeeded had not the edge of the boat caught just then upon a sharp projection of rock beyond Hill's reach. In an instant Jabez had it by the throat.

"You miserable Castle Garden importation, you!" he growled. "What do you get for your vote, anyhow? Fifty cents—eh? And when you've floated it on a deluded democracy, you don't know whether you've voted for justice of the peace or president of the Guatemalan republic, do you?" (Jabez thought he was shaking the mountain savagely, but it was himself chiefly.) "You're a pretty specimen of darkest Africa to be let loose in a civilized world, you are! I'll teach you the difference between a good, free, stand-up-and-fight democracy and a set-down-and-die-away European monarchy before I'm through with you—see if I don't!"

Just then the balloon wrenched us free, and Jabez was flung violently to the bottom of the boat. He picked himself up at once, and scrambled to the side, where he supported himself with his fore paws, panting with rage.

"You just do that again, if you want me to give you what for! You'll want to crawl into your kennel and die when I get through with you next time."

"Go for him, Jabez!" said Hill, encouragingly. "Don't you hesitate to tell that Matterhorn fellow what you think of him. You ease your feelings and hurt his all you want to, and I'll keep the price of board down just as if nothing had happened."

I suppose that men who had climbed up by foot and hand to where we were would not have been in a very hilarious mood. I could imagine the way they would have felt by the way I felt trying to climb out of the crevasse and cutting my steps as I went. That method is pretty hard grubbing. It's like comparing the struggles of the worm with the flight of the butterfly, and almost anyone will admit that crawling is not to be compared with flying. But ballooning goes to your head; it's intoxicating; and I could understand how Hill had grown to the point of absolute physical superiority to fear of airy distances and depths, through familiarity with them and many successful ascents and descents. I knew this to be his position,—I had seen it demonstrated,—and I aspired to share it, although I knew that I could not so easily

shake off that bugaboo of mankind, the fear of death.

"Let's have a look," said Clambor, intently studying the map of rock and glacier and precipice below us. Presently he pointed to a spot some little distance down. "I think it must have been about there I lost my footing and began to slide. By Jove! it's deuced uncomfortable to think my mother and sisters at home believe I've been lost in some awful way here in the Alps. They did n't want me to do the Matterhorn."

"You mean they did n't want the Matterhorn to do you," amended Hill. "But you will probably find out that every one thinks a great deal more of you now than before your demise—and that's not intended as any reflection on you or on their powers of affection. It's the way of the world. A man has to die to find out how much he is really worth in cash and character—and then others find it out, not he. It amounts to this, that a man never can get a proper estimate of himself."

"Quite so," assented Lord Clambor, readily; and he seemed wonderfully cheered by this view of the case. I concluded that perhaps some English maiden on whom his young affections were riveted might have been obdurate—until she knew he had fallen off the Matterhorn. Women are like that sometimes. When a man is here they wish him somewhere else; and when he's dead at last they want him back again. At any rate, dead or alive, they like him none the worse for having done something really big, and Lord Clambor certainly had. We had seen him do it, and could witness his claim.

We were now at that portion of the final precipice guarding the top of the mountain from which four of the seven men composing the first party ever making a successful ascent up that terrible height had fallen to destruction while descending. Such toll the giant claimed of those who passed his gate of victory failing to read the sign:

"Here thou shalt not."

Above us were the overhanging turrets of the monster's castle, and below us a drop of nearly a mile to the glacier's hard bed. Now and then we passed bits of rope attached to the rocks, as blackened as frosted ferns, and tasseled with icicles from the tips of which the water dripped in the sun. Thin, glass-like ice clung to corners where the heat had not yet penetrated, while the exposed points were wet and warm, steaming in the cold air as the south slant of a roof will in a February thaw. The thought that

little human things were ambitious to crawl over that stony countenance, to play hide-and-seek with death in the frowns of that awful face, where a false step would flit them into eternity as if the giant shook his head, was appalling to me. But it made the true sportsman's blood in Lord Clambor's veins tingle with enthusiasm. He exclaimed. He was enchanted. He even forgot his monocle; and the passage of expression over his physiognomy, disturbing surfaces unaccustomed to it (like the big Alpine face before us), displaced the glass, and it fell continually like loosened rocks from the mountain's face.

"St. George and the dragon!" he cried presently, "this is what I call ripping fine sport."

"How does it compare with golf?" asked Hill, blandly.

"Well, you know it's different—quite different."

"Does n't work in links, eh? Now there's polo, for instance: how does polo compare with ballooning?"

But I interrupted. I did not propose to have the young lord quizzed into another facial paralysis.

"I should say those two sports were about alike so far as promise of a broken neck is concerned. You can do it in either game, ballooning or polo. Exceptional facilities offered in steeplechasing, too."

"Quite so," agreed Clambor, evidently relieved.

"Now," cried Hill, abruptly, leaning out and looking up, "take a last look at Zermatt and the Gorner Grat, for we are going to inspect Italy next. Gentlemen, I congratulate you upon having done what no man has ever accomplished before you: you have made the ascent of the Matterhorn in a boat!"

Hardly had his words reached our ears, and the realization of what they meant made itself clear to us, than we were on the ridge of the mountain. As every one knows, the top of the Matterhorn bears the same relation to the rest of it that the spinal column bears to the bulk of the human body. But there is this difference: the body of the Matterhorn slopes away sheer and precipitous from the narrow line of its backbone, so to speak. Our boat caught, and for a few moments we looked along that uninviting ledge of schistose rock and snow, no wider in some places than the saddle of a hobby-horse, and as gnarled as the knuckles of age. It was literally a ledge of rock seemingly resting on the air, a sliver of terra firma up-

tilted into space, and apparently defying gravitation and every law ascribed by the finite to the infinite mind as contrived to preserve the equilibrium of terrestrial things. Hill swung a switch, and I knew by the sound that he had lowered the anchor-claw.

"You may as well get out," he said airily—as might have been expected. "This boat touches here to discharge cargo and load. Ten minutes' stop for inspection. Trading or bartering with the natives prohibited."

I had never felt any mountainward-soaring ambition, so I merely put one leg over and touched my toes to earth. It was enough to justify any statement I might wish to make thereafter about having actually "set foot" on the Matterhorn. But Lord Clambor scrambled out eagerly, and began collecting pieces of rock. He had filled one pocket when Hill said to me:

"I wonder if he is thinking of taking home a load from this quarry—enough to build an ancestral hall, or something?"

Jabez had looked over the edge of the boat, and decided there was no attraction for him in the lay of that land, at which he sniffed suspiciously; and when our English visitor came on board once more we were ready to weigh anchor and sail on. But by one of those contrarities of fate by which persons depending upon electricity are sometimes annoyed, we did neither the one nor the other. We could neither weigh nor away. In vain Hill touched buttons and wielded switches. Like a penny-in-the-slot machine, we were out of order. The anchor-claw was overboard and gripping the Matterhorn like grim death. The cable that held it might have been filed, for it was not as big as a barrel nor as long as a crusader's pedigree; but, like Mercutio's wound, it was "enough," for it was out of reach even if we had been provided with a file, which we were not. And cold! Gods of the arctic regions and snow-mountains, how cold it was! The thermometer did not say this, but we felt it keenly, for there was a bleak wind blowing, and it pierced to the bone. Moreover, we had been comparatively comfortable in the crevasse until we lighted the gas—or found it, rather. Then, what with our exertions and excitement, we had been far too warm. As a matter of fact, we were drenched with perspiration, and considering that Hill and I were both incased in two suits of the thickest procurable all-wool underwear, this was not surprising. We had not dared to lay off a pair, knowing that we should need both as soon as we were out again. Lord Clambor wore thick silk and a

knitted sweater under his jacket, so he was not so uncomfortably warm below, and naturally did not find it so freezingly cold above. Jabez, too, having been less inconvenienced by temperature of one kind, was not so susceptible to the change.

Hill took up some planks, and went to work in what would have been the hold if we'd had one, and left us time to spare in the contemplation of our surroundings. There may be things or places in this world more beautiful than the panorama beneath us. I have seen some spots in Japan that I thought lovelier than any known portion of the globe,—known to me, I mean to say,—and I have championed the Himalayas, and Darjeeling, with its glimpse of Kunchinjinga, many a time. Also, I have waxed eloquent (after the third course) at many a dinner when I dwelt in memory upon the beauties of that hill of the Moors,—that European treasure-house of Oriental history in tangible form,—the Alhambra, with the Darro flowing under its walls, and the snowy Sierra Nevada glimpsing the sky beyond it. And then there is Ceylon, the Garden of Eden—but all these comparisons are futile. There is no place like the Matterhorn. I shall not try to describe it, for it would be impossible to do it justice. Besides, we were viewing it under disadvantageous circumstances. There we were, anchored to a rock, with no certainty of ever letting go our hold, with no spiked shoes or guides or ropes, with no lanterns, no experience, no toboggan—no nothing of anything that is usually considered essential to climbing up or down a cold, unsympathetic mountain like the Matterhorn. There was a certain anxiety connected with our position which any conservative man can understand. And all the while I did Hill full justice—as much justice as any man ever gets in this world. I took reasonable account of what he had done, but I held to the knowledge that human ingenuity is fallible, and that, however brilliant his achievements might have been in the past, there was no telling what disaster might overtake him yet.

So while he tinkered with his machinery Clambor and I looked at the world: at all the horns of the Alps—the Rimpfischhorn, the Breithorn, the Rothhorn, the Gabelhorn, none like the one that impaled us. We had not even the satisfaction of knowing that our dilemma had two horns, and that we were between. The Matterhorn was built like a rhinoceros, and we were fast to the business end. Our only comfort—and it was a cold one, as cold as a refrigerator-car—lay in our

view. Mont Blanc towered over everything about it, a white mountain of grand proportions. Other peaks stood about like ninepins about a hunchback player. At one side there was a Niagara (reproduced upon a large scale) of clouds tumbling and boiling over a mountain damming the Italian skies; and these nebulous torrents, so tangible to the eye, melted suddenly into a different temperature, and vanished like some lost river of the air.

Hill lifted his head presently to catch breath. "Don't go ashore again," he said. "If we ever get shut of this grab-bag game, we may leave suddenly, without blowing a whistle."

He continued to putter with his electrical apparatus, and we continued to contemplate the beauties of nature in lofty altitudes, for perhaps another quarter of an hour. No one seemed to feel communicative. It makes a difference in one's conversational ability whether one has anything to say or not. Speaking for myself, and I judged that Clambor felt as I did, my intellectual energies were devoted to the problem of how we were going to get down in case the balloon could not be released. I did not see that we were any better off than we were in the crevasse. Then we were afraid that something was going to fall on us, and now we were afraid that we were going to fall on something. Neither Hill nor I was a mountain-climber, and Clambor's record was not distinguishing. He might better be listed with mountain-tumblers; and I could see by the anxious pucker in the brows over the monocle that he had small relish for a return to earth by pedestrian methods. In my own mind I suspected that, for a while at least, his nerve was pretty well shaken. As to Hill, he was not to be considered speculatively. He could be depended upon as being game to the last, and he might get the machine in shape—he had pulled us along so far. But I felt gloomy. Pretty soon he bobbed up again.

"Well," said he, "we may as well take our midday repast here as anywhere."

"I like that," said I, with my best ironical inflection, "considering the fact that we have nothing to repast on."

He looked at me for a moment with both eyes, and then he slowly and impressively shut one, and looked at me with the remainder of his optical equipment.

"You just hop out and gather a few icicles, won't you? I'll melt them for drinking-material."

"I say," said Clambor, "let me."

"My young friend," remarked Hill, earnestly, "I have caught you on the fly once when you came flying down, and I have cheerfully assisted you to come flying up to our present exalted station in life. I have done these things at great expense and with exceeding labor, but I protest against your getting up any further entertainment. If you take a header from this quarter of the globe now it will be U P with you; so compose yourself and sit still. But you"—to

it, and hitched along slowly. The wind was rising, and as I worked away from the boat, it seemed to pierce the side of my body most exposed to it with sharp, hornet-like stings.

"Look sharp!" shouted Clambor. "If he stumbles you'll come a deuce of a cropper."

"Keep a tight rein!" yelled Hill. "If he kicks up you're a goner."

They were having a good time at my expense, and I thought if it pleased them it



"KEEP A TIGHT REIN!"

me—"you shatter your composure for a minute, and fetch me an armful of icicles. I'll have the steak ready in a jiffy."

"Steak!" exclaimed Clambor.

"Steak!" yelled I.

"Steak!" barked Jabez.

"You did n't suppose I was going to come away from any such refrigeration as that with an empty larder, did you? Our bill of fare might be more varied, gentlemen, but I doubt if it could be more sustaining." He opened a little cupboard where he had stored provisions when we had any, and having lighted the gridiron, as he called it, proceeded to lay a big mule-steak upon it.

"Why," said I, as I crawled cautiously overboard, "I had been thinking what fools we were to come off without a mouthful."

"I'm not such a fool as I look," retorted Hill. "Will you get those icicles, or won't you?"

I finally managed to get out,—feeling curiously stiff in the joints, which I attributed to sitting still so long,—and started icicle-hunting. I soon found that it was not safe for me to try to walk on that narrow ledge, because of giddiness; so I sat astride

certainly did not displease me. An occasional appetizing smell of roasted flesh was wafted to me, and it did a great deal toward keeping me in good humor. I suspected it also raised their spirits.

"I say, is n't he going to bolt?"

"Somebody head off that mule—he's got the bit between his teeth."

"I saw Buffalo Bill in London, don't you know; and upon my word, he exhibited nothing like this. He had some ripping rough-riders, too."

"Ladies and gentlemen, you will now see an unequalled exhibition of skill and daring by Texas Tuck, the world-renowned and only King of the Bucking Bronco Steerers, rounding up a herd of icicles over a piece of the roughest riding in the world."

"You fellows can come out here and round up your own icicles in about one minute—if I hear much more of your cheek," said I. I had my pockets full of young and presumably tender specimens, and two or three big, hard-shelled samples were under my arm, so I concluded to turn around and go back. They both gave me the benefit of their advice over this movement.

"Pull hard on the right rein, and grip tight with your knees," contributed Clambor.

"You 'd better tack, if you can," hailed Hill. "Take in a reef, and try not to run us down."

I scrambled up to a wider place, and turned around. It was wide enough for me to lose sight of the precipice below, and I felt that I could shake my fist at the mockers without shaking myself off the mountain; so I did it with all the muscle I could muster. The process of lifting my arm was exceedingly tiresome, and as to getting up and down as I had been obliged to do in order to accomplish the turn, I was amazed to find that the stiffness I had at first noticed chiefly in my joints now seemed to extend all over me. My back might have been eighty years old, so far as its youthful spring was concerned. But I managed to start back without accident. The *Cloud Queen*, glittering like a silver corselet, and showing glimpses of changing color between the links of fine metal lace, was swaying in the freshening breeze as gracefully as a lily on its stalk. I could see the anchor-claw gripped on a boulder below, and the boat itself grazed the top of the mountain and shone resplendently. Flashes of light from its mirror-like surface dazzled my eyes as the sunshine caught it; and what with the blue above and the distance and depth all about, it was a magnificent spectacle. Hill and Lord Clambor grinned like demons over the side, and Jabez had his pointed nose aimed at me as it rested between his paws.

"You 'll need some patching done when you get home," said Hill, as I drew alongside. "I should say the effects of that exercise would beat cellar doors all to pieces." He reached over the edge and relieved me of the icicles under my arm, and I contrived with great effort to climb back unassisted. Then I emptied my pockets of their cold cargo, and rolled myself up in my blanket. Hill melted an icicle, poured in some brandy, and served it all round.

"Grog it is when tea it is not," said he, with unimpaired cheerfulness. He kept up a continuous fire of funning all through the meal, and when it was finished went back to work on his machinery, smoking like a chimney. We found solace in tobacco, too; but I could not get the idea of my strange sensations out of my head, and conversation languished on my part. The wind blew ever fiercer and fiercer, and our position was becoming more and more unpleasant. In case of any phenomenal disturbance of the air, the balloon might be beaten down against the

rocks, torn to pieces, perhaps blown clean away from the boat. In any event, that meant an immediate capsizing of our craft and an indiscriminate spilling of passengers down the mountain-side. In lulls of the increasing gale we could hear detonations of varying degrees of sound below, where detached boulders started on their rounds of echoing leaps, touching the earth at intervals with explosive pops like the discharging of guns. These died away in the abysmal depths, and according as they were big or little, few or many, they resembled the sharp rattle of small arms, the boom of big guns, the roaring of artillery, or the all-enveloping thunders of an avalanche. Clouds began to roll about us as we poised perilously on the topmost brink. The world was shut away, and we seemed to be the focusing-point of an Alpine blizzard, in the thick snows of which the *Cloud Queen* was lost to sight above, as the farthest parts of a ship melt into nothingness in a fog at sea.

VI.

THE violence of the storm abated after a couple of hours, and then the snow fell gently, bringing the darkness with it. I never saw such flakes. If Mother Winter was picking her geese in the cold clouds above us, she owned a remarkable flock. Judged by the size of the feathers on the Matterhorn, her geese must have been ostriches. These huge flakes fell softly about us, obliterating the rocks, and changing the outline of the knife-back of earth to which we were moored. After a time this also ceased; but the moon and the stars were obliterated by dense clouds. Hill had succeeded in getting all his electrical contrivances in order—except the anchor-claw, of course. We could have done without all the others, and naturally they were what we had at our disposal. It was cheerful, however, to have the light-gun to fire into the darkness about us. It turned the mountain into a lighthouse, and, we afterward learned, carried consternation into the towns below, where people forsook their beds to marvel and wonder if a star had fallen and caught upon the peak—a star the light of which was often obscured by drifting clouds. Every guide within sight started that night to make the ascent and investigate the phenomena, and one party already *en route* turned back under the impression that the Matterhorn was developing volcanic symptoms. I asked Hill what effect he thought the light-balls would

have upon the imaginations of the inhabitants, and he said:

"None whatever. They probably look no bigger than lightning-bugs at this distance."

"But they move," I persisted; "and I believe they are reflected upon the clouds beyond and increased until they present a very noticeable illumination."

In point of fact, this was actually the case, and the light-gun of the *Cloud Queen* revived those old legends concerning the city of demons on the peak—that ghostly city superstitious folk believed in until human eyes had actually seen the top at close quarters. Even then there were those who said that a phantom city could not be visible in the sun, anyhow; but had not they themselves seen it—tower and battlement, wall and dome, uplifted often and often against the skies, tipped with roseate hues at sunrise, or standing black and grim against the clouds at night? Of course; they had seen it with their own eyes. And now strange will-o'-the-wisp lights streamed from this goblin stronghold. Perhaps the cycle had come round,—the hundred years or the thousand years,—the gala time when the castle was gay with the ghost of beauty, and the fortress was manned by shadowy yeomanry whose thin blades dazzled weirdly in the moonlight. For the moon was rising over some white shoulder of the Alps, and like a silver sea the clouds had melted before her. The sight was magnificent beyond description.

I had noticed that Hill had been quiet for some time, talking but little, though when he did speak it was in his usual happy-go-lucky style. I had hesitated to say anything concerning my own feelings, for I felt we had enough to worry about without adding any new and inexplicable ailment of one of us to the situation. We had managed to rig a blanket over the boat during the snow-storm, and this we had taken off, shaken as well as we could, and when it came time to go to sleep we had tried to wrap up as usual. I was half dead for sleep, and yet I was unable to move hand or foot, and the knowledge of this kept me from closing my eyes.

"We shall have to help Jabez keep dog-watches through the night," said Hill. I felt that I could remain silent no longer.

"Hill," said I, "I'm sorry to say anything about it, but there is something wrong with me."

"The deuce, you say!"

"No, I did n't say the deuce, but I feel deuced queer."

"Egad! I've been feeling that way myself for the last twelve hours."

"You don't say!"

"It's a fact, though. Lord Clambor, are you O. K.?"

"Never more fit in my life, bar nothing but too much appetite for too little dinner."

"Jabez," said I, "come out here, you beggar. How do *you* feel?"

Jabez came wriggling out from under the blanket, and I saw at a glance that he was in possession of all his faculties. I drew a sigh of relief. Thank Heaven, we had two able-bodied passengers! We all looked at one another, and I could see Clambor's eye-glass fairly twinkling with interest.

"I say," said he to Hill, "are you feeling seedy?"

"Seedy!" retorted Hill. "I've gone to seed. I'm nothing but a dry and lifeless pod. I can turn my head and my wrists, and wriggle my fingers, but that is the end of my abilities."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Clambor, genuinely alarmed. The monocle glittered in the moonlight like the diamond-crusted hilt of Excalibur in the eyes of good Sir Bedivere. He looked apprehensively at me, and Hill said judicially:

"Holdem, state your symptoms."

"I have n't any," said I; "I have n't a symptom to hang a statement on. I have no pain, I think as clearly as ever, I see as well as ever, my mouth does not taste livery; but I've had a stroke. I can turn my head as you can, and have the use of my hands as you have; but otherwise I'm a dead man."

"How very extraordinary!" exclaimed Clambor.

"Yes," I went on; "I've either had a stroke, or else I'm frozen to death and don't know it."

"Same way with me," said Hill. "I expect it was exposure in that confounded crevasse."

"Oh," groaned I, not with pain, but mental anguish, "they say death by freezing is painless. Maybe that's what ails us."

Clambor unrolled, and went to first one and then the other. He felt us over carefully, and tried to take our pulses. I suppose he wished to do something professional to cheer us up.

"Aw," said he, with due deliberation, "you—aw—you can't be frozen, you know. You're warm."

"Do you know anything about medicine?" I asked. He was obliged to admit that he did not. It was like his British cheek to give an opinion about something he knew nothing at all about. Was n't science always making

new discoveries? Were not medical reports always full of unprecedented cases and diseases that the medicos had to think up new names for? And freaks—were there any prospects of ever getting to an end with freaks? How, then, did he presume to say that we were not frozen just because we were warm? Mighty little he knew about it! But he wrapped us up in blankets just as if he thought they would do us good, and went on with his asinine driveling.

«On the other hand, you are not feverish. I've had fever myself,—a jolly bad spell of it, too,—so I know it is n't fever.»

Fever! Two men dead from frost, and yet suspected, even, of having fever!

«Do you think you could let me see your tongue?» Clambor next asked me. Idiot! But I knew he had his hands full with us both, so I was willing to gratify him to that extent if it would make him feel any better. It could do me no harm, even exposing it to



«LET ME SEE YOUR TONGUE.»

the night air like that. He did not know how to shoot with our light-gun, so he scratched a match, and burned the brimstone under my nose while he examined that tongue as if he were trying to decipher hieroglyphics on an obelisk. He would have looked wise and made me keep my mouth open until I had chilled my lungs and added pneumonia to my other miseries, had not Jabez taken an interest in the examination, and tried to crawl down my throat, which gave me an excuse to shut my mouth without appearing rude. But when Clambor scrambled over to Hill on his errand of mercy, and scratched another match to illuminate another tongue, Hill was rude.

«Get out!» said he, not considering the

difficulties attending that instruction if Clambor tried to follow it. «You would n't know a human tongue from a pickled sheep's or a smoked beef's if you saw all three on a plate together. I won't have any man but a dentist prying into my mouth, and I never had one of them try it but I came within an ace of knocking him into the middle of next week. My tongue is all right, my lord. You can tell that by the sound— O shades of the great departed!»

I never heard an able-bodied seaman express himself more fluently and eloquently than Hill did during the next six hours. I should have remonstrated with him if his expressions had not agreed so perfectly with my sentiments. As for the Englishman, if he was shocked he managed to conceal it. I could not make out whether it was natural politeness or profanity welling up in him.

«I wish you'd punch some of these buttons for me,» said Hill to Clambor, as viciously as if they had been heads. Under his instructions, Clambor fired off the light-gun, and also turned on the current under the grid-iron. Then, Hill acting as *chef*, with Clambor as a sort of scullery-boy, they cooked the last of our mule-steak.

«We've got to have breakfast now,» Hill explained, «and we might just as well eat everything we have, for I'm going to consume all the electricity in order to release that anchor-claw. It's the only way. I hesitated to do it at first, because I did not want to exhaust our power; but there's no use hesitating any longer. It's our only chance to get off this blankety-blank mountain. I've always wondered how a camel's hump felt; but it seems to me we are doing the hump act now with a vengeance.» He trailed off into broken wanderings that I will not record.

We ate our breakfast at midnight, Clambor feeding us each in turn, like a big one-eyed robin bringing up a brood of phenomenally early birds. But I think to any discerning eye we would have resembled a nest of night-mares rather than a nest of nightingales or robins. We were as helpless as babes; and as a diet of meat and brandy had made our chief want that of something to drink, Clambor finally gave us each an icicle to suck, and Hill and I lay there and glared at each other, like a pair of bad-tempered, overgrown twins in a cradle trying to extract comfort from their bottles. Thus the night passed slowly; but about four o'clock we saw the balls from our light-gun, which had been constantly discharged into the darkness since twelve o'clock, fade gradually away; and after their

disappearance there was a tinkle from our anchor-claw as its strength departed from it. The next moment we rose into the air and floated off, released at last.

Oh, the joy, the satisfaction, of that sensation! the pleasure of seeing that mountain receding over our stern! We felt as Prometheus would if Jupiter had said hocus-pocus over his liver and set him free. And then the sunrise! Catching its heavenly hues, and illuminating like a fleet at sea for some emperor's fête, the valley clouds rose about us, and we descended softly into them as if launched into a fairy ocean. But as the sun rose higher and higher, and the clouds dispersed, and it became necessary for Hill to take our bearings in order that we might make a proper descent, I perceived that he was merely a log like myself, with the use of only his head and his

hands, all three members attached to immovable sticks, as mine were. Clambor executed all orders with cheerful alacrity, and manned the craft, under Hill's direction, as well as any one could, now that we had no complicated machinery to look after. With the coming of daylight our English friend inspected us minutely, and after a deliberation that seemed truly medical he diagnosed our cases as paralysis.

"You be blessed!" said Hill, irreverently. "I tell you, I am not paralyzed. Why, did you ever know a true case that did not extend to the mental faculties, and also affect the facial muscles? Does this look like paralysis?" He winked with his right eye, and then with his left. "Or this?" He elevated his frosted nose, off which the skin was peeling, until it seemed to grow between his eyebrows like a Japanese pug's. "Or this?" He slid his ears up and down on his head, and wound up with a succession of the most awful distortions of countenance that I ever looked at.



«THERE WAS A CRASH.»

"Hill," said I, after I had watched this performance for a minute or two, "you could earn your living making faces for the public. What the world wants is amusement, and I never saw so unique a talent hidden under such a bushel as yours before."

His eyes twinkled, and he took kindly to the idea.

"If I find out that I have ossified, or petrified, or done anything past revision up here, I will remember that suggestion, and try to get a job making faces in a museum."

We had been so entertained by this exhibition that the balloon had been left to its own devices; but now, glancing ahead, we were horrified to see that we were approaching Mont Blanc at railroad speed. It was really Mont Blanc this time, and if we kept on there was no reason to doubt that we should strike about half-way up

the mountain in very short order. I never saw Hill wink so fast, and I knew that all the repressed energy in his body had been transmitted to those lids.

"Throw all these seats overboard!" he shouted. Clambor tumbled us off unceremoniously, and did as directed. "Throw out the blankets!" again yelled Hill, seeing that no effect had been produced. "Throw out the dog—anything that is n't nailed down!"

Now when he said, "Throw out the dog," Jabez knew what he meant as well as I did. He looked at Hill reproachfully, and then, the instinct of self-preservation being strong even in a dog, he tried to hide himself under me. But, fortunately for Jabez and his master, there was something else to do; for by the time the first articles had gone by the board Hill was shouting other orders:

"Pull the valve-rope! It's no use trying to do anything else. Let the gas escape as quick as you can, and when we reach the ground the dangling anchor-claw will break our fall somewhat."

Clambor was adjusting his monocle and squinting about for the rope; but Hill was impatient. Like the average man, his temper was not improved by sickness and adversity.

"Oh, hang the eye-glass!" he shrieked. "Pull the rope, man! pull the rope! Look at that blankety mountain ahead!"

But it was too late. The next moment there was a crash, an explosion, and we were buried under a mass of fine chains and gassy-smelling silk. The balloon had been blown a few feet in advance of us, and I shall always think that saved our lives; for nothing but the mesh of chains over the top of the boat prevented us from being fired right at the mountain when the craft struck. As it was, we were caught by the fallen mass of the balloon, which had itself hit a projecting boulder and collapsed with a big pop like an air-inflated paper bag on a large scale.

I have always admired nerve in a man,—probably because I have none too much of it myself,—and I have regarded Hill as the nerviest person of my acquaintance. But I must say that, for an Englishman, Clambor made a pretty good exhibition of that quality. He struggled until he had freed himself, and then he contrived to pull us up by the shoulders and give us air. Jabez did not require assistance; for, after giving two or three yelps when the crash came, he speedily took account of himself, and finding that he was in good working order, he followed his nose out without loss of time. We were moving, but not with the motionless ease of air-transportation. We seemed to be bumping along like a springless wagon over a bad road, but going at a good pace.

"What's the matter now?" asked Hill, not nearly so tart as before. A danger passed always raised his spirits. It was then that Clambor rose in my estimation to sublime heights of nerve. He had made a wad of the balloon material to sit on, the seats being



«WE STOPPED WITH A JERK.»

gone; and he now took a handkerchief out and polished his monocle as carefully and painstakingly as he ever did in his life. Then he put it on, and steadied himself by a hand on the side of the boat, for we seemed to be increasing our speed.

"I'm blown if we are not on the tail-end of a blasted avalanche!" he said sulkily. But he was just as calm as if he had said, "We are in the Duke of Sutherland's conservatory." I could not help looking at him admiringly.

"Great guns!" cried Hill, his eyes sparkling. He thought a moment, and then exclaimed: "Well, that may be as good a way of getting down as we could wish—if we don't try any leap-frogging over something bigger than we are. I did n't plan the *Cloud Queen* with a view to playing leap-frog, or doing any tobogganing or snowshoe act."

Lord Clambor looked as vexed as if he thought we had put up that avalanche job on him, and for a while he sulked like a salmon. Of course we did not expect him ever to see a joke. As for Jabez, he had barked at the convent, at the clouds, at the flag, at the crevasse, at the mountain, and he now barked at the avalanche. He barked at it from the front, and the rear, and both sides; and from whichever way he saw it, he was unable to discern any virtue in it. In his opinion, it had tumbled, tousled, dissipated, just-been-out-all-night-and-have-n't-combed sort of look that was to the last degree disreputable. So he barked, and Lord Clambor sulked, and Hill and I waited.

The chief objection to going avalanching is that you never know when you are going to stop, or how; and as the same sort of troubles beset you before starting, I feel that I am safe in making the statement that, in my judgment,—based upon experience,—there is nothing about it to warrant its ever becoming a popular pastime. But I

have always advocated the theory that whatever is, is for the best, and I felt more than justified in my belief by the final experiences of that trip. It very often happens that things we can only regret at the time, that seem specially calculated for our vexation or undoing, turn out to be the traditional disguised blessings. For instance, had Clambor pulled that valve-rope when Hill wanted him to, we should have dropped far afield in the avalanche, and been buried somewhere at the foot of the Alps to-day, instead of pursuing our separate vocations (Clambor has none, but he 's married—and married to the girl who would n't have him before he fell off the Matterhorn) as we are. That delay in doing what seemed to be the best and wisest thing at the moment saved us. As it was, we jogged along with the anchor-claw trailing after; and presently this caught on something we had bumped over, and we stopped with a jerk. Lord Clambor and Jabez took headers from where they were sitting; and Hill and I, in our plaster casts, catapulted out indiscriminately, and raked along a little way on our own account after we landed. But the avalanche had gone on.

I received a smart rap on the head from something we passed, and this rendered me unconscious for a few minutes. I remember coming hazily back, and getting a dim glimpse of Clambor at work over Hill. He had a knife in his hands, and had every appearance of being engaged in the operation of skinning him. A horrible thought that Hill was dead and Clambor gone mad flashed through my mind before I again lost consciousness. My next sensations were of blessed freedom, of restored strength and animation in my poor body. I jumped at the conclusion that I had died and gone to heaven; but the sound of unholy laughter and loud barking disabused my mind of that pleasant fiction. I judged I must be in the other place until I recognized Jabez's voice. Then I tried my arms; they moved. I tried my legs; they were alive. I concluded to sit up; and I sat up. Lord

Clambor was holding his sides and shrieking with laughter; and Hill was trying to hold his sides and wipe his eyes at the same time; but he was a little stiff yet. I looked at myself. My hands were red and swollen, and my body was ribbed in red and white of a curiously familiar pattern. A pile of small-sized, thick, shrunken-looking garments lay between Hill and me, and they were raveled and ragged where they had been cut, but in their cast-off estate they bore the same resemblance to the human body that a snake's skin does to his.

"Hill," said I, with a gasp,—I was beginning to comprehend our paralysis, our having been dead, but yet being alive,—"it—it was n't—"

"Yes, it was," gurgled Hill, between hysterical breaths; "all wool, and a yard wide, too." He rolled over on his back, and writhed as if he had recovered the use of himself.

Clambor sat down on a rock left by the avalanche, and said weakly, "Oh, I 'm blown!"

He was, literally. And while he wept for joy, and we joined in, content that he had at



« WE TRUDGED MERRILY TO THE NEAREST TOWN. »

last seen a joke, we also dressed by degrees, as our strength would permit; and Jabez barked and gamboled about like a dog gone mad. We were not even damaged—as Hill said, not even our feelings hurt.

So we trudged merrily to the nearest town. We had lost our balloon and our woolens; but what did it matter? We were ourselves intact, and we had been up the Matterhorn in a boat.

THE END.

Marion Manville Pope.

THE DAYS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,

Author of "The Romance of Dollard," "The White Islander," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

XIV.



HE May afternoon was waning in Compiègne. It had been a golden day for the north provinces at that season of the year, and the city was put in a joyful stir by the coming of the pucelle. She had arrived at dawn, with about five hundred men, from Crépy, and entered on the south side, unseen by the besiegers on the north. Splendidly mounted and equipped, her saddle-cloth made of cloth of gold, a crimson levite belted over her armor, her standard displayed, she cantered with her troops toward the bridge gate; for it had been concerted with the Captain of Compiègne that she should strike and surprise the Burgundians at Margny before the sun went down, cutting off the farther camp of Clairoux from the English at Venette.

It was not the first time the maid had been seen in Compiègne since Easter. In April, when English captains were about to embark fresh troops for France, they refused to go. "The witch is out again," they declared to their angry officers. "It is true she hath not been seen in the north since autumn; but soldiers have this feeling only when she is afield." They deserted in crowds. Beating and imprisonment had no effect on them. Only those who could not escape were forced on board.

Then the Duke of Bedford heard the maid was actually at Melun, and had helped the inhabitants drive out the English garrison. As swiftly, she was at Lagny-sur-Marne, striking English marauders. She had leaped again into the field, for there had never been any truce with the invaders, and Charles's truce with the Duke of Burgundy expired at Easter. The French were renewing their struggle without the king. The Bastard of Orléans, who had been made Count Dunois, was pushing, with the Duc d'Alençon, toward St. Denis. At first it was told in terrified Paris that the maid was coming to renew

her attack. She certainly attempted, both by Soissons and Pont-l'Évêque, to break her way southward. But Compiègne, the most important town of northern France, often besieged and harried by the invaders, holding fast to its loyalty, was at this time threatened by both Burgundians and English. The French captains flocked to the maid. The Duke of Bedford at once issued a proclamation against soldiers and officers who should "be terrified by the enchantments of this pucelle."

Her squire and the Chevalier du Lys, her brother, knew with what force she had sprung into the field. They rode alone with her out of Sully-sur-Loire without the king's knowledge or consent, a few needful things strapped behind their high saddle-backs. It was a three-days' ride to Melun across rough country and up the long ridge of Fontainebleau forest. Pierre thought with hatred of Sully-sur-Loire, the most inhospitable place in France—a many-towered castle, with pointed roofs, and curtains of stone, rising from a river-like moat. It stood beside the Loire; but how dreary was the great river at Sully, running deep along the high bank, and spreading far off in shallows, seeming to cut France off from the north!

At Sully, Pierre had watched day after day in vain for Madeleine Power. The morning the court left Bourges he was early afoot, determined to press his suit again; but a page wearing the De Beuil livery came to him with a message for the pucelle. The demoiselle Power sent word that her marriage was to be postponed, and she was to join the court at Sully. So easy was it for Pierre to believe what was told him that he suspected no trick until La Trémouille's insolent hospitality, which made every mouthful of bread bitter, forced the truth upon him. Madeleine Power was not brought to Sully, and he heard no more of her. He thought of dashing out by himself to Loches. But if he were there, what had he to offer a demoiselle who had merely looked at him? Should he carry her off by violence?

"Pierrelo," Jeanne once said to him, "do you remember the huge red snails about Bermont spring? They must be creeping forth; and all the Meuse valley is quickening with green. I cannot stay here idling any longer, where we are not wanted, and so little time remains to me."

"God he knoweth I have no stomach for this place," answered Pierre, "and less care what becomes of me now, so I go free of it." What lonelier spot was there in France than this old village of worm-eaten carved timbers clustering about a feudal stronghold? And how delicious was the forest of Fontainebleau after Sully-sur-Loire!

The second night the three riders came to a deep oval valley in the forest, a vast cup of white and gray rock. Sunset was behind as they descended into the gorge, a pink flame mounting the sky, sparkles upon sparkles, the rosy smoke sweeping the zenith. And when they had picked their way across, and ascended to the opposite forest level, there, in sand as soft as ashes, rock turned to dust without grain, stood ruined walls which they knew to be the ancient abbey of Franchard, to which a peasant had directed them as a landmark. There was enough roof to shelter them for the night. They heard the bubblings of nightingales; and near them were moss-crusted elms dropping finger-tips of branches almost to the ground, white-pillared, forming cathedral naves in the forest; white birch, pine, and oaks; hills and dales of springing fern. Jeanne closed her eyes, thinking how near also was Paris; and Bertrand closed his, contented to be anywhere with her.

To Bertrand this was the happy spring of his life. He felt riding to heaven alone with her, for Pierre was moody, and lagged. She had grown so accustomed to his tendance that there was communion between them without talk. He had her to himself, depending on his presence, while the English began to feel the coming terror. She told him before she told Pierre that her voices had warned her she was to be taken prisoner before St. John's day. Always reticent in speaking about this unseen counsel, she sometimes turned a startled face toward Bertrand as they rode. Her lips parted; her lifted eyes filled with light. He held his breath.

This twenty-third day of May in Compiègne his nearness to her was incredibly crowned: Jeanne and Pierre and Bertrand took the sacrament in the church of St. Jacques at

the morning mass, kneeling in the fifth small chapel from the entrance, on the right-hand side of the church. As they passed into the aisle it happened that the bells began to chime. Bertrand and Jeanne both lifted their faces. Did he hear a faint tone of some unearthly voice—a sweet, still articulation under the clamor?

Jeanne leaned, pallid, against a pillar opposite the chapel. The paneled and flower-carven wood, supporting shorter stone pillars near the clearstory, threw her face into relief. At once the early worshippers in St. Jacques's church drew toward her, smiling, and some of them secretly touched her. Bertrand had seen her stand godmother to many a baby during her campaigns, and every boy that she held was christened Charles for the king.

"My friends," spoke out Jeanne, "I am soon to be taken and sold into captivity, and then I can never again have it in my power to help France and the king. Pray for me."

Bertrand remembered what awe struck through the listening faces. But the people of Compiègne could not think of such forecasting when the pucelle rode out to make her attack on Margny.

"Did you know," Bertrand inquired, as he helped her mount, "this Captain of Compiègne was appointed to his post by favor of La Trémouille?"

The maid, startled, looked at her squire. "No, I did not. But for the honor of France he is bound to support us in this sally. En nom Dé, if I thought I should be taken at this time I would not go out. God grant I may perish when I am taken, for it is far easier to trust my soul to him than my body to the English. But St. Jean's day is a month distant, and we must do all we can."

Poton de Xantraillies rode beside her, and the setting sun shone on the left side of their faces as they galloped over the lowered drawbridge and the rosy Oise, where archers were taking to boats to support the attack from the river.

The Oise flows southwestward, and Compiègne is on the left bank. A fortified bridge then joined it to the northeast shore, where defensive works were further guarded by a deep foss. Over this a stationary bridge was built, and it seemed the entrance to a high causeway stretching across the marshy meadows. In the north, bounding the wet land, was a low range of hills. Straight ahead, beyond the causeway, could be seen the church tower of Margny, a third of a league from Compiègne, and there lay the

Burgundian camp she meant to strike. Beyond that, and at twice the distance, was Clairoux, the second Burgundian camp, which she meant, by this quick blow at an unexpected hour, to cut off from the English camp at Venette, a half-league to the west of her route.

The archers in the boats saluted the pucelle as the armor of her troops flashed across the Oise bridge. Five hundred strong, the attacking party took at speed the long line of the causeway. A little lower and a little ruddier, the level-lying sun touched the walls of Compiègne and the great forest lying behind them. It promised to be a pleasant May twilight, clear and fair. The waiting bowmen laughed and talked to one another, even after the noise of combat reached them from Margny. The pucelle would doubtless bring in many prisoners. The Duke of Burgundy was himself said to be at Clairoux, and a surprised duke would he be when he found himself suddenly cut off from his allies at Venette.

People on the walls of Compiègne could see what the archers at the river level could not see. Venette was aroused by the clamor in Margny. English troops were streaming out to attack the French rear. Gunners on the walls made haste to train cannon which they dared not fire, and the silenced archers in the boats made ready shafts which they dared not discharge. For back came French and English together, pell-mell, crowding the causeway, pushed off into the marsh, a fighting, struggling mass, the Burgundians of Margny pressing behind; and the Captain of Compiègne did nothing.

The archers, unable to shoot without wounding their friends, gathered refugees into the boats. Alarm-bells were rung in the city; men and women ran to the open gates. The pucelle and her body-guard could be seen covering the rear of her panic-stricken troops. Now she rode back and lashed the pursuers, and now she turned to rally her own soldiers. Her brother and her squire and De Xantrilles, the one captain who never left her, pressing about her, fought with desperate courage. Shouts and the clang of weapons seemed to fill that little sunset world. The entrance to the Oise bridge was wedged with struggling bodies, and horses trampled their own dying riders. The pucelle, when she could no longer cover her troops, conspicuous in her crimson garment, was seen to make a dash for the marshes. Surrounded by Burgundians, she was dragged from her plunging horse by her robe, and yells upon

yells of triumph drowned the noise of battle. The pucelle was taken! It would be shouted long after nightfall at Clairoux by drunken soldiers, and repeated with joyful derision from camp to camp. The witch was caught. Trumpets which usually called to arms shrieked discordant fanfares over this great prisoner. Captains taken with her counted as nothing; they might easily ransom themselves. But the witch of the Armagnacs, worth more than the ransom of a king,—the terror of England,—was at last a captive, dragged off to the Burgundian camp! The Duke of Burgundy would that very hour send out despatches bearing the news to the regent and all Christendom.

Men and women of Compiègne ran struggling across the Oise bridge, as the mob of soldiers cleared away, to fall with any weapon on the rear of their retreating foes. What did English and Burgundians care at that moment for Compiègne? They had done enough that great day. The inspired maid was taken!

It was four days afterward that Jeanne turned in her saddle to watch that dear town of Compiègne grow less in the distance, as she rode among her captors northward along the course of the Oise. A score of men-at-arms guarded her, and wherever a device appeared on their housings, it was the rampant two-tailed lion of Burgundy. Wooded hills lay along the horizon at their left, and at their right, in the low ground, flowed the pleasant Oise.

Jeanne could not speak to her squire, for he was held in charge by troopers at the rear; but she took comfort from the thought: «We are prisoners to the Burgundians, not to the English. While the Lord of Luxembourg, a vassal of the Duke of Burgundy, holds us to ransom, it might be worse with us.»

Pierre and De Xantrilles were yet in the camp at Clairoux, slightly wounded. She hoped she was not going far from them; but late in the day the cavalcade passed Noyon, winding among the path-like streets of the ancient gray town. Huge white oxen, yoked by the horns in many pairs, were crowded to the walls to let them go by. The people of Noyon ran to look at the captive pucelle paraded to their sight; and some were sorrowful, while others, having it in mind to stand well with Burgundy, shouted as she rode with her head bowed. Charlemagne had been crowned in Noyon.

Bertrand noticed with dull attention the carved beam-ends and oaken cross-pieces in

house-fronts, and the little leaded windows. Beyond Noyon he made a landmark of every windmill standing with spread arms against the fading sky. Neither Jeanne nor he had given parole not to escape, but there was small hope of escape. Both were mounted on poor horses, the refuse of the camp.

The moist May night closed over desolate fields as they turned westward into a path lined with no villages and no lights. Remote and lonely exile waited behind unknown horizons. It grew chill, and the jaded horses lagged until they heard the barking of a dog. A cluster of houses where no fires burned skirted the way. Then a moat showed its livid water on the right hand, as the party mounted a short ascent and turned into an orchard.

"What place is this?" inquired Bertrand of his guards.

"This is the tower of Beaulieu."

"I see no tower."

But as they drew nearer to a drawbridge he saw its low top against the sky. It was a round tower of brick, at one end of a long, dusky château. The only lights came through two south windows of this tower. The cavalcade called impatient curses on the keeper before the gates were opened. Bertrand noticed, as they rode across the lowered drawbridge which came down creaking on its unused chains to meet them, an oblong hole in the bricks, about three feet above the water in the moat, made noticeable by shine reflected from a wall within.

One old man held up a candle in the brick-paved court, where the horses were crowded against one another, so near was the opposite wall, and he smiled without teeth at the liberal abuse he received as he locked the gates under the archway again.

Thought Bertrand, "This does not seem a strong place."

"Now, Messire d'Aulon," said the captain of the escort, using the name which Bertrand had given at his capture, "you will do your last service to the maid, and disarm her."

The servants of the party led away the horses. Jeanne was already in the tower, and her squire followed her. She had been stripped in camp of her crimson levite, her courser, and her cloth-of-gold saddle-housings; but the Lord of Luxembourg, her captor, had allowed her to remain in her armor, according to her custom among men in the field.

Many spurs jingled on the paved floor, and as soon as the jailer had turned a huge key behind the prisoner, her escort, taking candles and bidding him bring them firing

and supper in fewer minutes than it had required to open the gates, trooped through another door into the château.

Opposite this door in the tower was a high, shallow fireplace with an oven beside it. On the pot-hanger hung a seething kettle. The lazy blaze and the old man's candle showed brown timbers and many cross-pieces hung with cobwebs overhead, flooring the concave of the tower, and roofing the circular walls. A table, a bench, a kind of lair which could not be called a bed, and some cooking-vessels, were all the furniture.

Jeanne stood spreading her hands before the blaze while Bertrand knelt to unbuckle her mail. Her supple body drooped. He did not let himself say, "This is the last time I shall take off her harness," but his fingers fondled every strap. The cleft between her lower lip and her chin seemed more deeply indented than ever, and her eyes were weary. She was recalling the dark face and broad-tipped nose of Philip of Burgundy, surnamed the Good, whom her king in youth had offended with deadly offense. Her usual distrust of him, which the magnificent man in black velvet had courteously shaken by a few words of pride in her,—being French himself, and unable to repress them,—had begun to revive. She was prisoner to Burgundy's vassal; but would he stand between her and the English?

The old man, trotting from side to side of the tower, paused with his back and hands laden as Bertrand said to him sternly:

"Before you carry fire or food to rough men-at-arms, your duty is to the pucelle. For this unmannerly treatment of such a prisoner your Lord of Luxembourg will hold you to account."

Opening and shutting his mouth with indecision, the jailer put down his loads, and dipped broth from his kettle, and put wine and bread on the table, taking them from a kind of buttery within the château door. He pacified with high-pitched voice impatient calls for his service ringing through empty rooms beyond.

"Where is the pucelle to lodge?" asked the squire, laying down the last piece of her armor.

The old man beckoned, and trotted with his candle down three steps at the left side of the chimney, Jeanne and Bertrand following. He thrust the light beside an iron-clamped oaken door over three steps at right angles to the first descent, showing behind the fireplace a vaulted cell about six feet high and nine feet long and less than three

feet wide. They could hear the lapping of the moat through that slit in the wall which Bertrand had noticed as he crossed the drawbridge, and which let in all the air a prisoner could hope for when the door was shut and locked. The floor was stone. The farther end of the cell was concave.

"I have lain hard many a time," said Jeanne, laughing; "but never before was I put to sleep in a tomb."

"The pucelle is not to be lodged in this dungeon?"

Her keeper nodded.

"Let me lie here," entreated Bertrand. "There must be better places in a château for a noble maid."

"You, messire?" chuckled the old man. "Who cares to hold you? That is simply a matter of ransom between you and your captor. But this is the witch of the Armagnacs."

"Have you no fear of her?"

The jailer shook his head hardily. "I am a Christian man."

"I have known men who called themselves so, yet they durst not move hand or foot when they would approach her," whispered the squire at the old man's ear as he ascended the steps behind that disturbed servitor.

The men-at-arms were by this time clamoring in such wrath that he seized his loads again and ran through the château rooms.

"Quick!" whispered Bertrand, holding the bowl of broth to Jeanne. She understood him, and swallowed. He put some pieces of bread in his pouch while she drank. The jailer's steps had not passed out of hearing on resounding floors within when both prisoners were outside, locking the door behind them.

They turned toward the front of the château, for there seemed no way except this. So habitually had Jeanne let herself be guided by others since the warning of capture had followed her, that she took no thought but Bertrand's, and stooped as he did, running under the windows. Damp greenness, gathered on the outlines of old bricks, came to their nostrils. A wall bounded them on the left, and it turned at right angles on a walk which led to a gate at the top of a terrace. The gate was fast, but it was low, and both scrambled over it. A high balustrade of brick with a coping of stone guarded one side of the stairs; a wall guarded the other.

They were feeling their way downward into the moist darkness when Bertrand

turned and caught Jeanne's hands. He saw the dim guards below, but they had also seen him. Shouts of warders, oaths, and the rattle of swords leaping from scabbards drove them back over the gate. The front of the château flashed with candles, and men dropped from the low windows.

The prisoners, grasped by many hands, faced each other in one look before they were separated. All Bertrand's patience and faithfulness and self-restraint, and his sympathy like a discerning god's, the maid owned and blessed as she lost them. The dungeon closed upon her. She heard no sound but the lapping of the moat.

XV.

THE Old World's reek, a stench left by death and ignorance and sudden flight, met a party of knights and men-at-arms at the entrance of a village. Coucy Castle could yet be seen in the wooded world behind them. The village was empty, and as silent as the withered bush hanging in front of what had been the wine-shop. No dog barked at the cavalcade, and the late afternoon sun probed desolate houses through the open doors. But deserted villages were common in northern France. This one was intersected by a road coming from the west, and at its junction with the road from Coucy the men drew rein and screened themselves by the church wall. Two archers dismounted, and went along the bending street, stooping to examine marks in the dust.

"English," said one of them, pointing with his bow-end at many hoof-prints having a triangular shape. Horseshoes made in France were round, but the English horseshoes had a broader base of iron, forming a triangle in the center.

"Here be the tracks left by Messire du Lys's troop," said the other archer, and they went back with their information.

Both captains pushed up their pointed vizors, showing disturbed faces. "By my baton," swore the broad-backed knight, "if the pucelle's guards have escaped us, Poton, La Hire will curse thee as no fit man to lead a sortie."

"What have these shoe-prints to do with the pucelle's guards?" returned De Xantraillies. "Her guards are Burgundians, the vassals of Luxembourg. Mounted on English-shod coursers they may be; but by this token there is more than one troop to meet, and the Chevalier du Lys will find himself hard pressed on the north road."

"What certain information have you that

the pucelle is to be removed from Beaulieu tower at this time?"

"It is not a far cry from Beaulieu to Coucy. The place hath been watched for me nearly three months, and I know that Luxembourg is about to carry her to his château of Beaufort in the north. It hath a strong, high tower. If you had come to my help sooner, we might have broken into Beaulieu."

"Come to thy help sooner? Had not La Hire enough to do to hold his own town of Louviers, in the very teeth of Rouen, where the English have their stronghold?"

"And not a coin didst thou send to my ransom," continued De Xantrilles, his wrath gathering. "By hardship did I get free, for I never made myself rich with pillage, and the country is destroyed, as thou dost see, about Coucy. The pucelle's ransom I could not pay, but I sent a messenger at once to the king showing her state. It was only this month that I was able to exchange some prisoners I had taken for her brother and her squire; and they added the churchman, Brother Pasquerel, her confessor, who, since he is also ordained to priestly offices, my mother hath employed at Coucy. By St. Martin, I have been too poor this summer to pay for mass and candles."

"Is La Hire rich himself? In running this venture he hath scarce a coin in his strong box stored against need. And Louviers is a slippery holding, while Coucy is impregnable, only to be taken by surprise. And against all counsel thou didst leave it open to surprise, with so few warders, when we rode away."

"Since Compiègne I have few warders to leave. By St. Martin, I cannot make men-at-arms."

"And if thou couldst, they were better patterned on another than thyself."

"I wish I had the making of thee over," said De Xantrilles, savagely. "I would not use a damned atom of thy old substance."

La Hire sat stiff, a head and shoulders below his friend, and glared at De Xantrilles.

"What hath La Hire ever seen in Poton de Xantrilles to love?"

"A well-made man, one able to sit down without holding a great lapful of bowels."

"Well made, thou sayest? Can a man call himself well made who knows not hunger from the backache?"

Having reached this pitch of disagreement, both knights laughed in the hollows of their casques. Their retinues, accustomed to the pair, kept guard, and watched about the church wall for the approach of the pucelle.

"Where is the young Chevalier du Lys, that he was not left in charge of Coucy?"

"Have I not told thee many times I sent him out with part of my retinue to watch the northern road from Beaulieu while we take the southern?"

"If La Hire had reached Coucy in time, that had been better ordered."

"Who made thee captain over me, Étienne de Vignolles?"

"God Almighty," shouted La Hire, standing up in his stirrups. "He gave thee length of legs and arms, but no head; for saith he to himself, 'The fool will lose it; let us make it a separate member, and call it La Hire.'"

"Fat-witted I was never called before," sneered Poton de Xantrilles. "It doth cut me to the heart."

"Whoever doth cut thee to the heart will find no blood on his knife," retorted La Hire.

"Where is Bertrand de Poulengy? Did you send the squire also with the chevalier?"

"Since I must read you the tale of all my men, Bertrand de Poulengy hath been my spy on Beaulieu since he came to Coucy, and it is he that I now expect to give me warning of the maid's approach. He hath a good horse under him."

"That was not ill planned."

"God be praised," said Poton de Xantrilles, "that one device at least was not ill planned."

"Yea, amen; though La Hire dreads winning by this ride a bed that will cool him after the fever in Louviers."

"In God's name, if you were laid low with the fever, La Hire, why have you let me accuse you?"

"To ease thee, Poton; to ease thee. It was the wound taken with Louviers. All flesh is not the flesh of the pucelle, that closes in four or five days."

"Well, then, a truce to words between us. It put me in a rage to ride alone, when we have fought elbow to elbow so long."

"Slit La Hire's tongue if he has offended thee, Poton. Thou art the bride and the son of a ruffian, but the ruffian loves thee."

"I am but half a knight without you," acknowledged De Xantrilles. "If you had been at Compiègne the pucelle had not been taken."

"La Hire is no amulet to keep off evil; but whatever befalls at Coucy, his hand is in thine."

They embraced each other as well as they could in armor and on horseback, and swore that this should be their first and last tilt with words. Their retinues, who had heard

many first and last tilts with words, smiled idly, and pulled leaves to chew or struck at floating mosquitos. The horses moved restless feet, for time was passing, and the sun shone horizontally across the village, throwing longer shadows of the stone houses on unplanted fields.

Its light dazzled the men's eyes, and they drew their lids together, watching through slits for the cavalcade on which they intended to pounce. Some of them had ridden with their masters to Rheims, and they remembered the pucelle's compassion on the French prisoners at Troyes. She would not permit the English garrison to carry them away. So intently had the waiting troops fixed their minds on the west that clashing arms and a whirlwind of pursuit through the crooked northern street took them unawares.

The Chevalier du Lys came into sight, fighting and flying with a handful of men before a full retinue of English. La Hire saw with rage that there was a concerted ambush; for behind, on the Coucy road, galloped another company of English.

It was the evening time when maids drove in their geese, and peasants with laden panniers appeared from the fields. This untenanted village, this graveyard of the people, was filled with a brief resurrection; but it was the life of war—battle-cries, the scream of slaughtered horses, the encounter, ax to ax, sword to sword, club against club. Coucy had been taken by surprise, and the French were surrounded. At dusk victors and prisoners, all who were not left to increase the breath of pestilence among empty stone houses, moved up the ascent to Coucy Castle. An English warder raised the portcullis and let down the drawbridge.

So sudden and ruinous had been the result of this sortie that Pierre beheld the facts about him with slow receptiveness, a peasant's inability to compass the unusual returning upon him. He saw La Hire and De Xantrailles led to the dungeons: Jeanne's two friends—the only friends of all her thousands who had made any attempt to rescue her. And he heard De Xantrailles's mother weeping aloud among her women. And Coucy, the great seat of the Duke of Orléans, vaster and more beautiful than any other feudal hold in the dismembered kingdom, full of such gathered art in marble and paintings as comforted men who had little to live for—a palace suited with everything known as luxury, a fortress proof against assault, had fallen into the hands of the English.

Pierre's captors began to strip off his

armor in the court. There were many of them, talking English and Franco-Norman, and the hubbub calmed him. They seemed to have many prisoners, and to have swept much country in every direction about Coucy. Free companions were among these regular troops. He saw faces scowling at him that he traced slowly back to Lagny-sur-Marne, where Jeanne had dealt with English marauders.

He stood with the great round tower behind him, and was glad of the open night sky and the cool August night air. The underground dungeons at Coucy were deep, yet torches continued to spin about the court, and he was guarded, and not housed as the knights had been. A hand gentler than the hands that had stripped him touched his arm, and there stood Brother Pasquerel fixing dark eyes of pity on him.

"We have added prisoners to the English instead of taking any from them, Brother Pasquerel," said the chevalier. His desperate laugh made the monk sadder. "What will become of my sister now?"

"Think now of thine own salvation, my son. The hour has come."

"What do they intend to do with me?"

Pierre felt the embarrassment of not being able to take the churchman seriously. He said to himself, "I am to die"; but that seemed to matter very little. He knew nothing of death, though he faced it every day; but that it had arrived gave the moment a stinging novelty, and nothing more.

"The free companions in this troop are permitted to take revenge on you for the man who was turned over to justice at Lagny-sur-Marne," said the monk.

"Do you understand their words, Brother Pasquerel?"

"I understand their intentions; but they brought in an illustrious prisoner, who now waits in the chapel for ransom, and he knows their tongue, and has told me what they say. The Archbishop of Rheims, journeying from Bourges to his own diocese, hath been molested by these lawless companions."

"The Archbishop of Rheims," said Pierre, "will find ransom an easy matter to arrange with his friends the English. If I were brother to Messire la Trémouille, my head would be fast enough on my shoulders."

A firm-set head it looked, his undergarment being stripped to the waist, showing the round neck and young pink brawn of the torso.

"You confessed to me this morning, my son," said Brother Pasquerel, as Pierre's

elbows were grasped by his executioners; and the young man had a solemn sense of prayers in his ears as he walked across the court. At the foot of a flight of stone steps leading from one of the towers was a stone block which the knights of Coucy had used in mounting their coursers. Beside it stood the free companion who was to act as headsmen, his sleeves turned well back, and a ferocious readiness in his face. His mighty battle-ax would have beheaded a bull.

Pierre looked up at the filmy sky and all about him, feeling that he had neglected giving to the world all the attention it deserved. This was death—this coming withdrawal from things. He felt already far away, but neither afraid nor regretful. He thought of Jeanne, and of one other, and that reminded him of saying a prayer, which he whispered, his young features as placid as marble, having its fine heroic grain. Brother Pasquerel had absolved many a dying man in the pucelle's first campaign, and in her last, to which he had followed her from Tours. But absolving the dying was an easy religious task compared with seeing the life stuck brutally out of this young chevalier whom he loved. He had been from man to man, pleading against the slaughter with imploring gestures,—for the language of the victors he could not speak,—and they pushed him out of their way. The Archbishop of Rheims, with his frightened retinue, had taken sanctuary in the chapel; and Brother Pasquerel had despairingly asked his intercession, receiving an impatient reply from a prisoner who felt little interest in the pucelle or her relatives.

"The pucelle hath been taken in her stubborn pride," said the archbishop; "she would not listen to counsel, and it is a just judgment that hath fallen upon her. As for this chevalier, I have no power to help him, being hindered on mine own journey, with all these poor people. If Poton de Xantrailles had guarded his own, and left the pucelle and her family to their devices, he could have given me better welcome in Coucy."

Torches showed the intent and savage faces of their bearers gathered about the stone horse-block. Pierre was forced to his knees. His arms were tied behind his back, and on his naked breast from armpit to nipple was ridged a clean red scar. The headsmen spat upon both palms with a zest of anticipation, and Pierre heard the friar's shaking voice like a distant humming of bees as it went on with its office. He looked at the stone, and thought he would stretch

his neck well across the hollow worn by feet. And then he felt his head seized by arms and squeezed against the yielding bosom of a woman, and her draperies about his naked shoulders and over him. Thus shut in and stifled by heavenly odors like linden flowers, he could hear nothing but her heart and the rush of her breath.

His own pulses boomed. Oh, this was dying—to have all he desired in life encompassing him as his head was about to drop! Though Pierre knew his state was fixed, he laughed under Madeleine Power's cloak, exulting over the English, and La Trémouille, and the Archbishop of Rheims. It is better to die in the full flower of joy and effort than to linger even a little late.

The headsmen rested his ax on the stone, for he saw there would be a controversy with this woman, and the Archbishop of Rheims in wrath pushed through the circle to reach his niece. If these favored prisoners had been shut in a tower before the execution began, much trouble would have been saved. Yet the new Captain of Coucy and all his men admired her, standing her ground in a whirlpool of three languages; for every man in the fortress had somewhere a woman in whose arms he secretly longed, yet scarcely hoped, to lay his head in his last hour. Ravaging and killing was their trade, yet a woman might have her way with them, as it had been since the creation, and particularly since Mary the Virgin had been lifted like a lily over Christendom.

"This man is my betrothed husband," declared Madeleine in English. "I claim his life."

"Shame upon you!" spoke her uncle the archbishop at her ear.

"Let her prove it!" shouted some of the torch-bearers, accustomed in their own country to the encroachments of monastic brethren on the offices of priests. "Here is the friar; let him marry them."

"Hold your base tongues," said the new Captain of Coucy. "This demoiselle is niece to his lordship of Rheims and to the little king's chancellor. She is not to be wedded for a show to men-at-arms."

"Off with his head, then! There be plenty of better men to comfort the demoiselle."

"He goes to the dungeon for ransom," decided the captain. "A brother of the pucelle and nephew of the chancellor to the little King of Bourges should bring good ransom."

"Franquet d'Arras was handed over by the pucelle to be beheaded at Lagny," was grumbled under the smoky glare of torches.

"Stand forth, you free riders who are not satisfied with the government of Coucy!" cried the captain, wheeling in his place. "By St. George, there be cells enough under this rock for all of you! To the dungeon with this man, and with every free rider that hath aught to say further about Franquet d'Arras."

Pierre's arms were released. He stood up, dazzled in the torch-light, and took Madeleine openly into them—and the archbishop withdrew from the court, leaving her to her own devices. It had not been at his desire that this half-Scot was thrust on him for discipline. He sent her frightened waiting-woman after her—a middle-aged maid who walked close to the black skirts of Brother Pasquerel.

Chinon was like a large inclosed garden, but Coucy was a perfect feudal castle, with central court and massive ancient round towers. The prisoner and Madeleine followed the jailer and his torch down a winding stone staircase. So close were the circular descending walls that Brother Pasquerel and the attendant and a warder following them found the dangerous stone footing scarcely wide enough for one; but they were not borne up by angels. Pierre and Madeleine walked side by side, and his naked guarding arm grazed the rock. He thought of Bertrand, free, outside of Coucy, and felt sorry for poor Bertrand.

They reached the first underground floor before they remembered that they were forgetting to talk, and this separation might last for years.

"Come on," urged the keeper, waiting below, and lifting his flambeau in the darkness. "We go down to the prisons beneath."

"Oh!" said Pierre and Madeleine, both drawing a breath of relief. There would be another flight of heavenly stairs, though the dungeon door waited like the grave at its foot. At this stage of their journey Madeleine put her arm about Pierre. She slipped into his hand and closed his fingers upon what had now become their love-token, the small purse of coin, the price of Jacques d'Arc's horse in Tours. France was an impoverished country, yet hoarded money, an unspent treasure, thus passed from hand to hand. The germ of home went hid therein. Pierre forecasted, with the happy certainty which brought good things to him, all the future to grow out of that seed. He saw the fair white-towered château he afterward built in Orléans, and the worship there given to this woman his wife, and to his mother, the mother of the pucelle. For the first time he

thought of Jehannette without a rush of anguish.

"At Bourges I could not see you," said Pierre, implying how much better it had befallen him at Coucy.

"At Bourges I began to think of you instead of my father," revealed Madeleine.

Then he remembered there was such a person as Louis de Coutes, and inquired, as if such a tie would be of trivial importance compared with this exaggerated moment:

"They did not celebrate your marriage after you left court?"

"No," answered Madeleine, also slighting the subject. And she added in simple explanation, "I will never have any husband but you."

"I will never have any wife but you."

"Here is your cell, messire," spoke the jailer below.

Pierre and Madeleine clung together and kissed each other with their first kiss at parting. The garments which had been stripped from Pierre were tossed into the dungeon by his keeper. Not a glint of daylight would ever penetrate to this depth under Coucy. Once more, and yet once more, they kissed each other, and he went smiling alone to the chain which his jailer clanked beside the wall.

XVI.

THE lethargy which fell on France during the year Jeanne d'Arc lay in prison was like the sullenness of a beast that has been goaded to its last effort. The momentum she had given to war being withdrawn, the struggle ceased; yet at that very time the tide turned at Orléans was running out toward Britain, carrying the invaders with it.

From Beaurevoir along northern provinces to the sea her journey of captivity had been watched with tears. When she descended the coast and Rouen Castle inclosed her, the English held her by purchase from the Burgundians, and France slept on nearly a quarter of a century before rousing to demand what had been done in the name of law with its maid, at the end of that year's imprisonment.

Other nations took knowledge that a pucelle "of such high chivalry," says a chronicler, "that there was no knight in Christendom whose fame overshadowed hers," was on trial among her enemies; that she was put in a cage in the tower of Rouen Castle, chained with three chains, her feet manacled to a log of wood at night, and common soldiers occupied the room with a maid who

had veiled the life of her body from man; that in Rouen, the real capital of English France, it was believed the English would never have any success in arms while she lived.

So low had war-ridden and dismembered France sunk that not only was French money paid by the English purchasers of the pucelle, but Frenchmen were found in a corner of the realm willing to condemn her for the English. Pierre Cauchon, the Count-Bishop of Beauvais, who had resented some horse-dealings of her household, and all of the power so young a creature had acquired over armies, made himself her judge because she was taken in his diocese, and allowed her no counsel for defense. If the king had moved in her favor, he might have had her tried at Rome or Basel, where a religious conference was then in progress. She was accused of intending to settle the claims of the three quarreling popes.

Only one lawyer of Paris had the courage to declare her trial illegal from beginning to end, and he was obliged to leave Rouen in haste and betake himself to a place where he would be safer.

The Inquisition and the University of Paris were ordered to appear in the case against her, but not even a priest was permitted to speak for her.

When Jeanne was at Beaufort there was a tale told that she fell from the high tower, and was taken up for dead, in her frenzied attempt to escape and go back to the help of Compiègne; but it is not recorded that Orléans or Compiègne, or any other town, offered anything but processions and prayers for her release.

The Archbishop of Rheims issued from his part of the realm a comforting letter to his flock, assuring them that the maid had been abandoned as an instrument of heaven, but that they might count on the shepherd boy from the mountains.

In Bourges and Sully the winter was merry with cards and lute-playing. There the maid, when any one thought of her, was blamed for leaving court and throwing herself into danger. Perhaps Queen Yolande, and of a certainty Agnes Sorel, moved for her ransom; but meanness bred of long poverty held back, and the English neither held back nor hesitated to tax France for the money.

La Hire and De Xantrilles and her brother were in prison; but where were the young Duc d'Alençon, the Bastard of Orléans, and all those fair captains who had followed her banner to victory?

Seventy accusations, finally reduced to twelve Latin articles, were brought against the prisoner, chief of which were wearing man's clothes, leading troops to battle, pretending to have heavenly voices, blasphemy, and witchcraft. Only six public sessions were held, but the trial with closed doors dragged daily from February until nearly the end of May. An emaciated, fetter-worn maid, not yet nineteen years old, tormented by endless cunning questions, was driven to recite such matters as her secret prayer before the court: «Very tender God, in honor of your holy passion, I pray you, if you love me, that you will reveal to me how I ought to answer these churchmen. I know well, as to this habit, the commandment why I took it; but I do not know in what manner I ought to leave it off. Be pleased therefore to teach me.»

Or she was taunted about those voices, of whom she had spoken only when necessary in her life; or she was lured to confess sorcery in her victories, and answered indignantly: «En nom Dé, I did nothing but tell the men to go in boldly, and I went in myself; and I think it would be a good thing for France if I did now as I did before. Why do not the English quit France and begone into their own country?»

In Domremy the people waited some dreadful event, but Choux enjoyed the May sunshine in front of the Widow Davide's wine-shop. He resorted there because he had long been forbidden to come nearer her door than the boundary of the manure-heap. When Choux encroached beyond that stone line the Widow Davide made a sally with water, which usually struck him in the face and gave him his only experience of it. With his woolen cap-strings dripping, he slapped his breast and danced before his enemy.

«Does the Widow Davide think she can drown me? It is not permitted. Come out and drag me again to the Meuse, Widow Davide!»

«Have a care, or it shall yet be done, thou foul sorcerer!» threatened the Widow Davide. «Thou art spared for Jehannette d'Arc's sake, because she hath taken the tax off Domremy and Greux.»

«Things go better with me than with Jehannette d'Arc. Regard me! I have had a voice above two years, and I am not put in prison. I am indeed the flower of the Meuse valley.»

«Shut the door against him, Haumette,» said the Widow Davide to her daughter. «He will vaunt himself until poor Jacques d'Arc overhears his words. The D'Arcs may be en-

nobled, and Jehannette may have been a great general riding with the king, but Jacques d'Arc sits a broken-hearted man, and she is a prisoner. I see not that the D'Arcs are better off than I am, and I bore much scandal from thy roving summer, and the child that Aveline Laxart found by miracle in the church of Bury-la-Côte and killed by over-nursing. Since she hath found one of her own this year without miracle, and can rest her tongue concerning St. Catherine and that other, it may die out of memory; but I see not that the D'Arcs, with two children laid in English prisons, are better off than I am."

Haumette herself, gazing with chastened black eyes along Domremy street and across the interval to Greux, knew, as her mother did not, that hush of suspense, that martyr-worship of the maid's family, which hung over the villages. The greatness that had flashed upon her and struck her for her sin, and repented the blow in one agonized look of memory and tenderness, was stamped on Haumette forever. She was not sorry about the child in Bury-la-Côte, there being no maternity in her; but she repented with many prayers every day on her knees that she had been unfit for the touch of Jeanne d'Arc's sword.

In the May weather Mengette had the sense of some divine, terrible presence on the hills as she led her geese out early. She looked down at the church, thinking fearfully of St. Michael. If Isabel had not needed her so much during the year, her lonely life would have been unendurable. But Jacquemine d'Arc was now home from Vaucouleurs, and she was careful to keep out of his way. He looked at her in church, and he walked past her house when his work was done. He also sent his mother to reason with Mengette, and to prove that troth had never been broken between them by their quarrel. Mengette listened to Isabel without a word, and avoided Jacquemine.

He had not fared very well in Vaucouleurs. Gerardin d'Épinal said the people of Vaucouleurs refused him at sight as the brother of the pucelle; but when he adopted the name of Du Lys they rose up and cast their official over the city wall. He was needed at Domremy before he came riding dejectedly home; for Jacques d'Arc no longer went afield, or even tended the sheep, but sat always with Jeanne's letter, written before she went into France, spread open on the table.

Jacquemine had been home since midwinter. Usually when Mengette saw him ap-

proaching and increased the space between them, he turned off, or retraced the way he had come; but while she was watching her geese nip the short May grass which broke through the white hill soil, he drew quite close to her stealthily. Mengette left the gander quavering at this intrusion, and walked toward the oak woods, pulling wool on her distaff as if she thought only of spinning. Jacquemine followed her. She turned on the upland, having him at her heels, and her geese waddled in a long line to meet her.

"Mengette," said Jacquemine, "I intend to come to speech with you this day, wherever you may set your face."

She continued her walk.

"Gerardin d'Épinal says you do well to be rid of me, for I am a poor stunted creature, and you will make a better marriage."

Mengette turned upon him. "That is not the truth."

She saw at arm's length how wasted he was, and that the dear lines of his face, which had been hers since his boyhood, were stamped deep by care.

"I wish I had not gone to the vineyard the day we quarreled. I wish I had never gone to Vaucouleurs. Domremy is good enough for me. My father is plainly dying on account of Jehannette, and Pierre also is in prison. My brother Jean is settled at Vauthon. Whether my name be D'Arc or Du Lys, whether I be noble or simple, I have these old people to feed, and you have Choux. I must take my father's place, and tend the fields and vineyards."

All the little jealousies of Jacquemine's life were swallowed up in fraternal love and anguish, and a sob almost rent his slight body.

"O Jehannette! O Pierrelot!"

Mengette dropped her distaff, and wept upon her own hands.

"But Choux," said Jacquemine, still sobbing, "will live forever. My mother counsels that we marry at once, without waiting for him to die. We can take care of him together. If your mind be not fixed on making a better marriage, in God's name put me off no longer."

"My mind was never turned to marriage with any other man, Jacquemine d'Arc."

He picked up her distaff, and she took it, drawing out a thread, and brightening over the accustomed labor. Long talk and much spinning, following the geese through the grass, seeing their own peaceful world lying at their feet—these were the homely, sweet comforts which would never come to a man

on another hillside at the opposite corner of France.

Moist lush hills, holding Rouen in their lap, sloped skyward, though where the soil cropped out it was white like the soil of the Meuse valley. The Seine, full of wooded islands, flowed at their feet. A little later, cowslips and poppies would be showing through the green—thousands of lustrous-petaled cups massed in smears of yellow and crimson.

The ocean tide came up to Rouen. Bertrand de Poulengy watched the morning glint upon the river at intervals, but his mind was fixed within the walls, where the life of the city was spread below him, diminished only by distance. His horse grazed behind him on the heights which rolled toward Bonsecours chapel. He wore no plate-armor, and his lean body shrunk from his hose and leather cuirass and short tunic of chain mail. On his knees he had spread out a piece of the linen banner Jeanne d'Arc carried through all her battles. An archer had cut it up at Compiègne, and Bertrand's own captor the more willingly divided his fragment with his prisoner because he half feared the magic of the thing.

Bertrand traced over and over the city walls about which he had skirted helplessly. The gray pinnacled mass of Rouen Castle was grim even in May-time. Bedford was lord of that castle, though Warwick was captain of Rouen. Broad light upon hills and long Seine valley showed one of the fairest parts of Normandy; for here the peasant was guarded at his labor, Louviers, still held by La Hire's garrison, being the only unconquered town near by.

He noticed a bell tolling in Rouen, and the blackness made by congregated people, even when their raiment or armor is bright, showed in one quarter of the city near him. It was not very far from the castle's grayness that they were swarming together; and after a while a yellow glare struggled up in the midst of them. Wavering and lofty rose a pillar of smoke.

Bertrand de Poulengy stood up with his arms stretched behind him, the wrists back to back. He knew Jeanne d'Arc had not been condemned to perish at the stake. All the world knew she was a prisoner in Rouen Castle, yet undergoing trial. But who was chained to the iron stake in the marketplace below him?

Bertrand began to feel the faintness of excessive heat, and to breathe the quivering air which whirled its white anguish about

him. He felt his clothing scorch, and the shame of its cracking upon him, leaving him naked to cruel eyes.

"Water!" he whispered; "holy water!"

And then the flames rose about him, and he was alone in this red, stifling death, sinking in coals and hot plaster as fagots crumbled, breathing flame, his flesh running in liquid agony, his bones warping.

"Jesus!" he gasped; "Jesus!"

And then he felt himself drawn slowly upward, he heard music, he smelt a thousand sweet odors as numbness passed to gladness, the music became half distinct words, and he laughed in exultation:

"The voices!"

Light as air, he shot aloft from the earth, and turned his head to see, shooting up with the same impulse from the smoke in Rouen, a dove. He forgot his own flight, and hung watching it. Without flutter of wings or swerve of body, it rose and rose, and was gone in the dazzle. Sinking, he watched in a kind of trance for that dove to reappear, remembering skylarks on the Vosges hills, and forgetting that he had ever suffered.

Mists gathered from the void, and set a lower sky betwixt the dove and him. The emotions which come like winds from we know not what hollows of space to play upon us, poor helpless stringed instruments of flesh and spirit, played on him and made eternity about him. Bertrand lay on the hill overlooking Rouen until late afternoon.

The rain with sudden little whip-lashes cut him, and water ran in minute tricklings about him. The sun broke out, and the smoke, curved and driven into fantastic shapes by the wet air, again rose straight from Rouen, thinning to airy blueness. He was in peace, as in some divine ether. Sometimes the breathing and low grinding of his courser, the companion of many a long journey on the earth, intruded near by. But the horse was not insistent like a man who stood over him, heavy shod in the herbage, shaking him and saying:

"Bertrand! Bertrand de Poulengy!"

He looked at the man with slow interest.

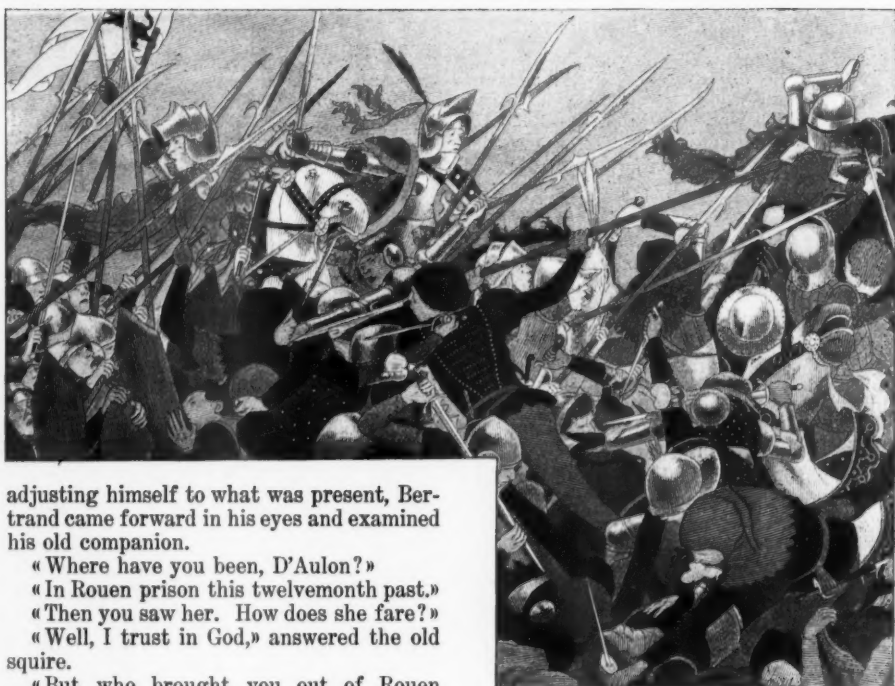
"Is it thou, Bertrand? There is little left of thy face except the bones and blue eyes."

"D'Aulon, have you died also?"

"What ails thee, lad? Has prison made a ghost of me?"

"I think I dreamed." The young squire sat up, and the old squire sat on the ground beside him.

The air was sweet after rain, and all scent of smoke was gone. With the instinct of



THE CAPTURE OF

adjusting himself to what was present, Bertrand came forward in his eyes and examined his old companion.

«Where have you been, D'Aulon?»

«In Rouen prison this twelvemonth past.»

«Then you saw her. How does she fare?»

«Well, I trust in God,» answered the old squire.

«But who brought you out of Rouen prison?»

«The pucelle's ransom money that she sent from Bourges a year ago.»

«Yes, she sold all her nags. She ransomed you; but no one ransoms her. D'Aulon, did they burn a prisoner in Rouen to-day?»

«I heard so.»

«Was it a man or a woman?»

«It was a woman, lad.»

Bertrand looked down, and twisted his fingers in the grass.

«Doubtless it was some poor old woman.»

The other squire leaned forward, sheltering his face with both hands. «No; she was young.»

«We are used to war, you and I, D'Aulon. Never mind the woman they burned, but tell me about the pucelle. Does she think we have all forgotten her?»

«Would a poor squire be allowed any speech with the pucelle, lad?»

«No, no; I never have learned in all my service how far beneath her I am.»

«Where have you been, Bertrand, this twelvemonth past?»

«All over the northern provinces, trying to collect robbers to attack Rouen, since there are no longer any soldiers in France. You say they burned a woman to-day. But she was not the age of the pucelle?»

«About the age of the pucelle,» answered the old squire, and he broke into groans and tears, bending forward upon his knees and weeping aloud.

Bertrand made no noise but an audible swallowing, as if struggling for breath in the midst of smoke. He waited a long time for the other to be done wailing.

«They burned a young maid alive—a young maid about the age of the pucelle,» he resumed. «Did you see it done, D'Aulon?»

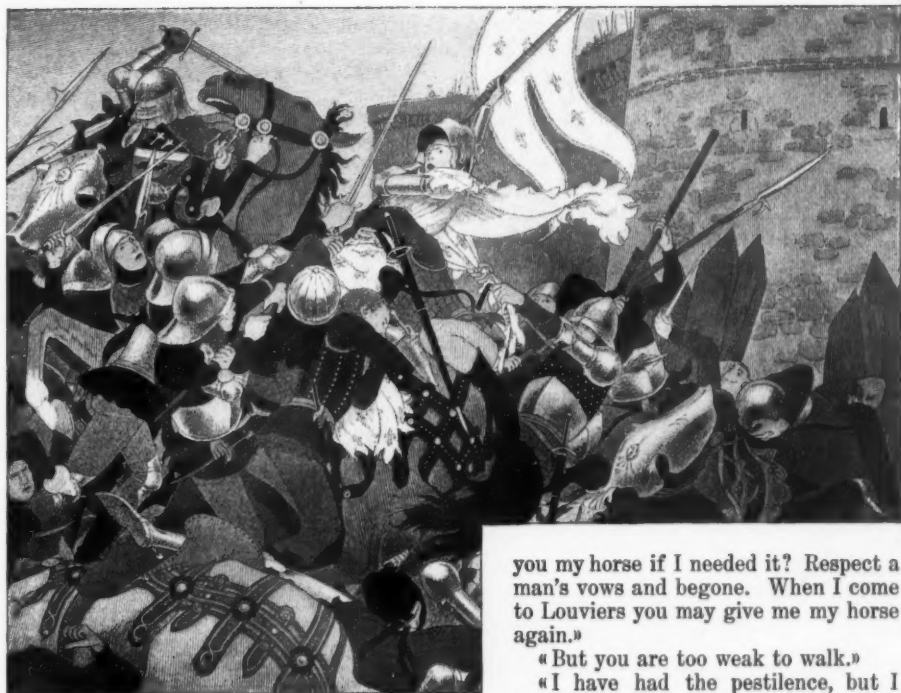
«No, I did not see it. I could not see a thing like that done, but the streets were full of weeping women, and weeping men, too, as I came out of the prison. Her name was on every side.»

«Do not speak her name,» said Bertrand, sharply. «Did this young maid suffer long?»

«I think not very long, though the pile was purposely built so high that the executioner could not reach her to shorten her suffering. She had a cross brought from the nearest church, and held up where she could see it, and she called out for holy water.»

D'Aulon still hid his face in his hands.

«The priest stayed with her until he was in danger of burning also. Then she made him come down off the pile. It was afterward



JEANNE AT COMPIÈGNE.

that she called for water. And the people say she also cried aloud the name of Jesus. No, it was not very long that the blessed maid was forced to suffer. For her head soon fell upon her breast. The flames took wonderful shapes as of wings. And there were men near who heard her speak of something else."

"What was it?"

D'Aulon looked aside at the young squire, and whispered: "She spoke of voices. And a soldier fell in a fit. He saw a dove rise from the fire."

Both squires sat like stone, the younger one with an unwinking gaze fixed on Rouen. When the sun was gone he said, without turning his head:

"D'Aulon, I took your name while you were in prison. Whatever I did as her squire was done in your name."

"Why did you take my name?"

"God knows. It was my whim. She praised you once. I give it back to you with my horse. Take my horse and ride to Louviers. You will find friends in Louviers."

"By St. Martin, I will not take the courser from under you and leave you here alone in sight of this cursed city."

"D'Aulon, I never loved you. Would I give

you my horse if I needed it? Respect a man's vows and begone. When I come to Louviers you may give me my horse again."

"But you are too weak to walk."

"I have had the pestilence, but I have strength to walk as far as I am to go."

"Let me put you on the courser and fare beside you."

"Take him, or another may seize his bridle with less right."

The shadows would overtake D'Aulon on his perilous ride. When he was gone, the young squire made haste down to the Seine and waited there until a great Norman horse came out of the city gates, drawing a cart. A haggard man walked beside the cart, and he turned and carefully backed his horse near the water. Iridescent brine and the reflected rosiness of sunset made pools of fire-opal in the Seine. The tide was up. When it ran out it would carry drenched refuse of a funeral pile, plaster in which the stake had been fixed, ashes, charred bone, and one great darkly crimson clot like a ruby.

"Her heart it was so full of blood it would not burn," muttered the man beside the cart; and looking across his load, he saw a pinched blue-eyed face at the other wheel. The Norman peasant took off his cap to his superior.

"Are you the executioner of Rouen?"

"Yes, messire."

"Did you burn a woman there to-day?"

"Yes, messire."

"For what was she condemned?"

«Sorcery, messire, though there be many say she died a martyr, and ten thousand people wept.»

«When was she condemned?»

«Early this morning, messire. God forgive her judges!»

Bertrand clung with both lean hands to the spokes of the wheel. «What was her name?»

«Jeanne d'Arc, messire—that great captain of the French called the pucelle.»

Jeanne d'Arc!—a splash in the Seine, a dissolving of ashes, a spread of sinking fragments. No! There was a mightier presence

in that sunset land. It was the time of evening when she rode in to her victories.

Behind the carter's back, and so quietly that his sinking made no sound, Bertrand let himself down into the water to float with her to the sea. He heard the rush of troops, the clang of armor, the crash of falling walls, and a woman's voice, a leader's voice, an angel's voice, bell-like, spreading its tones wave upon wave, until they seemed to reach the horizon, to ripple over France and around the world:

«Amys! Amys! ayez bon courage! Sus! Sus! Ils sont tous nostres!»

THE END.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

WILD ANIMALS IN A NEW ENGLAND GAME-PARK.

THE CORBIN GAME PRESERVE.



HERD OF BUFFALOES.



THE propagation of the nobler wild animals under such conditions as suit their native instincts has passed beyond the realm of experiment at the game-park founded by the late Austin Corbin at Newport,

New Hampshire. There, a wire fence girdling twenty-six thousand acres, picturesquely composed of mountain, forest, and meadow, imprisons nearly four thousand shy creatures, to find which elsewhere the sportsman or sightseer must penetrate some remote and primitive wilderness where—

Great Nature dwells

In awful solitude, and naught is seen

But the wild herds that own no master's stall.

Yet that can scarcely be called a prison wherein the inmates have such happy free-

dom of range that they do not know they are captives; where all the disguises of habitat closely follow the dictates of nature; where the moose, the buffalo, the elk, the wild boar of the German Black Forest, and the stag of Great Britain, live very much at home. In the diversities of a park nearly eleven miles long by more than four in width, with every variety of highland and lowland, woodland, thicket, and open, the artifice of man has only modified first estate along those lines which tend to save. The bull moose trumpets to the call of his mate on the wooded crests of Croydon Mountain as lustily as in the thickets of Nova Scotia; elks and stags and buffaloes lock horns and gore each other there as freely as in wilds where man has never trod; and one may see in some glade the great head of a boar scowling in his garniture of tusks and bristles, where, disturbed from his dinner of beechnuts, he lingers uncertain whether to fight or fly.

It is true that in the atmosphere of the «animal-garden» one can never feel the



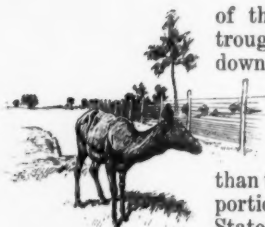
DRAWN BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

A GROUP OF BUFFALOES.

genuine poetry of the wilderness. The conditions cannot distil that quintessence of delight which sweetens the cup of the sportsman or naturalist gone back to savage habit. The screech of a railway whistle is a sad dispeller of illusions. A group of elk crunching fruit in an apple-orchard (the Corbin preserve includes many abandoned farms) spoils a little the romance of nature; and it is a disenchantment, in facing the red eye of a bull buffalo glaring out of a shag of hair not fifty feet away, to feel that the huge creature is interested only in chewing his cud and whisking away the flies.

Blue Mountain Forest Park, as the preserve is called, includes parts of four townships, and lies near the enterprising borough of Newport on the Concord and Claremont branch of the Boston and Maine Railroad. It is said to be the biggest game-park in the world, except one owned by the Duke of Sutherland in Scotland, and one or two royal demesnes on the Continent. Of course, in making comparisons one must exclude those immense public preserves, as big as provinces, where the British government of India seeks to save the elephant from extinction, and our own national parks in the West. The name of Blue Mountain attaches to the entire spur of hills which bisects the park, while Croydon designates its highest shoulder, rising to the

height of nearly three thousand feet. The steep and densely wooded heights of Croydon, curving like a hump, break the sky-line in the shape of a camel's back; nearby a skirting cañon opens a carriage-route across the mountain. In characteristics it belongs rather to the Green Mountain than to the White Mountain range, though it seems disconnected from both. The verdure of an immense forest of spruce, fir, hemlock, pine, birch, beech, and maple infolds it to the very crest, with here and there a brown patch of clearing. The perspective unrolls none of the grandeur of distinctive mountain scenery which makes northern New Hampshire a famous goal of summer pilgrimage. The aspect is gracious, idyllic, picturesque, with that variety of charm which caresses rather than startles the eye. Yet whoever toils up the acclivities of Croydon, through tangled wood and thicket, may easily fancy himself a thousand miles from the haunts of men. He may miss the glimpse of a moose crashing through the trees with leveled antlers; for this shy creature is rarely visible, and must be stalked with patience or watched for many days. But the forest itself is centuries old, primeval in its interlocked gloom, with but little sifting of sunshine through the umbrella-like top. In this section—midland New Hampshire—tree-life is prodigious in its force. The flora



Elk Doe.

of the great glacial trough which sweeps down the Vermont valley and that of the Connecticut River is richer in variety than that of any other portion of the United States or of all Europe.

The greater part of the Corbin inclosure consists of abandoned farms, many of them already beginning to bristle with saplings; for the woods are on the march. Dismantled houses with windows and doors gaping like holes in a skull, ramshackle barns rotten and weather-stained, the wreck of stone fences thick-set with brambles—these meet the eye at every turn.

The general outline of the park is that of an ellipse with respective diameters of about four and a half and eleven miles, and the surface is cut diagonally by a backbone of mountain running northeast. The lower slopes and the meadow-levels are diversified with brooks and swamp land, while extensive groves of second growth profusely dot the surface. It is in these that the wild swine, the progenitors of which clashed their tusks against the boarspears of medieval kings and barons, root and propagate their kind with a fecundity which is a marvel to the keepers. One can scarcely grasp the bigness of the park by figures. But let the reader fancy a demesne considerably more than double the size of Boston and all its suburbs; thirty times the area of Central Park, New York; almost ten times bigger than Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; or fourteen times the acreage of the whole park system of Chicago. Roads, many of them thoroughfares of days gone by, variously intersect the inclosure, and an excellent carriage-track crosses the park from east to west through the picturesque notch. On the western side the declivity is more sloping and open, but has the same agreeable diversity of scene. A wire fence, partly mesh, partly barbed, nearly eight feet in height and twenty-seven miles in circuit, confines the four-footed tenants within its steel barrier. The same posts which support the fence until the trees which have been set shall have grown to take their place, string a telephone connecting the nine substations at the different gates with the cen-

tral station, the home of the superintendent, the Corbin villa, and the town of Newport. The keepers and other employees of the park vary from twenty-five to fifty, according to the season of the year. It need scarcely be said that the needs of attendance compel a vigilance which never rests. Merely to watch the fence, lest it should have parted somewhere by accident or wanton malice, requires an inspection twice a week. This is the duty of two men who live respectively at the extreme north and south ends of the park. They begin their tramp at dawn, and approach each other on the east side. Crossing the inclosure in company through the notch to the West Pass gate, where there is a little tumble-down hamlet,—Poppy Squash,—now pretty much a matter of bygone days, they part and return to their respective stations.

These park constables possibly find their duty-round, pursued through rain and sunshine, cold and heat, a dull itinerary, without touch to kindle the fancy or give a tingle to the blood. «The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense,» and one can imagine in these recurrent tours such chances of delightful observation as rarely come to others.

Reports about all matters of interest are made to the superintendent every morning from each substation. The wanderings of the animals, so far as they can be followed, are specially noted; for in the early day the shyer ones more aptly appear in search of breakfast. They are on principle left as much as possible to care for themselves, as in their primitive estate. To insure abundance of drink, however, stone troughs fed by running water are scattered over every square mile; and here and there artificial salt-licks provide what is necessity and luxury alike to all the deer and ox tribes. With few exceptions, the animals find their own shelter, forage for their own food in summer heats and winter frosts, bring forth and provide for their young according to their instincts, without help or hindrance from man. His wardship is practised only to guard against any in-



Listening to the Buck.



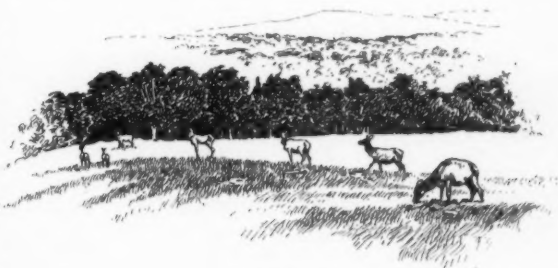
Doe.



terference with natural laws. The central station, near the southeast corner of the park, is the great ganglion of the system of oversight. Here Superintendent Stockwell, who has had the management since the outset, makes his headquarters, and news converges to him from all directions. His horse stands saddled for him at all times to meet any emergency for his presence, though such flying trips are rarely needed. Here are the barns where is stored the green fodder in siloes for the winter feeding of the buffalo herd and the polled Angus cattle. It may be noted, however, in passing that the full-grown buffaloes, armor-clad against the most cutting wind and cold in the sheathing of their heavy coats, prefer a knee-deep billet in the snow to the shelter of the sheds. Here, also, the boar-hounds are kenneled under the charge of an experienced keeper. To many visitors the dog-kennels are scarcely less attractive than the other spectacles of the park. The eye chiefly fastens on that most stalwart of the canine race, the Great Dane, made recently more famous by companionship with Bismarck, and used in Germany for bringing the wild boar to bay, as more stanch and powerful than any other breed. Its huge bulk is suggestively wrapped in a brindled hide which blends the spots of the leopard and the tiger-stripes, and so befits the ferocity with which it buckles itself to its prey. While these dogs have been successfully used in bringing the wild boar to bay amid the brakes of Blue Mountain Forest, its purpose has hitherto looked rather to the multiplication of animal life as a problem of scientific and practical interest than to its extinction in the pleasures of the chase.

The principle of game-preserving betrays different aspects according to the point of view. In history it has been closely linked with chartered barbarism, with caste proscription, and with the cruellest laws on the

statute-book. The same spirit has not yet been wholly uprooted in Europe by the march of time. On the other hand, the preservation of four-footed or feathered game on a large or small scale, to save them from otherwise inevitable extinction, is a righteous exercise of power by the State or the private owner. The annihilation of many interesting forms of animal life in the United States and throughout the world is a threat at which we cannot easily blink. The so-called buffalo, properly designated the bison, a hundred years ago roamed in countless herds from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains. In George Washington's diary of his journey immediately after the Revolutionary War, through what is now western Virginia and eastern Ohio, he mentions that the only well-defined paths through the wilderness were the routes to the salt-licks trampled by the buffaloes. At the time of the opening of the Union Pacific Railroad (1869) they numbered, by the estimate of Mr. W. T. Hornaday of the Smithsonian Institution, about six millions. Three years ago there were supposed to be about two hundred head of buffalo in the Yellowstone National Park, designed to be the great game-preserve of the nation. But even the cavalry force under the command of the superintendent has not saved this forlorn herd from the rifle of the poacher. The last report estimates the survivors at fewer than fifty. Captain Anderson recommends that even this remnant should be at once distributed



Herd of Deer.

among the zoölogical gardens and private preserves of the country to insure their safety and further increase by breeding.

A great diminution is also true, though in less degree, of the moose and the elk. As in this article the popular names have been given to animals, it may be explained that our so-called moose is the true elk, and that our elk is simply the wapiti deer or stag, the American representative of the red deer of Europe. The moose was once common over the whole



DRAWN BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

LOOKING NORTH.

United States, from New England to the Pacific coast, in the mountainous sections. It is now, in lessening numbers, found only in northern Maine; and before many years its range will be limited to Canada. The same probability holds true as respects the caribou, or American reindeer. The facts, political and geographical, which retard the rapid growth of human society will probably keep that immense region eminently suitable to the increase and development of wild animals, and one of the favorite hunting-grounds of the world. The elk, from the great range of its habitat, and its more omnivorous feeding-habit, will linger longer; but with the tightening pressure of the farm, the cattle-range, and lumbering enterprise in the wilder regions of the West, and the annual swarming thither of American and European sportsmen, the elk, too, before many years will have disappeared.

The inception of Blue Mountain Forest Park occurred less than eight years ago. Austin Corbin, a native of Newport, New Hampshire, began a unique enterprise amid scenes en-

deared by early memory and well ordered by nature for the end in view. The germ of the project was paltry beside the bigness and celerity of its evolution, for the plot grew with its planning. The capitalist who, despite his great business operations, had never lost his love of nature was warmly interested in preserving the wilder face of his native region. The Corbin family farm of three hundred acres, which was afterward increased to a spacious country-seat of fourteen hundred acres, lay on the edge of what is now the great animal-preserve. Yet the beginning of the land purchases constituting the park was in part a matter of accident. It led, however, to the further acquirement of desirable property which adjoined at the outset, with the notion of attracting friends to establish summer homes amid picturesque and healthful surroundings. Another factor soon came to the fore. Mr. Corbin had received, several years before, a present of a pair of deer, buck and doe, from his brother, and these he kept at his Long Island country-seat. His love of animals, spurred by ob-

servation, induced further purchases of deer of several varieties, and the herd soon grew to a respectable size. The moist climate of the island did not prove favorable to any but the white-tailed or Virginian deer, which is indigenous to the region; so in the most natural way the thought of his newly acquired New Hampshire property linked itself with the preservation of the wild stock which languished in its sea-bound home.

Out of this stage the larger conception of a park in which could be preserved a representative collection of such of the larger game animals of the North American continent as could safely harbor together, had a rapid birth in the mind of a man whose imagination ran *pari passu* with his passion for animated nature, and who had wealth to execute his purpose. Mr. Corbin, after he had roughly outlined the dimensions and topography of the tract which seemed to be needed, began at once to negotiate for the adjacent properties. His enthusiasm kindled with each step and expanded the scope of his plan as he foresaw the possibilities of a great nursery and breeding-forest of the creatures of the wilderness, from which the wants of other parks might be supplied. It took three years to consummate the purchase, involving from first to last the transfer of three hundred and seventy-five titles. Many of these tracts had been in the ownership of the same families since the first settlement of the country. Many of them were farms wholly or partly abandoned, and some of them ranges of mountain forest where the woodsman's ax had never cut a chip, while a few were as highly cultivated as any agricultural lands in New England. To secure them in continuity required nice diplomacy, and the masking of the Corbin project as long as possible. Some of the parcels were bought in other names, and now and again rural shrewdness pitted itself not unsuccessfully against financial experience. Yet, on the whole, there was no serious trouble in arranging satisfactory terms from one dollar to twenty-five dollars per acre. Superintendent Stockwell, native of a farm now within the park limits, who knew the landholders and land values for many miles about, was the adroit agent of his chief in effecting this web of purchases.

Nor did the stocking of the preserve offer any obstacles not easily overcome by the enthusiasm of the owner. The first-comers of the buffalo colony were purchased in Iowa, where a few had been semi-domesticated, and the last ten were secured from a somewhat noted Western character, « Buf-

falo » Jones of Omaha, Nebraska. This personage conducted a small wild-stock farm, and his pair of buffalo bulls tamed to the plow, and his team of elk broken to harness, inspired many a newspaper paragraph. The elk and moose were derived from different sources in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, and Maine, at prices ranging from eighty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars for elk, and from one hundred to two hundred dollars for moose. The wild swine from the German Black Forest were imported through Hagenbeck, the famous animal-merchant, at a cost of one thousand dollars for the fourteen progenitors of the droves which now swarm in the Blue Mountain woods. Mr. Corbin's interest soon extended to the inclusion of foreign as well as indigenous fauna. The fallow and red deer were derived from Great Britain, the black-tail deer from Montana, while the Adirondacks and the Aroostook forests of Maine contributed the common Virginian deer, the caribou having also been sent from the last-named region. The prodigious increase in these originals is a suggestive object-lesson, indeed, on the facility with which parks and preserves may be stocked with wild animals.

Of the large fauna indigenous to New Hampshire, the wolf passed long ago with the native elk and moose; and in the vicinity of Newport the visit of a bear, a panther, or a deer was so rare before the founding of the Corbin preserve that such an event was a nine days' wonder. Among the quadrupeds, racoons, foxes, and squirrels (both varieties, the fox and the red) furnished the rural sportsman with his most attractive game. But since the establishment of the park there has been a change full of interest and significance. Several large bears have been killed on the very edge of the inclosure,



DRAWN BY E. S. THOMPSON.

BIGHORN, OR ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.



DRAWN BY J. SMIT.

MOOSE.

and many have been seen in the neighboring forests. Panthers and wildcats too have become by no means uncommon in a region where they had been previously nearly extinct, and wild deer have become plentiful in the vicinity. This opens a curious field of speculation to the scientist and the natural-history observer. Can it be possible that some mysterious affinity has lured back creatures once native from their distant retreats? or that accidental spies have carried the news, and that the instinct of companionship or the desire of prey has been irresistible? If the fact is authentic as to this reappearance of the *feræ naturæ* in the vicinity of the Corbin preserve (and there seems no reasonable doubt), it suggests additional reason for the institution of game-parks by the lovers of wild field-sports. It becomes a question not only of preserving animals, but of the stocking of wood and mountain, by the force of natural law, about a carefully guarded nucleus, in a region where the utilities of life cannot be economically pursued.

It is roughly estimated that Mr. Corbin's enterprise has cost nearly a million dollars, aside from the expense of annual maintenance, which equals the interest on half as much more. The details of administration have been managed with a skill and care parallel with the lavish expense of money. Study of habit has gone hand in hand with provision against the accidents of a wild state to produce a spectacle fascinating to lovers of the animal kingdom. In the parade of the creatures represented in Blue Mountain Forest it is fitting to give precedence to the buffalo. It is in many ways the most

typical animal of the North American continent. The boundless profusion of the herds which marked an earlier period proved how it fared in the natural war known as the survival of the fittest. The buffalo's bellicose front is a ludicrous paradox. Formidable in mass, when its army of glancing horns and shaggy breasts could easily have demolished a regiment of Napoleon's cuirassiers, the individual buffalo is as pacific as a milch-cow. The writer approached one grazing by the roadside with a call of «Bos! bos!»—the same cry with which the Yankee farm-lad and the Roman herdsman twenty centuries ago have called the cattle home. The great creature immediately sidled

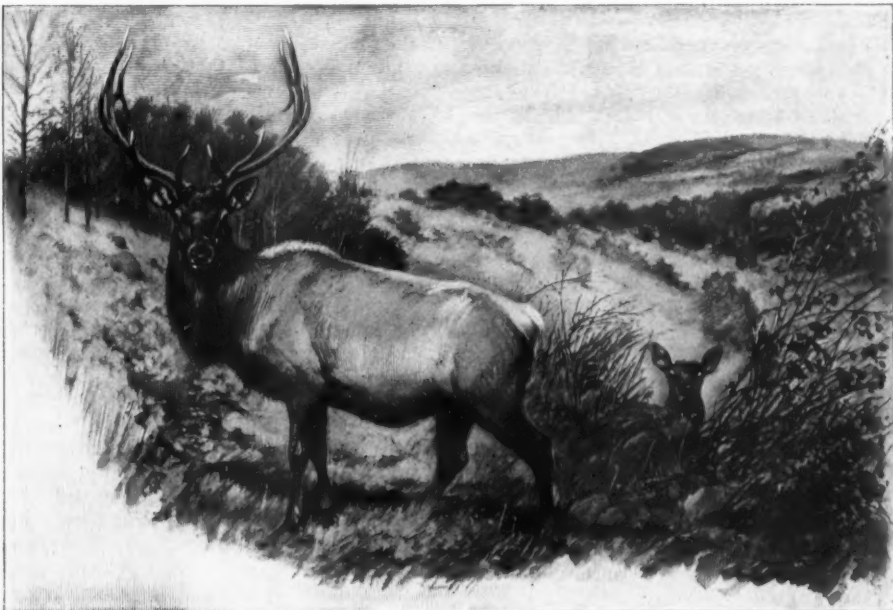
up with lolling tongue, as if begging a handful of salt. Its ugliness of aspect comes of the enormous size of its head, behind which the great muscles attached for its support build a hump on the shoulders. It is this hump which furnishes one of the epicure's favorite game dishes. Long, shaggy hair of dark brown covers the forehead and shoulders, and in winter this becomes a curly, felted mane extending half-way to the animal's flanks. The small red eyes gleaming from their thicket of hair look singularly sullen and vicious. The great convexity of the forehead, which bulges out and overhangs like a beetling cliff, so different from the angles of the skull characterizing the other *Bovidae*, adds greatly to the menace of its aspect. The horns curve laterally, and are so hidden in shag that their length can scarcely be appreciated, though they are used with terrible execution by the bulls in their fights. The largest of the bulls at the Corbin preserve is so dangerous a duelist that he is not allowed at large. Last year he killed a rival in what must have been a Homeric battle, though no one saw the conflict. The earth was plowed up and reddened for many square rods, and the vanquished hero was frightfully gored. The victor was found pawing the ground and bellowing with triumph, as proud as Achilles dragging the corpse of Hector around Ilium. However pugnacious with its own kind during the rutting-season, the buffalo, unlike other animals in the preserve, shows no disposition to attack man.

The domestication of the buffalo, and the possibilities of crossing the breed, have been

subjects of experiment at the park. The variety of cattle known as "polled Angus," foremost among British herds in bigness of bone, milk-giving quality, and delicacy of flesh, was selected for the trial. The buffalo bulls were eager to vanquish the native lords in the trial of horns, and to add the cows to their own following, but beyond this the results have not been encouraging. The attempt, however, has not been abandoned, as there seems to be no important structural difference. Darwin, in his "Domestication of Animals and Plants," lays stress on the fact that the taming of wild animals to the use of man was a matter of uncounted ages, consummated by very gradual steps in the process of selection, and by a wise use of the accidents of variation. Man, even as savage or barbarian, had scientific instincts. It is a curious fact, too, that the domesticated animal relapses so easily into wildness, and that some of the most formidable creatures in their wild state become the most docile servants of man. The elephant and the buffalo of India and South Africa are illustrations of this. The urus, or primitive ox of Europe, which attained such a size that Cæsar describes it as only a little smaller than the elephant, has been within historic times the hunter's quarry solely. The great Roman

emphasizes its ferocity as sparing neither man nor beast, and offering a splendid school of daring for the young German warriors. Yet the bones of the urus have been found so profusely mixed with the bronze, polished flints, and pottery relics of the Swiss and Bavarian lake-dwellers as to make it certain that among this primitive race the savage beast was usefully domesticated. On the other hand, all man's art has failed to tame the native wild cattle of Great Britain, supposed to be the nearest modern relatives of the urus, still preserved at Chillingham, Cadzow forest, and other English parks. The docile temper of the buffalo ought to present no difficulties to its complete domestication, and experiment has gone far enough to prove that its kind will live and breed as certainly as ordinary cattle, with even less protection from stress of weather.

The Old-World congener of the buffalo, the aurochs of the Germans, was two hundred years ago scattered well over central and eastern Europe. Larger and fiercer than its American relative, it attacks man fearlessly, charging the peaceful wayfarer as well as the hunter. A recent report limits their present number to less than five hundred, a rapidly diminishing herd preserved by the Russian czar in a Lithuanian forest. Imperial protec-



DRAWN BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

AMERICAN ELK.



DRAWN BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

VIRGINIA DEER.

tion has failed where Mr. Corbin's treatment has been highly successful. The herd in Blue Mountain Forest now numbers seventy, and a dozen or more calves are looked for in the spring. At the expected rate of increase, not many years should elapse before the Corbin preserve can supply all the park and menagerie needs of America, and perhaps of Europe. It is true that a care is bestowed on this animal which no others in the park receive. The calves and yearlings are housed in sheds during the winter, each grade being kept separate from the others, and the adults have access at will to a similar protection. They are fed with green maize fodder and hay, which serve well in lieu of the famous buffalo-grass, as no attempt to grow it in the park has succeeded. Widely distributed over the Western prairies and mountain-slopes in great patches, this seems to partake of the nature of a leguminous plant as well as of a true grass. During the winter its dried and twisted leaves coil into a bulb, which sheathes a tender green heart, full of sweetness and succulence, as of fragrant clover-blossoms, where bees hum the busiest. The wild herds scent its presence beneath the deep snow

with unerring prescience. But the sleek hides of the animals in Blue Mountain Forest after a winter's siege indicate a toothsome substitute.

The cows calve in April and May, and the young ones are weaned in the autumn, just before the early snowfall, though in the natural state they follow their mothers for several years. The process of separation is one of difficulty, not to say danger, and is somewhat dreaded by the gamekeepers; yet cow and calf quickly forget each other. When the snow flies the adult herd is driven into winter quarters by horsemen. The coat now fades to a dingy yellow, which deepens again with the spring running, till late autumn burnishes the fur into a glossy dark brown, and grows it to a downy thickness. Aside from the change wrought by greater familiarity with and indifference to the presence of man, the buffalo of the park and the wild animal of the plains are quite the same in habit. The captives wander about in two parties, sometimes augmented by the Angus cattle, the larger of the shaggy bands accompanied by that valiant bull which has won the primacy in battle. They roam from

ten to twenty miles a day through the lower levels of the park, never consorting with the *Cervidae*, or deer-people, as Kipling would call them, lazily browsing wherever the herbage is most tempting. But they rarely fail to visit the sand-wallows, in which they roll and scour their hides; for *Bison americanus* is a cleanly fellow in spite of his unkempt and bearded aspect, which promises an abode for clans of parasites.

Up to a very recent date only seven of the buffalo herd had been sold; but at the time of this writing a further disposition of twenty-six head to Van Cortlandt Park, New York City, is said to have been negotiated. The prices demanded have been much below the real value, from four hundred to four hundred and forty dollars each, as sales have been made to favored customers only, public park or private menagerie. The animals are transferred from the park to the freight-station in huge wheeled crates; and when these vehicles are backed up to the car, and the door opened wide, the captives, restless in their close quarters, promptly retire crab-fashion into their new prison. When a single buffalo is shipped, he is kept in his crate till the journey's end.

The gregarious habit of the buffalo is much less noticeable in the elk, or wapiti deer, the American representative of the European stag. In Blue Mountain Forest this species numbers not less, probably considerably more, than a thousand. Surpassed only by the moose in size, and far more graceful, it towers a foot higher than the stag, and is correspondingly bigger in horns and barrel. The buck has the most majestic bearing of the cervine tribe, and tosses such a crown of antlers as to make this the coveted prize which, more than any other cause, leads to its pursuit, for as food the flesh is coarse. The neck is long, the color shading from tan to brown, except on the hind legs, where white patches edged with black stamp the universal badge of the elk. The antler-



DRAWN BY J. SMIT.

FALLOW-DEER.

points grow forward and fork into tines numerous and wide-spreading; for it is not rare to find this crowning ornament from four to five feet in width by three in height. They reach their full size at rutting-time in September, when the buck is armed at all points for his annual duels, and are shed during the spring months, unlike other members of the deer tribe, which drop their antlers in the winter. The elk is the most pasha-like in family habit, and its jealousies are curiously human. The duels of the bucks, however, are rarely fatal. Interlocking their great horns, they wrestle with such obstinacy as sometimes to break off a portion of the antlers; sometimes, indeed, one may toss his antagonist: but they rarely gore each other, perhaps from the wide spread of the horns and the too great distribution of the force of impact, for one may fancy the inclination not lacking. Sometimes the bucks turn «rogues,» and are habitually fierce. These may charge working-parties or visitors with fury at any time, so they are speedily shot; but any of the bucks are likely to try conclusions with humankind in the September-October season.

Many are the anecdotes of narrow escape from hoof and horn at Blue Mountain, and these are always associated with the capricious antics of the stag elk. The does bring forth their young in May, amid the dense thickets, and it is not till midsummer that they emerge into the open with their frolicsome offspring. They are rarely seen in association of more than half a dozen, and the sexes do not mingle except at the rutting-



DRAWN BY E. E. THOMPSON.

COMMON AMERICAN DEER.

season. Once the stag has beguiled or annexed as large a herd as possible, he becomes for the while the most uxorious of husbands. The superintendent of the park related a curious comedy of animal life in an instance of an elk's cross-purposes, his pugnacity inflamed yet thwarted by conjugal ardor. Driving through the notch, he happened on a large family guarded by its pasha. The jealous stag at once lowered his antlers and prepared to charge. But one eye was ever on the terrified hinds, which scattered in different ways; and though the discharge of a gun had not moved him, the flight of his spouses despatched him on a gallop to round up the fugitives. This done, his ire rekindled, and bellowing with deferred wrath, he threatened again to charge, when the hinds again broke, and again the worried stag postponed action. This was repeated several times before it ended in the total flight and disappearance of the herd. Probably no wild animal is better suited to park purposes than the elk. It is extremely hardy and adaptable to food and climate. This is shown by its immense natural range, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and far down into a warm climate as well as up toward Arctic cold. Its stately beauty of form is unequaled, its fecundity reliable. The only drawback to semi-domestication in parks is its capriciousness of temper. When the rutting-season begins the gates of Blue Mountain Forest are closed to the general visitor, and this exclusion lasts till spring.

One may be fairly sure of seeing groups of buffalo and elk, but he would search long and far for a glimpse of a moose, the colossus of his race, though a numerous herd of them lie ambushed in the upland forests and thickets of the great park. In the spring they sometimes descend early in the morning to wallow in the marshes, but at other times they hide in a home virtually as secluded as a

Canadian fastness.

Once only, after repeated search, and then by a lucky chance, has an attempt availed to secure a photograph of a bull moose in Blue Mountain

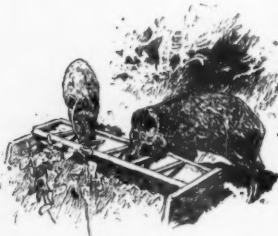
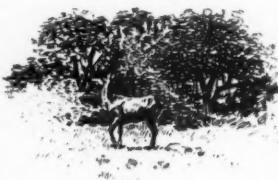
woods. The stalk in the dead of winter for a snap-shot with the camera was even more exciting than if the hunter's weapon had been loaded with deadlier ammunition than a sensitive plate. In its native wilds this hermit is not often allured from its retreats to be seen of men, except by that music of the birch-bark trumpet, more difficult to master than flute or fiddle, which counterfeits the thrilling summons of the cow to her mate. The American moose, dubbed in other lands the elk, is the king of the deer kind. The shoulders overtop a horse, and the palmated antlers slope a little backward from a head two feet long. A coarse, thick brown fur pads the fore body against anything less than Arctic winter. The horns attain maturity in

the fifth year, but they augment in size and weight until fourteen branches fork from their base, and then only a strong man could lift the antlered skull. With head thrown back, the alarmed bull will cleave the tangled woods with the rush of a steamship through the water; yet his

walk is so velvet-footed that it scarcely rustles a dead twig. Less polygamous than the elk or the buffalo, the ferocity of this animal in rutting-time, though ordinarily the most timid of creatures, is proverbial among Canadian woodsmen, and an attack on any intruder, man or beast, is inevitable. The danger of such an onset, unless stopped by a bullet, may be fancied from the fact that a well-planted stroke of the hoof, the favorite weapon of attack, has been known to kill a wolf or a panther. The augmentation of the stock in Blue Mountain Forest shows how well its moose have thriven; for the dozen originally imported have increased to one hundred and fifty. The cows calve in the springtime, often bearing twins. After this event the family retires to the deepest seclusion of the woods, away even from its lord, and the young calves often remain with the mothers two years. Perhaps in time, as the number increases, this denizen of Blue Mountain will be more visible, and thus add greatly to the attractions of the park. Less graceful than the elk, the strength and grandeur



Elk



Bears.

of the bull moose's clumsy bulk, and the huge antlers, solid enough to shatter a stone wall, make a picture that, once seen, is not easily forgotten. If the pleasures of the chase are ever added to the more important uses of this vast breeding-farm of wild creatures, it will share with the wild boar that brevet of distinction which comes of greater difficulty and danger in pursuit. Though the visitor rarely sees a moose, its tooth-marks can be noted with half an eye. In common with the elk, it browses on the forest twigs and leaves, and in winter it devours the bark and smaller branches with avidity. Everywhere the trees of the upper woodlands, especially the birches, maples, and beeches, are disfigured with patches peeled from the surface; sometimes, indeed, the lower growing branches are completely stripped as with an ax. One may be sure that this is the «blazing» of a moose on a foraging expedition.

In addition to the larger *Cervidae*, there are in the park twelve hundred deer of other varieties, most of them our common American deer, including a few of the black-tailed species, yet with a considerable minority of the European stag and fallow or spotted deer. Both the latter-named have thriven in their transplanted homes, and the stag is one of the most beautiful and stately animals in the park, though one of the shyest. Its pedigree is interwoven with the history, poetry, and romance of the Old World, and recalls, in a magic mirror, a legion of recollections fascinating to old and young. The stag or red deer has vanished from its indigenous haunts, except in parts of the Scottish Highlands and in eastern Europe; and in all cases it survives only by the gamekeeper's care, doomed to time-honored fate at the hands of a privileged few. Its habits are closely analogous to those of the elk, its antlers and carriage scarcely less lofty, and its home in the Corbin preserve appears to furnish an environment fit for all its needs.

Interesting as are such foreigners added to our native fauna with the possibility of giving them a firm foothold, the main significance of a park like Blue Mountain Forest glances another way. Several of the experiments with alien varieties of bird and beast have ended badly—as, for example, the European reindeer, though the same ill-



DRAWN BY J. SMIT.

ROEBUCK.

luck befell its American relative, the caribou. So, too, the Himalayan goats paired off with the Rocky Mountain sheep, in the vain attempt to survive the exigencies of a New Hampshire climate. In the catalogue of failures one must not overlook that most skilful of four-footed mechanics, the beaver. A pair put into the park about four years ago built a dam with great celerity, felling a ring of trees as unerringly in place as would choppers smiting with the sharpest of steel axes. Having built this monument, they vanished down the waterway which they had fortified. Wire fencing proved as worthless a barrier to the «royal pheasants» so lavishly introduced; for the native partridge, or ruffed grouse, and the woodcock seem to be the only feathered game thoroughly at home in these New Hampshire woods.

But if there have been some failures, how splendid the successes! This can be more vividly grasped in a recapitulation which sums up the results in a few figures. The

buffalo herd, which now numbers about eighty-five, has sprung from four bulls and ten cows procured in 1889, and two bulls and eight cows added in 1892. It is the largest conventicle of these gentle savages in existence, except, perhaps, some unknown wild herd roaming in British America, and yet not a few of them have been sold to other parks. Of the moose kind, fewer than a score pur-

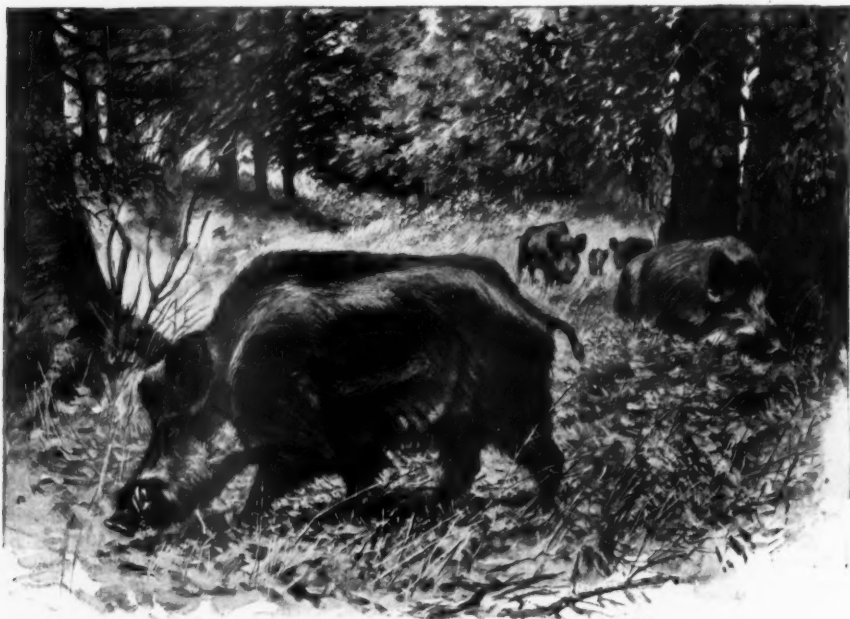


chased in 1889 have begotten a progeny now rounding a total of one hundred and fifty or more. The elk herd has grown from one hundred and forty, introduced in 1889-90-91, to what is believed to be little short of one thousand; and the higher estimate of twelve hundred attaches to the increase of the original one hundred and twenty deer of four varieties. A limited number of bull elks and bucks are shot every fall to control the inevitable increase. Four-

in the course of the next decade, make their great reduction a necessity. So perhaps one of the most exciting of medieval sports may be revived in this latter day, when again

The babbling echo mocks the hounds
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns.

The pig-sticking (a butcher-like name for a manly sport) of the Anglo-Indian ranks as an adventure scarcely less exciting than tiger-hunting. Though the wild boar of Hin-



DRAWN BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

WILD BOARS.

teen wild swine of the German Black Forest, the brakes of which harbored the breed in a savage state centuries before Cæsar carried the Roman eagles across the Rhine, have populated the Blue Mountain thickets with eight hundred or more savage-looking offspring, and each year accelerates the ratio of increase. In all these figures it must be remembered that there is a factor of uncertainty except as regards the buffalo. Scattered over forty square miles, largely dense and tangled forest, many of the animals have never been seen by human eye, and hide themselves in what is virtually an aboriginal wilderness. But in the inevitable guesswork, the park statistics, it is claimed, aim at under- rather than over-counting.

The prolific breeding of the wild hogs will,

dustan is less savage and powerful than its European representative, it would soil the sportsman's unwritten code to use any weapon more deadly to his game, and less risky to himself, than the spear. This means close quarters and personal courage, though the modern sport is less perilous than that which faced the royal game on foot with spear and hounds; for in the forests of Europe the hunter dismounted to assail the boar held at bay by his dogs. The brave Abyssinian of to-day faces the spring of the lion with lance and sword.

The conditions of Blue Mountain Forest, with its teeming herds of wild swine of a pedigree insuring their ferocity if brought to bay, offer a noble opportunity for introducing a kind of hunting than which none

could better test skill and manhood. It would be far more pulse-stirring than perforating grizzlies with steel-pointed bullets pumped from an unfailing magazine. The aspect of the boar—such a one as the writer was lucky enough to see—rooting in the edge of a wood, yet forever on guard with a wicked eye, ennobles him at once as an enemy to be held in honor. The huge head and snout gleaming with tusks, the square shoulders, the gaunt body with brawny flanks built for a swiftness which almost outruns the horse or dog, all covered with coarse, long brown bristles, made an impressive picture. These swine in the Blue Mountain woods banquet royally on beech-mast in the fall, and it is not often that they show themselves. But when the thickets are whipped clean, and the trees are silhouetted from bole to topmost pinnacle, and the pale winter sunshine filters into the heart of every nook and covert, one does not need to wander far. Then, too, these suspicious animals are lured from solitude to the open glades, where daily rations of corn eke out the scanty provender of nature.

The purpose of the founder of Blue Mountain Forest Park, among several objects eminently worth attaining, included the naturalization of wild animals under such conditions as would effect in some cases modification by cross-breeding. The buffalo, so far, has not crossed with domestic cattle, nor has the elk, so far as known, crossed with its European congener the red deer. Such experiments can come to an issue only with time and patience, and this royally planned preserve is not yet eight years old. But if this problem is yet in embryo, others have met with a full reward. Most of all as a vast nursery of wild creatures indigenous to our continent, the park has multiplied results on a scale outfooting expectation. It is safe to say, for example, that it has insured, not merely the existence of the buffalo, but its increase in a measure to make possible the extensive stocking of other parks. The disposition to found public and private preserves has grown smartly within recent years. Aside from provision to gratify our human taste for more rarely seen forms of animal life in city parks, individuals and clubs have taken steps to enrich and protect hunting-grounds and create artificial wildernesses. Judge Caton's well-known preserve in Ohio, though on a much smaller scale than

the Corbin park, and more limited in its variety of animals, antedated it, and is noteworthy as the place where a careful study of the wapiti, or elk, was first made. Mr. George Vanderbilt's later inclosures at his Biltmore estate in North Carolina, though his plans seem as yet unshaped, are big with promise. So, too, the Gould park in the Adirondacks, and Dr. Seward Webb's nine-mile inclosure in the same splendid wilderness, bear testimony to the influence of the Corbin example. Newspaper report also credits Mr. William C. Whitney with the purpose of establishing a great animal-preserve in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. But it is rather in less audacious enterprises that the value of the inspiration of Blue Mountain Forest Park will find its effective vent in regions topographically planned like northern New York, northern New England, and extensive tracts of Pennsylvania.

Mountain lands by the hundred thousand acres, where the farm is giving up its long fight, lie within little more than a half-day's journey from the great Eastern capitals. These regions do not respond to agriculture. Their sole big crops are stones and trees and wild animals. The returns of the harvesters of pulp-wood scarcely pay the chopping. The very corner-stone of sound economics is finding use in the channel of fitness along the line of least resistance. With this thought in mind, the transformation of vast tracts of mountainous New England back to a state of nature loses, even on its sentimental side, somewhat of the repugnance which attaches to the notion of a backsliding of civilization. The entire plateau, from ten to twenty miles in width, which roofs the Green Mountains of Vermont, for example, a section of noble woods and picturesque lakes, is thinly settled, and yields a reluctant livelihood to man. Whole townships, six miles square, with only a dozen voters who send one another by turns to the legislature, may be easily cited. Regions like this seem fashioned by nature's hand for natural uses, such as may be found in park and preserve and the pleasures of woodland sport. The Green Mountain plateau so fitly meets the needs of wild animal life that its woods already swarm with bear and deer. The close law enacted about ten years since, which prohibited deer-shooting until 1900, has so favored multiplication that the does and fawns frequently herd with cows on the slopes and meadows.

G. T. Ferris.

THE BABY CORPS.

(Being some account of the little cadets of the Virginia Military Institute who stood the examination of war at New Market, Va., May 15, 1864, in the front line of the Confederate forces, where more than three hundred answered to their names, and all were perfect.)

WE were only a lot of little boys—they called us a baby corps—
At the Institute in Lexington in the winter of '64;
And while the broad South was a ruin of war, no sign of peace in sight,
We thought it would end in a battle or two if they'd only let us fight.

We longed for the glory of going to war, and some by night ran away;
And every cadet in the school agreed 't was a greater disgrace to stay;
And General Smith and the faculty had their peck of trouble filled
Every time there was news of a battle lost or a Southern hero killed.

One night when the boys were all abed we heard the long roll beat,
And quickly the walls of the building shook with the tread of hurrying feet;
And when the battalion stood in line we heard the welcome warning:
«Breckinridge needs the help o' the corps; be ready to march in the morning.»

And many a boastful tale was told through the lingering hours of night,
And the teller fenced with airy foes to show how heroes fight;
We challenged Sleep at the gate o' the eye when he tried to cross our line,
And drove him away with a volley of yells and laughed at his countersign.

Some sat in nature's uniform mending their suits of gray,
And some stood squinting across their guns in a darkly suggestive way.
The battalion was off on the Staunton pike as soon as the sun had risen,
And we turned and cheered for the «V. M. I.», but yesterday a prison.

At Staunton the soldiers chaffed us, and the girls of the city schools
Giggled and flirted around the corps till we felt like a lot of fools;
They threw us kisses and tiny drums and a volley of baby rattles,
Till we thought that the fire of ridicule was worse than the fire of battles.

We made our escape in the early dawn, and, camping the second night,
Were well on our way to the seat of war, with Harrisonburg in sight;
And the troopers who met us, riding fast from the thick of the army hives,
Said, «Sigel has come with an awful force, and ye'll have to fight fer yer lives.»

But we wanted to fight, and the peril of war never weakened our young desires,
And the third day out we camped at dusk in sight of the picket fires;
Our thoughts, wing-weary with homeward flight, went astray in the gloomy skies,
And our hearts were beating a reveille whenever we closed our eyes.

«Hark! what's that? The sentry call? A galloping horseman comes.
Hey, boys! Get up! There's something wrong! Don't ye hear 'em a-thumpin' the drums?»
Said the captain, who sat in the light of the fire tying his muddy shoes;
«We must toe the line of the Yankees soon, an' we have n't much time to lose.

«Come up here, boys,» the captain said, as he waved his only arm;
«A moment of counsel before we start won't do us a bit o' harm.
Why, Jim, you're standing there asleep! Who's that you're whisperin' for?
Yer father! Wake up! You ain't to home; you're on yer way to the war.

«Hats off!» And we all stood silent while the captain raised his hand
And prayed, imploring the God of war to favor our little band.
His voice went out in a whisper at last, and then, without further remark,
He bade the battalion form in fours, and led us away in the dark.

«I'm tired o' marchin' night an' day on a road that's heavy an' wet;
It's six hours now since daylight came, and we have n't got there yet.
Skirmishers comin'? The Yanks are nigh!» «Swing out at the top o' the hill.»
«There's New Market! Look at the soldiers there—all o' them standing still.»

The league-long hills are striped with blue, the valley is lined with gray,
And between the armies of North and South are blossoming fields of May;
There's a mighty cheer in the Southern host as, led by the fife and drum,
To the front of the lines with a fearless tread our baby cadets have come.

«Forward!» The air is quaking now; a shrill-voiced, angry yell
Answers the roar of the musketry and the scream of the rifled shell.
The gray ranks rushing, horse and foot, at the flaming wall of blue
Break a hole in its center, and some one shouts, «See the little cadets go through!»

A shell shoots out of its hood of smoke, and slows mid-air and leaps
At our corps that is crossing a field of wheat, and we stagger and fall in heaps;
We close the ranks, and they break again when a dozen more fall dying;
And some, too hurt to use their guns, stand up with the others trying.

«Lie down an' give 'em a volley, boys—quick there, every one!
«Lie down, you little devils! Quick! It's better to die than run.»
And, huddling under the tender wheat, the living lay down with the dead,
And you could n't have lifted your finger then without touching a piece of lead.

«Look up in the sky and see the shells go over, a-whiskin' their tails;
Better not lift yer hand too high or the bullets 'll trim yer nails.»
Said the captain, «Forward, you who can!» In a jiffy we're all on our feet
An' up to their muzzles a-clubbin' our guns, an' the Yanks have begun a retreat.

Said a wounded boy, peering over the grain, «Hurrah! see our banner a-flyin'!
Wish I was there, but I can't get up—I wonder if I'm a-dyin'?
Oh, Jim, did you ever hear of a man that lived—that was hit in the head?
Say, Jim, did you ever hear of a man that lived—My God! Jim's dead!»

A mist, like a web that is heavy with prey, is caught in the green o' the fields;
It breaks and is parted as if a soul were struggling where it yields;
The twilight deepens and hushes all save the beating of distant drums,
And over the shuddering deep o' the air a wave of silence comes.

By lantern light we found the boys where, under the wheat, they lay
As if sleep—soft-fingered, compelling sleep—had come in the midst of play.
The captain said of the bloody charge and the soldiers who fought so well,
«I believe that the army'd have followed the boys if they'd entered the flames o' hell.»

Irving Bacheller.



THE HEART OF A MAID.

IN the first happy confidences after the engagement Maurice had told Nora all about the dear niece down in Alabama. He had been born so long after his brothers and sisters that it had put him out of step with his world; he had belonged to neither generation until Lili claimed him. From his description Nora made a perfectly distinct picture of the sensitive woman-child. He said her round, sleek head, with its heavy braid of black hair, had the swift, shy movements of a spirited and yet a gentle creature. In the old days, when in the intervals of canal-work he went home from Panama, it was quite as much to see her, whose especial property he had so long been, as to see his mother. She made a jubilee of these rare home-comings: when he went to his room he found fresh roses on the high mantel-shelf, while the candlesticks and window-glasses shone with a significant brightness, and in the wide black fireplace was an unlighted fire so cunningly laid that a touch of a match would send it off with a roar; but Lili herself was nowhere to be seen. Once, when she was a little child, he had traced her by tiny bare footprints in the dust from the back porch to the sugar-house loft; but usually the search was a long one, and he would go calling about the place, from the barn to the spring-house, and down into the dark grove of magnolia that stretched to the right of the house. When at last she was captured, it was in a shivering rapture of nervous ecstasy at being taken and kissed.

Nora was hungry for news of all those years before she had known Maurice, and Lili seemed the one being, besides his mother, who had ever gone far beneath the reserve that was an essential part of the man's nature; so to Lili she turned with a tenderness that was an extension of what she felt for Maurice. She made many plans for the time when they should go South to visit Maurice's people. She knew that there was some history connected with the little photograph that his mother had sent her. It was taken of a baby boy in long trousers buttoned half-way between waist and chin with staring white buttons to the little cotton shirt; the tiny hand that clutched his hat was deeply dimpled, and the bare feet thrust angrily beneath the seat of his chair seemed

associated in some way with the cloud from a recent squall that hung upon the brow so babyish, and yet so like Maurice's, that it touched thrillingly upon two of the strongest chords of the girl's awakened heart. She had not been able, after studying it, to satisfy herself about what sort of baby he had been. She saw that it was fatuous to write of these things to people she had never met, and Maurice's own testimony in relation to this early epoch was wretchedly inadequate. Down in Alabama there was his mother for the first half of the story, and Lili for the second; they would be as glad to tell as she to listen.

Maurice said he almost dreaded to go back of late years, it was so hard to get away. The last time he recalled perfectly. He and Lili had been for a ride along Sugar Creek; they raced, he on his brother Marshall's big stallion, and she on Bel Esprit. He had been badly beaten, and came pounding along behind, while she, drawn up beside the road, laughing and panting, with her hand pressed against her side, waited for him. Just as he reached her a little negro came toward them at a dog-trot, flapping a thin letter in his outstretched hand. It was Maurice's order to go straight back to Panama. He handed the sheet to Lili. She gave one glance; then, cutting Bel Esprit over the ears, took the low fence, and went galloping across the open fields. As she rode he noticed that her shoulders gave a queer little rising and falling motion. Maurice caught only a glimpse of her face a few hours later, as she ran across the porch and slipped into her own room.

"And you know," he said, "nothing makes a man feel quite such a hound as to be cried over."

In the course of time Nora wrote a propitiatory letter to Lili. It was worded with the humble tact of the victorious; but it brought only a very stiff little reply from the finishing academy where Lili was learning to write letters without a flaw upon their sparsely covered sheets.

"Poor child!" Nora said; "she has n't forgiven me"; and she looked with sympathy at the pretty little square photograph of Lili that Maurice carried in his pocket when he

happened to have on the coat he wore when it came. In the picture Lili's hair was not smoothed back, as Nora fancied it would be, but was cut in a short, wavy fringe over the square forehead; but the eyes were, as Maurice had said, very large and beautiful. Her dress, made after a childish fashion with a velvet yoke, wrinkled over the flat and childish breast. She was curiously immature for a far-Southern girl with a strain of Creole blood in her veins that should have warmed the rest to quick maturity.

Again, after her marriage, Nora wrote to the school-girl, and several letters came and went. In them Nora confessed that she had never seen an orange-tree in bloom, and they exchanged statistics concerning their heights, weights, and the size of the shoes that each wore. All these details were in Lili's favor; for although she had a shockingly large foot,—the largest in her family,—she wore a number one and a half shoe, while Nora, who had always been rather vain of her foot, wore a number three. The correspondence languished. Maurice took up this matter of the shoe, and suddenly became aware of the size of Nora's foot. Somewhere from the Lethæan ooze of his memory he dug up the fact that his mother wore a number twelve. The morning of this reminiscence, as Nora sat on the edge of the bed regarding her outstretched foot, snug in a prosaic merino stocking, with dawning distrust, he told her, in a burst of unwonted candor,—for he was usually a remarkably lovable fellow unvisited by candor,—that it reminded him of the old plantation song about

De holler ob his foot make a hole in de groun'.

"I don't see why you wanted to marry such a deformity," she had said, and then managed to laugh a little with Maurice.

The time came at last, after almost two years, when they were really on their way South. Maurice still pronounced it in the caressing Southern way, though his tongue had learned some harsher tricks. It was to be a mere extension of a business trip just long enough to say, "How d' ye?" Maurice said; but they had talked of it a great deal, and were still upon the theme as they leaned back, trying to make a luxury of the hard seats of the car that was taking them over the little single-track line to Meridan. Maurice kindled into almost garrulous animation as one familiar station after another was called. "When I was a boy," he had said three times, when there was a whirl of skirts and talk behind, and a tiny old lady holding a great,

gorgeous club of flowers made a rush at both of them, crying, "Oh, Boy, Boy! It is you and Nora!"

It was with a queer, choking rapture that Nora saw her husband fold the mother and the roses and jasmine in the tenderest embrace.

"And you too, Nora," she cried, straightening herself instantly. "And Jim," she added briskly, recovering from clasping Nora. "This is Jim Hawkins; he is our conductor now. You remember Jim, don't you, Boy?" Maurice and Jim shook hands like restored brothers. There was a delicious contagion in the homecoming. Nora felt stirred to the heart by these strange people who had once been near to her husband. "I told Jim I knew you-all would be on this train, and to take me to you; and if he did n't know you, to take me to a gentleman with a pretty young lady. And these are for you," she added, dropping the flowers into Nora's lap. "Cousin Elizabeth Hogarth gave them to me. She has changed her garden all around since you saw it, Boy." Then, in a lowered tone of confidence: "I just could n't stand it to wait at home to-day, so I went off to see Cousin Elizabeth without telling anybody. I knew I would come back on the same train with you from Mobile, and see you before any one else did." Light-hearted laughter bubbled up among the words.

As she talked, Maurice leaned forward and touched her wrinkled old hand, that lay gloveless upon the back of the seat in front, and Nora saw the quiver about the fine lines of his mouth that she had never seen except for herself; and her heart tightened with a tender pride at his faithfulness to this dear first love. It was a sweet old face, with bright eyes, gay in spite of a little fading and blending of the hazel-brown into the white. The soft, wrinkled skin, and the crisp hair that curled and showed color through the ash of years, seemed so much older than her spirit. The whole face was of the physical mold that she knew in Maurice's; but the gay, expansive nature had drawn lines as strong as the original, and made for itself a character entirely different.

"And Lili," the mother was saying,—Nora listened,—"Lili is back from school, and she is crazy about your coming home. She has been in your room all day, with the door locked."

Out on the platform of the car, Nora was a little confused by the Meridan station lamp shining full into her eyes. Maurice sprang out first to lift his mother down; but before

he found his footing, Nora saw a brilliant apparition in scarlet—an astonishing-looking young woman—seize him about the neck and rain kiss after kiss upon his lips and cheeks and eyes.

«Who is it?» Nora exclaimed, with an intonation of disgust, to the little lady, whose activity in alighting she was trying to supplement with a helping hand.

«Why, that is Lili,» she answered, laughing; «she has always been perfectly devoted to Boy.»

«And is this Aunt Nora?» said the tall young woman, half turning, but still clinging to Maurice with a hand so white that it shone against his coat. She shook hands, and placed a misdirected kiss somewhere on Nora's face. «I am very glad to see you, Aunt Nora. I hope you had a pleasant journey, and are not very tired. And, oh, Uncle Boy, won't you ride beside me? I am driving the carryall to-night.»

When they had all climbed in, Nora found herself next the mother, and Maurice beside Lili. Her companion said many things in her high, clear voice, and the two in the front seat were talking in half-tones; but Nora could hear only one passionately repeated question:

«You don't love anybody better than me, do you? You said you never would.»

Maurice laughed, touched her hair, which was bushed out and half confined by a gold fillet running through its roughened black masses, and tried to evade the question.

«But you said you would n't,» she insisted. «I have never changed; have you changed?» She leaned forward so that the line of twilight sky between their dark heads narrowed to a thread and went out. Nora felt a physical loathing settling about her heart; but taking herself by both shoulders, she made herself attend to Mrs. Russel's talk.

When the carryall stopped at a long, low house behind a grove of massive shadow, Lili, with sudden, grave dignity, said in a different voice: «It is good to have you at home. There is papa on the gallery, waiting for us.»

A heavy, handsome figure moved toward them, and in the warm hand-clasp and cordial «Sister Nora!» she felt a lightening of the pain that had made the drive distressing—a restoration of her interrupted mood of happiness.

As they all stood talking for a few moments in the hallway that ran through the house, Nora was able to see Lili as something besides a shock of color. She noticed the square regularity of the modeling of her

face, the masses of black hair, vital and wiry, and the extraordinary life and brilliancy of her eyes. It was really the scarlet of the dress, and the fillet giving emphasis to the studied disorder of her hair, that made her so striking, she thought. Maurice was studying her too.

«Do you like me, Uncle Boy?» she said, laughing, and clasping her two hands across his shoulder, and looking full into his eyes. «I had this dress made just for you, because you like red.»

As Nora stood by the fireplace in the square bedroom, where a few sticks burned on the andirons, and a great, greenish-white mass of Lamarque roses drowsed toward the heat from the mantel-shelf, Maurice came eagerly into the room, and before he was half across its wide expanse cried:

«Well, is n't she pretty?»

Nora steadied herself with one hand raised to the mantel, and pushed back a fallen log with the toe of her shoe.

«In a way,» she said; «but she looks like an actress, and she is no more like you said—»

«No,» he interrupted; «she is n't the least as she used to be. I never saw a girl so changed. But I thought she seemed very pretty still,» he added rather blankly.

«Your mother is a perfect darling, Maurice,» Nora said, reaching out her hand impulsively toward him.

As they stood talking, Nora felt that a new element, an unnamable element, had entered into her relations with her husband; and it was a relief that he did not try to detain her when, a few moments later, she left the room.

The next morning Lili came down to breakfast looking very demure in a black dress with broad cuffs and collar of white linen, and Nora realized that it was not the scarlet dress that made her striking. This nun-like severity smote on Nora's irritable sense as a piece of studied effect; and the dress certainly served to accentuate the white-and-black contrast of Lili's skin and hair, and the parted crimson of her lips was dewy bright.

Lili was very grave during the meal, engrossed with an earnest solicitude about her guests' comfort that Nora afterward learned was not an individual, but a universal, characteristic of the Southern housewife. Once when Nora called Maurice by name, Lili flashed a look at her from under her eyelashes, and said:

«Do you always call him that stiff (Maurice)? When I love people I don't like to call them what every stranger calls them.»

"When I love any one," Nora said slowly, her voice trembling a little, for she did not talk of these things, "I do not care to publish it to every stranger."

North and South looked into each other's eyes.

"Sister Nora," said the major, from his end of the table, "would you call the rose in the center of that cluster a light silvery pink or a deep carnation?"

Maurice's mother laughed. "The major is always asking hard questions about the flowers. As long as my old eyes can tell a blue from a red I am satisfied."

"You will come to the swing after breakfast; I want to show you something," Lili was saying to Maurice as Nora went for her hat to go with the major to the garden. As she was pinning it on she heard voices and laughter in the front yard, and tilting the slats of her window-blind, she saw Lili swaying in the swing, and Maurice trying to unclasp her hands from the ropes.

"Oh, but, Lili," he was saying, "you used to swing without holding on."

The girl's face, full of sparkle and joyousness, was raised to his; he leaned over suddenly, and kissed one hand and then the other, so that she, laughing, twisted her arms about the ropes and clasped her hands behind her.

Nora tipped up the slats again, and went to join the major, whose handsome, pompous figure was drawn up in an attitude of dignified endurance on the side veranda. He held a flat, square book in his hand, and wore a large Panama hat pulled down over his forehead. Although they were but two, they walked to the garden as if in procession; and though somewhere in her heart Nora held a sense of pain, she heartily enjoyed the major's earnest talk about his roses. There were rows and rows of little bushes, just coming into bloom, planted in a long space left between the artichokes and the green peas. The rose-bushes had come from all parts of the United States, the major explained; and now that they were blooming, he was familiarizing himself with the names and colors.

"Will you hold this, sister Nora?" he said, handing her the book, which looked like one that she had used at school for compositions, while he adjusted his spectacles. In a moment he was ready for the book, which he opened, and from which he read in a deep, impressive voice: "Catharine Mermet, Paul Neyron."

Between the names he looked sharply under his spectacles at the row of tiny bushes;

and as the roll-call proceeded Nora half expected to hear "Present!" from the sandy loam at her feet. Now and then the major stooped to read a little wooden label wired to a bush, or to break off a new bud that she might analyze for him its exact shade of color; and so they proceeded up the long line, while the sun beat down wiltingly upon the thorny handful that Nora held.

At last the major closed the book, wiped his forehead, and sighed; his morning work was over. When they returned to the house, Lili and Maurice had left the yard—"Gone off on one of their long walks," the major hazarded; and as their steps sounded in the hall, Mrs. Russel came to say that Lili had said they would be back soon, and, she went on, if Nora did n't mind, she should love to have her on the back porch.

It was pleasant and cool out there, for a big climbing rose with a yellow cup and a flaming heart bloomed its way up and past the eaves of the porch, and made an almost unbroken mass of shadow on the floor. On a table in the coolest corner stood bowls and saucers containing little heaps of flour and butter and baking-powder; and Mrs. Russel was busily lashing the whites of eggs into lather with a large slashed spoon upon a long meat-platter; as the wires struck the china at quick intervals it gave out a pleasant hollow sound, for the eggs were light.

No better moment could have offered itself for asking all those questions about Maurice's childhood; but instead Nora spoke of the major's roses. Mrs. Russel sifted the flour from a big round sieve, shifting it deftly from hand to hand till her worn old wedding-ring sounded faintly against the hoop of the sieve. But if the wife could be silenced, the mother could not; and when Celia had taken the pan from her mistress, and interrupted her directions about the baking with, "Law, Miss 'Liza, you know I kin baika er caike!" a little rocking-chair was drawn up beside Nora's, and of her own accord she told the story.

It began at the very beginning—the story that a mother loves best to tell and a wife to hear. The two women swayed gently back and forth in the shadow of the rose, and laughed and cried, with the name that they both loved upon their lips. Once the voices sank to a whisper, and the wife laid her lips softly to the heavily veined hand that she held. Neither heard the sound of steps on the grass, and when Maurice drew the rose-bush aside, they started as though taken in scandal-mongering.

"Come, Lili! We are just in time to hear how I did n't die of the yellow fever."

He and Lili seated themselves upon the low steps that led from the back porch to the detached kitchen.

"I'll be bound that Nora never heard the story about your cousin Kate, Boy," the old lady said maliciously. "You know, Nora, he was sort of half in love with Kate McDonald. It was n't a real engagement. I don't think he ever cared very much."

Nora knew that Lili had turned her head, and was looking at her.

"Yes," she answered good-humoredly; "I believe that is the only story Maurice was ever able to remember enough of to tell me. He told it while it was quite fresh in his mind, and since then I have been able to help him out if he forgets details." In the past this had been a wound to Nora, and she was surprised to find, on this first touch from an outside hand, that it had lost its sensitiveness.

"I have a picture taken at about that time," Lili said. "Shall I get it?"

She went back into the house, and presently brought an album; and they all bent over the photographs as if they were new to them. Four or five of the first pages were entirely given over to pictures of Maurice, from long clothes upward. There were duplicates of almost every kind.

"Why, Lili," cried Mrs. Russel, sharply, "you've got my baby picture of Maurice. I never told you you could have that, and I know there were no others, for they were all burned in the old house."

Lili laughed. "I've taken these from every one's album in the family, and most of them don't even miss them. I have them all, because I care more than any one else."

"If that was your reason for taking them, you can't resent losing them by the same course of logic," Nora said quickly, looking up from the book.

"Ah," said Lili, putting out her white hand and touching the little row of Maurices caressingly, "then I can never lose them."

Maurice had filled his pipe and resealed himself on the step; his interest in himself, never very keen, had flagged entirely.

Nora turned the page, and caught her breath.

"Oh, Lili!"

It was a large photograph, taking the whole page, of a boy of about nineteen, with a sweet, rounded face; upon it was the expression of dreamy innocence, almost stupidity, that looks out accusingly from our old photographs into our world-sharpened faces,

and speaks of a time when we knew less and believed more.

"Oh, Lili," she repeated with an accent of entreaty, "if you had not taken this one I might have had it."

"No, Aunt Nora; not that one. There was only one of those; it was Kate McDonald's. I got it from her. She gave it to me to prove to me that she did n't care for Maurice Russel." Lili laughed a little reminiscent laugh, and seating herself beside Maurice, drew his hand into her lap, while Mrs. Russel told in a syncope way the rest of the story of Maurice's yellow fever.

"What a little, little hand!" Maurice was saying, pinching Lili's fingers together and turning her hand about; "that has n't grown much, Lili."

"Lemme go, Uncle Boy,"—she twisted loose,—"*I want to find something.*" She pushed his cuff up as far as she could on the right arm, beyond where the firm white of the arm met the tan of the wrist, and bent over to look more closely.

"It is on the other arm, Lili," said Nora, dryly.

"Oh!" Lili exclaimed, pushing the cuff down sharply, "do you know about that? He had that little heart tattooed for me when he first went to Panama."

With a look of annoyance, Maurice got up, knocked his pipe out on his heel, and strolled off into the yard. The three women sat looking a little conscious until Nora found that she must go to her room before dinner.

She did not brush her hair at once, as she had proposed, but putting back the fleecy bobbin-net curtains of the great bed, stretched herself across it. Presently she heard Maurice's step at the door.

"You can't come in just now, Maurice," she called; and the door that had begun to open closed again.

When he came next she let him enter.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asked, coming toward the bed, and seating himself near her. He put out his hand and touched her hair, and looked down into her face.

"I don't feel well," she said, moving away from him.

He sprang to his feet, and said in a hard voice:

"Nora, what is the matter with you? You have been so different from yourself lately. I have almost thought that you did n't want me to be happy in my old home with my own people."

"I know I've been hateful, but it is because I have been so perfectly miserable."

«You poor little thing!» he said tenderly; «can't you tell me about it?»

«Oh, don't pity me!» she cried passionately; «that would be the last straw. You need not make any more of these dutiful efforts to remember me. Lili is probably waiting for you now.»

Maurice uttered a short, relieved laugh.

«Why, Nora, how perfectly ridiculous! My dear little niece! You could n't be so absurd as to be jealous of my niece.»

«She does n't love you like a niece. She loves you as—as I do, and you like it.»

He caught her hand sharply.

«Hush, Nora! That would be disgusting if it were not so utterly preposterous.»

«It is disgusting—so disgusting that it makes me shudder to see you together. She cannot bear you to look at me or think of me, and tries in every way to absorb every moment of your time, and make me feel that my claim is newer and less intimate than hers. I should not mind that if you were different. She has no power to hurt me; it is only you.»

Maurice went to the bureau, and began fiercely brushing his hair with his double brushes. Suddenly he clapped them together, and turned to her.

«You don't understand in the least, Nora; you are so different; but don't you see that it is only that Lili has always stood first with every one she loves? This is the only time she has ever had to come second, and she does n't know how to take it. She is just a passionate, wilful child, and this is her first whipping.»

«Maurice,» called Nora from the big wardrobe, where she had gone for another dress, «this might be a funny situation if there were any one to enjoy it.» She laughed a little hysterically, and clung to the heavy door for support.

«You can't expect me to enjoy anything that puts me into such an idiotic position,» he answered shortly. But the air had cleared.

That afternoon they went for a long drive, and as neither referred to the morning's talk, Maurice's grim humor gradually fell away. It was April, and the Cherokee roses piled their snow in the fence-corners. The last of the pale jasmine stars, as though detached by the weight of their own sweetness, floated from their stems to the warm, sun-spangled

earth beneath the beeches. Every breath of air was a sweet luxury of spring. The young beeches grew proudly, reaching out strong arms, the one perfect expression of strength and subtlety: noble muscles, not disguised as in the coarse-hided oaks, but swelling under the close-drawn skin as the sirews of an athlete stripped for the course, and above a translucent world of leaves and leaves. As she leaned and looked, a mood of gentle reverence folded itself about the wife. It seemed a simple thing to be magnanimous.

When they reached home it was almost dark. Lili's figure made a velvety blackness in the hammock. When Nora had laid aside her wraps and returned to the porch, she found Maurice holding Lili's hand with a new awkwardness. Her heart softened painfully when she saw the young girl's pale face and tear-drenched eyelashes; for instead of their vivacious upward curl, they turned down upon her cheeks with a pathetic, childish droop. She was in a subdued mood, hardly responding to Maurice's caresses, and in reply to his cajolery only summoning the shadow of a smile, quickly followed by the filling of her eyes with tears.

The week that Maurice had planned for his visit shortened itself into five days.

«I believe you would have stayed longer if Aunt Nora had asked you,» Lili said bitterly on the last day, when their going was once more futilely debated; and Nora, who, though she had learned to hold her tongue, had not quite curbed her lips, smiled without replying to the charge.

ONE night, some weeks later, when Maurice came home to dinner he found at his plate a letter.

«That was the queerest aberration of yours, Nora,» he said as he slipped his knife leisurely along the flap.

She made no reply, but sat for a moment with the ladle poised over the tureen as he read.

Maurice cleared his throat ostentatiously.

«Lili says I may tell you that she is to be married next month. A regular Romeo and Juliet affair; she told me all about it when we were down South. Most romantic!»

«Romantic! It must be cyclonic. I have seen Lili as a Platonist; I can dimly imagine the other rôle.»

Louise Herrick Wall.

LETTERS OF DR. HOLMES TO A CLASSMATE.



THE following extracts are from various letters written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes to my father, the Hon. Isaac E. Morse of New Orleans, one of his companions in the class of '29 at Harvard. At the time of the publication of Dr. Holmes's memoirs these letters could not be found; but they afterward came to light, and, it is thought, may be of interest to the general public.

Of this very distinguished class almost all have passed away. Indeed, I believe the Rev. Samuel May is now the sole survivor. They are, in part, thus described in Dr. Holmes's own words:

That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge."

It's a neat little fiction: of course it's all fudge—referred to Holmes himself and Judge B. R. Curtis.

That fellow's the Speaker—the one on the right, indicated Crowninshield.

Mr. Mayor, my young one, how are you to-night?

referred to Storow. The "boy with the grave, mathematical look" was Professor Peirce. Others were described as "My-country-'tis-of-thee" Smith; "Bill Gray, one of us millionaires"; Chandler Robbins, "conservative preacher, and amiable in manner as of old"; "our Jo [Angier], who made music with both voice and piano on these blissful occasions" (*i. e.*, class dinners); Devereux, class orator of '29; and "Richardson of Worcester County, very efficient and popular, and spoken of in the highest terms for his humanity":

You hear that boy laughing—you think he's all fun;

But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done. The children laugh loud as they troop to his call, And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

George T. Davis was meant by

. . . our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;

and James Freeman Clarke by

. . . the "Reverend" What's his name?—don't make me laugh!

They are all gone, but as long as "fair Harvard" stands, and the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table" can tell us of the "boys," their memory will be kept green.

A year or two after leaving college, my father and Dr. Holmes met in Paris, and were much together; and in one of his letters written from there Dr. Holmes refers to him as "my most pleasant and original classmate, Morse of New Orleans."¹

Later the thread of their old friendship was taken up when Mr. Morse came to Washington as a member of Congress from Louisiana, and from time to time visited Dr. Holmes in Boston or at Pittsfield—visits to which there are references in letters which are not thought to be of interest to the general reader, although they show in a charming light Holmes's unflinching friendship and gaiety, and his generous interest in the pursuits of his friend.

On January 7, 1847, Dr. Holmes writes:

MY DEAR MORSE: I meant this package for your New Year's present, but little matters took up my attention, and I was too late for the season of gifts.

But though it comes late and brings little, let me hope that as a token from your old friend and classmate it will be not wholly unwelcome; and if you should have thought that I was better as a promise-maker than as a promise-keeper, when you have broken the seal of this packet and seen your long-expected trifles blot out the accusation, and set me down among them of sturdy faith and sure memory.

Yours most sincerely,
O. W. HOLMES.

Dr. Holmes's friendship and his sympathy were not weakened by distance or by years. Writing from Pittsfield, he says:

. . . I enjoy this country life beyond anything I ever knew, and the one drawback is that of my ordinary pursuits and habits the very memory seems to lose itself in this new and rapturous state of being. Nothing, I was going to say, holds on but old friendships, and they grow all the greener in the midst of this growing and luxuriant nature. . . .

Yours very truly,
O. W. HOLMES.

And again in 1853, the year of the great yellow-fever epidemic in New Orleans, when,

¹ "Life and Letters of Dr. Holmes," Vol. I, p. 107.

one black Sunday, there was a death for every five minutes, he writes:

. . . I am thankful to hear that you and yours have been, so far, spared. I have often thought of you while we are hearing the sad stories from New Orleans, with anxiety and apprehension lest I should see some of your names in those melancholy lists. It is hard for us who have been living amidst the wholesome mountains of Berkshire to realize the scenes through which you have been passing. I trust by this time you may have had what we receive without thinking it a special blessing, namely, one of those frosts that seem to kill off the pestilence.

On July 17, 1855, Dr. Holmes writes from Pittsfield:

MY DEAR MORSE: I am very glad to hear from you anywhere and anyhow and for any reason. Hoora for the boy of seventeen and a half! My oldest is fourteen; says he is five feet one inch and a half high. I think he stretches the truth and the measure a little, but a very little. He is taller than his mother, anyhow, and can outrun, outswim, and outspatter me. A fair scholar—one of the best, I think, in his school; but loses some scholarship, and gains what is a great deal better, by passing five months in the country with the rest of us. You direct to Boston! Don't you know I am the landlord of a great farm up here in Berkshire County, a hundred and twenty years in my family, with a mile of river running through it, a forest of trees of three and four hundred years' growth, and a meadow big enough to feed all the bulls of Bashan? Don't you know that, hey? Because if you don't, I tell you it is so. Ask Judge Curtis—our old classmate Ben—if it is n't. His house is in sight from my door, two miles perhaps as the bee flies. I don't doubt that I have told all this word for word just so before (*n'èpargnant pas un oignon*); perhaps twice before, or oftener. Never mind. The great fact is that I, with mine, enjoy the *opium cum digitalis*, as the retired 'potecary called it, on our broad hereditary maternal acres, which if you shall ever press with your feet, as I hope you may, I will give you draughts of sweet milk, with corn-bread and honey; also a ride, a row, a swim; item, a glass of claret, or, if you like it rather,

The foaming grape of Eastern France, as Tennyson has it, and finish with a tranquil weed and a cloud of pleasant reminiscences.¹

About commencement, alas and alackaday! I know nothing, except that I received a great card the other day from the president and fellows—very clever fellows, no doubt; but I can't and sha'n't go. I have not been down to the anniversaries for years. Pittsfield is a hundred and fifty miles from Boston, and I don't choose to leave my garrison exposed to the incursion of hostile tribes until my oldest boy is five feet two at least. . . .

Yours always faithfully,

O. W. HOLMES.

¹ See THE CENTURY for August, 1895.

The poems mentioned in the next letters were by a relative of Mr. Morse. After her death the family thought of publishing them, and Mr. Morse asked Dr. Holmes's opinion of them. There is another and much longer criticism, which shows the great pains Dr. Holmes took in reading and expressing an opinion of literary ventures; but of his generosity in that respect there are so many examples in the «Life and Letters» that it has been thought best to omit it. The French quotation—Piron's epitaph upon himself—reminds me that in many of Dr. Holmes's letters to Mr. Morse there are little French expressions and phrases, as if a slight flavor of their old days in France still pervaded the page.

Without agreeing to what has been said of Dr. Holmes, that he is a «Yankee Montaigne», it must be admitted that this son of Puritan preachers was *doublé* with much of that fine, exact wit of France, which is so brilliant, and so difficult to define. His letters show how he tasted the intellectual pleasure of life in France, and make us wonder what would have been the result if, instead of that too brief sojourn in his youth, it had been his fate to dwell there in his more mature years:

Boston, Oct. 25th, 1855.

MY DEAR MORSE: You must not break the third commandment when you see my small sheet and brief lines. My table is strewn with letters, and among the busy men of busy Boston few are more occupied than I am at this time. Occupations: college lectures daily—begin in November; evening lectures (I make more money by them than in any other way) five days in a week almost constantly after November begins; poem-writing for Merc. Lib. Association; address before Pilgrims' Society in N. Y., Dec. 22, looming up in the distance; a correspondence which is frightful to think upon (twenty-six letters one morning a few weeks ago; that will do for one who is not a politician or a man of business, so called, won't it?); besides Rachel to see, children to take care of, and untold immensities of incidentals. In summer I am a gentleman, now I am a drudge. So I don't write long letters. To be sure, it will give me great pleasure to read the poems you speak of, and give you my opinion. Not that I like to promise opinions beforehand on any manuscript. I am fastidious, and, I suspect, slow to accept new forms of genius, so that I always tell young authors who come to me occasionally with their manuscripts not to take my opinion as final.

The presumption is, of course, that where you have been pleased I, too, shall find pleasure. I know your old Shaksperian tastes, and I cannot think that even personal attachment would make you see merit where it did not exist. But if you deliberately ask me my opinion, I shall have to give it to you, whatever it may be—politely, you

know; and delicately as I know how, if it should be different from your own; cordially and gladly if our tastes agree. Do not think too much of my judgment, at any rate, whatever it may be; our Northern standards are different from yours. I don't doubt, if Rouget de l'Isle had asked the opinion of the Academicians of Paris on the «Marseillaise» they would have had a committee, and reported it stuff.

Remember, then, that I am

rien,
Pas même Académicien,

when you send the MSS.

Nothing but still faithfully your friend,

O. W. HOLMES.

Remember Mrs. Holmes and myself to Mrs. Morse, with our kindest wishes.

BOSTON, Nov. 12th, 1855.

MY DEAR MORSE: I have read the lines you sent me over and over, so that I might, as I promised, give you an opinion about publishing. No one can fail of appreciating the feeling they show; they have the truth which real sorrow crushes out of a sensitive and delicate nature, and which is the stuff that poetry is made of. Nothing can be more natural, and, to those acquainted with all the sad events referred to, more touching, than this outburst of emotion at the thought of parting with a place so endeared by the most tender recollections.

In art the lines are deficient, perhaps too much so to be offered to the surly criticism of the public. You will find this axiom of mine true, I think: the more personal and intimate are the feelings which a poet reveals, the higher art is required to justify their exposure.

I think myself that verses like those you send me are not meant for the public. None but friends should read them. They are too artless, too careless, too much like an extract from a private letter, to be made common property. I should not, therefore, recommend their publication; but I am only one adviser.

I am up to my neck in every possible engagement, or I might perhaps talk longer. I will be as frank with you when you send the volume as now.

Till then good-by.

Yours very faithfully,
O. W. HOLMES.

The quotation in the next letter is a decided contrast. It seems to be from a popular doggerel campaign song in praise of General Jackson, or, according to the refrain, «the hunters of Kentucky.» I can remember hearing a few lines:

And for this opportunity conceive yourself quite lucky,
For 't is n't often that you see a hunter from Kentucky.

We thought you knew geography, but misses in their teens

Could tell you that Kentucky lay, just then, below Orleans.

It must have been a favorite student song, and for that reason—certainly not from its intrinsic merits—had stuck in Dr. Holmes's memory. I do not know to what «commercial speculation» reference is made:

BOSTON, Aug. 13th, 1859.

MY DEAR MORSE: Once every few years a good, kindly fit comes over you, and I have the pleasure of hearing from you and reviving the recollection of our old friendship and old friends. I was pleased, and perhaps a little amused, at your commercial speculation. New England likes New Orleans. Too far off to be jealous. Sends a great many of her children there. Loves to have a great city that does not consider itself a mere tributary of New York. Of course there must be some jealousy on the part of neighboring cities of such a great, man-swallowing centre as New York; but really I don't think there is so much evidence of it on the part of Boston as there is on the other side. Witness the late attacks on our trade and sales. The truth is, New York is so enormous that a little place like Boston can't be very jealous, whereas a great centre becomes so monopolizing, it is very sore to see any other place holding out as if it felt independent. Don't be scared about merchants being prejudiced against making money by their philanthropy; they are not good enough for that yet. If it would «pay» to send a packet once a week to what-do-you-call-it, down there, for a load of what-do-you-call-ems raised on combustibles instead of comestibles, they would send it every week, wind and weather permitting, from the end of Long Wharf. «Will it pay?» That is all our wicked merchants ask; not whether they agree about this, that, and the other matter with consignors or consignees.

So hurrah for New Orleans, I say!

Should n't I like to go down to «cypress swamp» where «the ground was» and I suppose is, «low and mucky», and see where «Gineral» Andrew Jackson bagged (cotton-bagged) his mortal game and immortal glory! . . .

Truly your friend,
O. W. HOLMES.

The last letter, so kindly and temperate in tone, full of good feeling for old friends and «our brothers of the South,» yet as inflexible in its expression of adherence to the Union as a stanza of his fine poem, «The Voyage of the Good Ship «Union,»» was written at the very beginning of the war:

BOSTON, April 15th, 1861.

MY DEAR MORSE: Your letter came most opportunely, for I had been for some time thinking that I would write you a few lines, at least, at my first leisure moment. Your letter (to one of the boys) was read at the last class meeting, and called out many expressions of kind feeling toward you. I

think I promised then that I would write and tell you how kindly you are always remembered among us.

Here we are under two different flags. I do not see that this has anything to do with our personal relations; at any rate, it is no question of political difference that can alienate us here from our old comrades and friends. In point of fact, until within the last few days there has been comparatively little excitement here among us. The firing on Fort Sumter, and its reported surrender, which has just come to us, are beginning to wake up our people. I do not think that there is anything like that hostility to the South which, no doubt, is honestly supposed to exist by many of our Southern compatriots. The violent abolition party does not at all represent our Northern sentiment; yet our democratic and part at least of our Bell and Everett press are always trying to make the South believe it.

We all look upon the Southern movement very much as Mr. Rhett does, as *not an event of a day*, not anything produced by Mr. Lincoln's election or by the non-execution of the fugitive-slave law, but as a matter that has been gathering head for thirty years. That is the way he sees it, and that is the way we do. The plain truth is, our civilizations have been diverging, and the old constitutional joints have worked loose. The slave system and the free-labor system have each come to a consciousness of the differences they had, as the nation has grown. I am afraid our difficulties are not functional, but organic. You may be right; certainly your position seems forced upon you by nature: but unfortunately, as one of the most accomplished ladies of the South wrote the other day to one of our classmates, civilization is against you.

I was exposed to bitter abuse a few years since in New York for reprobating the unkind feelings and language too often used among us toward our brothers of the South. I have never learned to approve the spirit of the language which I then reprobated. But now that the national property is appropriated, and the national flag assailed, the necessity seems to be forced on the government to measure men and money for a while with those whom it is necessarily bound to consider as conspirators. To make the duty of the government perfectly plain, nothing more was necessary than that its capital should be menaced! Henceforth you will find the North a unit.

It is a great grief to all good men on both sides that they may be called upon to spill the blood of those who were their brothers; but there are principles which can only make themselves recognized by trying the souls of their advocates. I have so much confidence in your honesty of purpose that I know you will join in saying, «God speed the right!» however we may differ in its interpreta-

tion. At any rate, if any of the boys of '29 ever meet under hostile banners, I know we should come out, like Glaucus and Diomed between the Greek and Trojan armies, and exchange arms, as did those doughty warriors, instead of fighting each other. Up to this time there has been nothing to show a visitor to Boston that there was any cause interfering with the usual prosperous order of things. *To-morrow* the regiments called out by the governor are to be mustered on the Common; and then, for the first time, our people will begin to realize the great fact which has reached them so slowly. Sooner or later, after thousands of lives and millions of money have been spent, we shall learn, as England and Scotland have learned, that we must live together in peace, in *some* fixed amicable relation. But is not suffering a part of the discipline of nations as much as of individuals? An old lady said long ago: «We want a war here in the North; we have been at peace too long.» No doubt we of the North have become too much like what Napoleon called England—a nation of shopkeepers; too rich, and many of us too lazy and selfish. If it could but have been a foreign enemy against which the steady North and the fiery South could have waved sabers and charged bayonets side by side! But I think the South is deceived in thinking that our commercial habits have in any essential point changed our old manhood.

Let me talk about pleasanter matters. My boy is six feet high within a fraction of an inch, if not quite that. Rather slight, good-looking, gentlemanly, strong on philosophy and art, pretty social; belongs to all imaginable societies—Φ B K, Porcellian, Hasty-Pudding, etc.; is one of the editors of the present Harvard magazine; took the prize for the best essay in the «University Quarterly» (open to all the colleges of the country); does not write much poetry, but chosen class poet almost without opposition. I will make him send you something of his composition. I don't think his poem will be printed; it is not usual to do so.

Hoping that nothing need ever change our old friendship, and that we may live to see peace between our States once more, I am

Always your friend,

O. W. HOLMES.

The friends of so many years never met again. My father died in February, 1866; and in announcing his death to the members of the old class Dr. Holmes wrote:

... Another of our companions, college classmate, life classmate, has taken his last degree—missing, but not lost from that

One circle, scarce broken, these waiting below,
Those walking the shores where the asphodels blow.

O. W. H.

Mary Blake Morse.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Heroes of Peace.

THE virtue of military courage, and the part of that virtue in making and preserving nations, are never likely to be underrated. As Professor William James said in his recent address, quoted in the *AUGUST CENTURY*: «Man is once for all a fighting animal; centuries of peaceful history could not breed the battle instinct out of us; and military virtue is the kind of virtue least in need of reinforcement by reflection, least in need of orator's or poet's help.» Military courage, indeed, seems to be latent in the mass of mankind—so much so that, put to the test, its absence is exceptional and surprising. Nobody likes to be shot at, but few men will refuse to go into battle. There were panics in our Civil War; these are psychological phenomena by no means implying genuine cowardice; but in the whole war, and on both sides of it, how many genuine cowards were brought to light? The moral bravery we call «civic courage» is indeed a rarer virtue than the courage military among the citizens of the Republic.

But without, at the moment, dwelling upon the kind of patriotism which is sometimes displayed, and is so greatly needed, in times of peace, we wish to call attention to the series, now being published in *THE CENTURY*, on those «Heroes of Peace» who have done valiant deeds, not for their country, but for their fellow-men; who have been physically and morally brave in the emergencies of hazardous occupations, or in those of more commonplace and every-day life. None of the readers of this magazine can accuse it of having neglected to glorify the courage of the battle-field. Aside from those periodicals altogether devoted to military and naval matters, *THE CENTURY* would probably be called, on its record, the «fightingest» magazine of modern times, with its «war series» and lives of great soldiers, sailors, and war-time statesmen. In the language of the Southern orator, we and our readers have «fought, fit, died, and bled, no end» together this many a long year—and we still seem to see some fighting ahead! Perhaps a magazine with such a war record owes it to the fitness of things to make an equally powerful peace record. Not that the arts of peace have been neglected, but that the «Heroes of Peace» deserve from such a source particular and conspicuous attention.

It will be remembered that the first article of the series was Mr. Gustav Kobbé's «Heroism in the Light-house Service», published in *THE CENTURY* for June, 1897. The second, on heroism in the police service,—that metropolitan police service of which Mr. Roosevelt, the author of the article, was lately the official head,—appears in this number. It is a study of the subject from the point of view of an expert; and it has a secondary, but most timely, interest in its bearing upon civic government—in fact, upon the pending campaign in the greater city of New York; for it shows the tremendous necessity of the government, not only of the police force, but, by implication, of every muni-

cipal department, without interference from national political organizations, especially from such organizations as are given over to selfishness and spoils. Mr. Roosevelt's story of the attack of the spoilsmen upon the board, because it insisted upon promoting fit men and heroes instead of the favorites of bosses, ought to make the blood of every honest citizen of New York boil, and boil to some purpose in this very campaign.

What Mr. Roosevelt says incidentally about the courageous lives of «engineers, firemen, brakemen, and train-hands generally» reminds us that an article from the most authentic sources will be here published on this very subject. Another, on the heroes of the Fire Department, will be from the pen of Mr. Jacob A. Riis. Other «Heroes of Peace» will have their place in the series, which promises to be as curious as it will be exemplary. The only difficulty in the way is the great embarrassment of riches in any such undertaking, as one may prove by the merest glance at the newspapers of almost any day of the year.

Leaders of American Thought.

It is sometimes remarked as a misfortune of the American political system that the method of choosing legislators directly from the district to be represented, added to the habit of making frequent changes in the representation, tends to drive many men out of public life who are natural leaders. This, it is maintained, somewhat lowers the standard of our representative bodies, and deprives the country of the benefits which it would derive from a larger number of well-known and highly trained public servants. It can be shown, even, that while conspicuous success in Parliament means an uninterrupted career, a similar success in Congress may be the very thing that will stand in the way of the return of the congressman to the next Congress. For instance, if a congressman becomes a leader of his party, and actually carries through some party measure, the opposite party may think it worth while to concentrate its campaign work in his particular district, in order to discredit the cause by the personal defeat of its champion. Something like this has happened in at least two conspicuous instances in recent years, and to leaders of first one and then the other party in the House of Representatives.

Without stopping to discuss this subject further, or to quote the opinions for and against the American system, we only wish to note that, however frequent may be the changes among the official representatives of political policies and public opinion, America possesses a permanent group of representatives and leaders who are without any political position whatever. Our public thought is, to a certain extent, swayed by men of national reputation who are not in office; who, in some cases, have never held office, either representative or executive. This country has indeed a noble body of intellectual leaders—in numbers all too small, to be sure, but men honored everywhere for ability, character,

public spirit, and that unselfishness, that disinterestedness, which in a democracy like ours is a source of almost unlimited power.

We are moved to these reflections by the reading of two books of essays which have just come to our desk, one by the bishop of a metropolitan diocese, the other by the president of a great university.¹ Even more than by the intellectual and literary force of any one chapter of these works are we impressed by the ideality, the instinct for noble things, the passion for the nation, that permeate the whole of each of these high-thoughted volumes. The word patriot is in danger of degradation from the often confounding of the disgusting imitation with the sacred reality; but here speaks that sort of patriotism which is the continual salvation of the Republic; that noble pride in country which will have the country pure; that love of country which is in truth the love and service of humanity—which has in it a kind of worship surely acceptable to him who is the God of nations.

So long as the Republic nurtures and listens to such leaders of thought as these, no patriot can despair. The reign of corrupt bosses exists largely because of our absorption in the opportunities of freedom. It takes some imagination—some *attention*, at least—to realize the demoralizing empire of professional spoilsmen, when, after all, one finds himself comfortable in his home and business. But our true leaders—men like Lowell, Curtis, Schurz, Potter, and Eliot—are the creators of that nobler public opinion which finally reacts upon the entire machinery of government and the entire life of the community, to their gradual cleansing and bettering.

Fortunate in Enemies and in Friends.

WE heard an interesting conversation, the other day, on the value of enemies. One of the speakers maintained—and who shall deny it?—that enemies discover and correct weaknesses, create definite policies, stir up friends, and excite energies that lead to victory. Enemies are as useful for causes as for individuals.

The last observation is appropriate to the obvious good turns that the enemies of civil-service reform are always doing that beneficent and triumphant cause. The recent activity of the enemies of the reform at Washington seems to have had much to do with the victory the reform has just enjoyed there. The congressional inquiry has developed unimpeachable testimony as to the practical superiority of the merit over the spoils system; and the threatenings with which the air was at one time filled were the means of showing the new administration (if it needed any such demonstration) how deeply the reform is based in the common sense and conscience of the American people. And now a most valuable object-lesson is being prepared, in the interests of the reform, by the formation, on the part of certain hungry patriots, of an Anti-Civil-Service League.

But the merit system has also been fortunate in its friends. President McKinley, by the widely extended guards he has put up against unjust removals, has again

proved himself one of the chief friends of the reform. The new rule requires that no removal shall be made from a position subject to competitive examination, except for just cause and upon written charges, of which the accused shall have full notice and an opportunity to make defense. A similar rule, applying to clerks and carriers in the post-office department, was put in operation three years ago under Postmaster-General Bissell and President Cleveland. It has worked well there, and the principle is now made to apply to the entire competitive civil service.

President McKinley's action is all the more creditable as it is taken in the face of clamorous attacks upon the entire merit system by unwise members of his own party. The President is helping powerfully to fulfil his own prophecy, contained in his declaration, made years ago on the floor of Congress, that civil-service reform «has come to stay.»

Beauty as a Principle.

NOTHING is more common than to find among otherwise well-educated people an incomplete development of the sense of beauty. There are people in whom the love of any art—music, or painting, or poetry—seems to be developed at the expense of the other arts, if not to their exclusion. The indifference of certain painters to music, or of certain musicians to pictures, may be accounted for on the theory that the sense of beauty is innate,—«born, not made,»—or that it is atrophied on one side by reason of excessive growth on another. But besides this lack of a nice and comprehensive esthetic sense among those of one's general acquaintance, one sometimes meets an artist who exhibits not only indifference to beauty of all sorts except the sort which he pursues, but an actual contempt for it. We have known admirable painters—who might better have been lamenting their lack of appreciation of the «faculty divine»—to waive aside the work of the great poets, as though they were deceivers or deceived, instead of new eyes with which to look at nature and truth. It has been said that «no one who has acquired an art in his youth can be wholly unhappy»; but it is certain that this acquisition may be obtained at the expense of a greater happiness, and even to the detriment of a larger sense of beauty. This broader sympathy is quite as likely to be found in those who merely enjoy beauty as in those who create it. The narrowness of musicians is proverbial, due, perhaps, to the necessity of specialization on the executive side; but in composition their feeling touches a more extensive range of human emotions. The influence of nature-study and of travel upon our people has been great, and yet one is often shocked by the failure to respond to natural beauty on the part of those who have chosen some form of art as a career, or who at least are part of the artistic world. It is not by the segregation, but by the unity and interplay, of the arts that the highest results are obtained, as in the Renaissance, when they went hand in hand in an activity the like of which has not since been seen. For one's own advantage, and for the advancement of the world, it is well to cultivate hospitality toward all forms of art, remembering that

... God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

¹ «The Scholar and the State, and other Orations and Addresses,» by Bishop H. C. Potter. «American Contributions to Civilization,» by President Charles W. Eliot. (THE CENTURY CO.)

OPEN LETTERS

How Boston has Systematized its Parks. A LESSON FOR ALL AMERICAN CITIES.

IN answer to the editorial request to describe the Boston park system, I would say that it deserves careful consideration, on the part of all friends of municipal progress, as an exceptionally felicitous example of wise and artistic planning with reference to all the various recreative and sanitary needs that open spaces of a public character can be made to serve. It is notable that Boston was the last of the older great cities of the United States to become alive to the necessity of public parks, in the modern sense of the term, in the equipment of a progressive municipality. The reason for this lay in the park-like beauty of its suburbs, with woods and fields easily accessible to the population, and in the existence of the large, old-fashioned Common, and the more recent Public Garden, in the very heart of the town. But with the expansion of the city, and the consequent gradual disappearance of rural charms, the necessity for the preservation of areas of open space within convenient reach became apparent. It was twenty-two years ago that a special park act was accepted by the citizens, and it is about eighteen years since the work of construction was begun. Up to the present time something over twelve million dollars have been expended upon land and construction.

The regret has frequently been expressed in many quarters that the work could not have been undertaken years before, in view of the many lost charms of the surrounding landscape that might thus have been preserved. But, on the other hand, it is felt that it is better, after all, that the delay should have occurred, on account of the more artistic methods that have been developed, the growth in public appreciation of such methods, and the consequent disposition and ability to do things in a larger, more intelligent, and consistent way.

If a large city were to be planned for location upon a beautiful and virgin site, with our present knowledge it would be a comparatively easy task to adapt it to the conditions of the place with regard to all the requirements of use and beauty, and there would be an unspeakable advantage in the utilization of the natural landscape opportunities of the region. A city of ideal beauty might thus be created, and the work would be possible of accomplishment with remarkable economy of resource. While such an opportunity would be a piece of rare good fortune, it is worth remembering that in the assured expansion of many small towns of to-day into large and important centers there exist, in large measure, opportunities not dissimilar in character, and that the problem of the growth of our great cities also includes similar conditions. Intelligent growth, instead of the haphazard expansion of former periods, should be the aim in the municipal activities of the present age. Modern science has placed in our hands the means essential to such growth, together with a knowledge of what the circumstances demand. Of cardinal impor-

tance are the adaptation of every scheme for municipal development to topographical requirements, and a wisely considered use of the natural features of a site in determining the permanent character of landscape surroundings.

This principle has to an unprecedented degree governed the designing of the Boston park system. While that system has by no means been planned as a whole, these ideas have been followed as its development has gradually progressed from comparatively small beginnings. It would be instructive to trace the various steps in this development; but present limitations forbid, and it can now only be said that the system comprises a series of public open spaces, each related to and complementing the others, each possessing a marked individuality in landscape character and in the part which it plays in the general scheme of public recreation in the open air.

Boston is fortunately situated in regard to these ends: a maritime city lying upon an island-studded bay, with estuaries penetrating a strikingly diversified landscape; a region not modeled upon a grand scale, such as distinguishes the country about New York, but with a broad and liberal graciousness in the charmingly picturesque commingling of hills and valleys, woodlands and marsh levels, with many ponds and various clear streams, and margined by the sea in an irregular coast-line of bluffs and rocky headlands alternating with shining beaches—the whole country toned and softened by nearly three centuries of human occupancy. Much of this has been ruthlessly mutilated, and conspicuous areas are hopeless wrecks of former beauty. But much yet remains unspoiled, and the city, with such landscapes lying upon nearly every side, has been enabled to take good advantage of its natural endowment.

Boston had the good fortune to obtain the services of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted at the outset, and the entire park system has been designed by that great artist and the firm of landscape architects at whose head he stands, and has been carried out under their immediate supervision. The Park Department is governed by a commission of three members, prominent citizens appointed by the mayor, who consider it an honor to serve the community without pay. They have had the good sense to follow the advice of the experts in charge of their work in practically all matters of design, construction, and administration. The department has been singularly free from political interference. The attitude of the commission in this respect has not infrequently aroused most vindictive resentment on the part of the mercenary element in city politics, but the civil-service law has been a strong bulwark against such aggressions. These conditions have given the Boston parks a noble artistic unity, which underlies and assures the widest popular utility in providing the various forms of recreation which public open spaces of different kinds can be made to serve.

The central feature of the Boston system is the great park of the city, Franklin Park, which corresponds in its general character to Central Park in New York and Prospect Park in Brooklyn, but more nearly resembles the latter in the simple breadth and unity of its scenery. Vistas of a noble range of hills bring several miles of country-side within the park so far as landscape effect is considered. A line of parkway, unique in character, connects Franklin Park and a chain of other pleasure-grounds with the heart of the city by an irregular route of something like seven miles, with drives, rides, walks, and a long reach of waterways. First in order comes the Arnold Arboretum,—the beautiful great «tree museum» so well described by Mrs. Robbins in *THE CENTURY* for April, 1893,—a tract of hill and dale where every variety of tree and shrub which can be made to grow in the Boston climate flourishes under the most favorable conditions in a way that combines delightfully the highest demands of botanical science with popular instruction and recreation. This has been done under the coöperation of Harvard University with the city of Boston.

A half-mile farther on is Jamaica Park—a fresh-water pleasure-ground, with most of its area occupied by the beautiful Jamaica Pond. The land acreage is just sufficient to assure an attractive margin of pleasant shores. At this park aquatic recreation is the main feature, with excellent opportunities for skating in winter.

Leverett Park is a continuation of Jamaica Park, with a striking diversity of scenery in groves and tree-clumps, grassy slopes, small ponds, brooks, and cascades, and provision for the establishment of a zoölogical collection of fresh-water aquatic life in and about a series of shallow pools.

Leverett Park continues the parkway along the valley of a charming stream, one of whose sources is Jamaica Pond, and which forms the boundary between Boston and the town of Brookline,—this and the succeeding division of the improvement having been carried out jointly by the city and the town. The next division is a long and comparatively narrow section called the Riverway, which in landscape character recalls some of the loveliest aspects of rural England. Then, just as the neighborhood of a streamlet on the New England coast changes as it approaches the sea, so as this clear little river joins the creek that now safely carries the waters of a once very troublesome stream—Stony Brook—to the estuary of the Charles, the scene gradually assumes a littoral aspect, and brackish waters meander through marshy levels with bosky banks. This remarkable reproduction of the tranquil landscape of salt-marshes is a novel feature in park design, and is notable as an absolute creation of scenery upon a foundation of nothing but repulsive mud-flats and a shallow bay, just as the Riverway is an instance of the restoration of a formerly beautiful landscape. «The Fens» as the marsh scenery section is called, form the artistic guise of a necessary and very important engineering and sanitary improvement. A short and narrow section, the Charlesgate, brings the parkway to its terminus at the Charles River. A chain of picturesque and ever-varying scenery is thus presented all the way from Franklin Park. Under formal urban conditions the system is

carried through the handsome residential Back Bay section to the threshold of the business districts at the Public Garden by way of Commonwealth Avenue, now in charge of the Park Department.

Another very important element in the system is Marine Park at City Point and Castle Island. This is the seat of the greatest yachting headquarters in the United States, and the maritime movement forms a brilliant and animated spectacle through the summer. The use of Castle Island for park purposes has been given by the National Government. The island has been connected with the main, and between it and a long iron pier at the Point a «Pleasure Bay» with a horseshoe curve gives opportunity for safe boating. Facilities for beach-bathing on a large scale are provided, sites for club-houses are allotted to the various yacht-clubs, and a great aquarium is contemplated. For two miles along the shore of the peninsula of South Boston the Strandway, now under construction, makes a beautiful bayside drive, and, continued as Dorchesterway to the end of Massachusetts Avenue, the chief cross-town thoroughfare, gives Marine Park a pleasant and convenient connection with the rest of the system. Another parkway line, just determined upon, will connect Franklin Park directly with the Strandway, and make a continuous line of park roads, about thirteen miles long, from the Public Garden to Castle Island.

There are several minor public grounds in various sections of the city, recently established by the Park Department, not connected with the main system, but models of their kind as local and neighborhood open spaces, in contrast to the sixty-five open spaces of various kinds which, for the most part, are shabbily and yet expensively maintained by the Public Grounds Department, apart from the regular park administration.

The municipal park system of the city forms but a minor portion of the area of public open spaces included in the Metropolitan Parks District of Boston, which in 1892 was created for this purpose, comprising a cluster of thirty-six municipalities. The metropolitan system already includes more than sixty-five hundred acres, with other large areas publicly held in various ways under the administration of that department by a board of five commissioners appointed by the governor. There are two noble public forest reservations,—the Blue Hills, with over four thousand acres, and the Middlesex Fells, with about thirty-two hundred acres,—besides the Stony Brook Woods, of about four hundred acres: the latter an expansion in a picturesque grand parkway which is to connect the Blue Hills with the Boston system at the Arnold Arboretum. Within the district is also the important public forest of the city of Lynn—the Lynn Woods, comprising two thousand acres. All these are wilderness tracts of remarkable sylvan charm, requiring only the simplest forms of judicious improvement to let Nature do her best and to adapt them to public use. This improvement need be little more than the planting, thinning, and care of trees, with expert disposition of appropriate varieties according to landscape conditions, together with a well-devised system of good roads to make the scenery in all parts conveniently accessible for the public.

A small tract of great importance is the Beaver Brook Reservation, to the westward of Cambridge in Waltham

and Belmont, embracing a famous group of grand and primeval oaks, and the cascade celebrated by Lowell in his exquisite poem. Of inestimable value in the metropolitan park scheme are the dedication to public use of several miles of ocean front at Revere Beach, and of the shores of the Charles River for a large portion of its course through the metropolitan district. Also included are the similar improvement of the shores of the two other rivers, the Mystic and the Neponset, so far as practicable, and the connection of the various reservations with the city and with each other by lines of boulevards and parkways, the latter to comprise in their chain the most important large ponds of the district, several of which are very beautiful.

Several of the metropolitan municipalities outside of Boston have recently engaged in the work of park improvement, most important being Cambridge, which has taken for the purpose nearly all the shores of the Charles River within its limits. Notable park works of picturesque character have also been undertaken by Newton, Waltham, Malden, and Winchester. Including the local grounds, there are already within the metropolitan district available for recreative purposes a grand total of between thirteen and fourteen thousand acres of public open space.

The metropolitan system as projected is a work which demands years for its consummation; but it is felt that the lines cannot too soon be laid down and adopted. Altogether the Boston scheme of park development, including with the metropolitan the several separate municipal undertakings, is undoubtedly the broadest and most comprehensive yet planned for any city; and by its thoughtful adaptation of the most essential elements of the regional landscape to the needs of a great urban population, it has justly aroused the enthusiasm of the foremost authorities on the subject.

Sylvester Baxter.

A New Parliament of Religions.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM A EUROPEAN ADVOCATE OF A
NEW PARLIAMENT IN 1900.

WHEN, in 1893, the news came that a Parliament of Religions was in session at Chicago in one of the palaces of the Columbian Exposition, it gave old Europe a great and almost anxious feeling of surprise. We were told that before an assemblage of thousands, surrounded by one hundred and seventy representatives of the most diverse religions, Cardinal Gibbons had risen, his fine and gentle face set off and illumined by the scarlet of his cardinal's robe, his eyes beaming with celestial joy, and had recited the Paternoster, in the silence, as it were, of a sanctuary. The whole assembly had accepted that prayer as «the universal prayer.»

The Parliament of Religions, however, did not limit itself merely to this solemn and ideal manifestation. Following a very practical and precise program, the representatives of religious humanity, in their various sessions occupying seventeen days, studied the gravest problems of the present time. They spoke only of agreement, conciliation, souls, union, and fraternity. It was the first council where there were neither disputes nor anathemas.

Now, although Mr. Charles Bonney, a religious-minded thinker, was the first to propose the idea of a Parliament

of Religions, and the Rev. Dr. Barrows, a Protestant minister, was its practical and effective organizer, yet it is but just to recognize that the coöperation of the Catholic Church in the United States made it a possibility, and assured its success.

As for the advantages which may have resulted from the Parliament of Religions, Mgr. Keane, who was obliged to attend the International Scientific Congress of Catholics at Brussels (September, 1894), in order to defend the great work of the American bishops against the attacks of the Jesuits and the non-compromising spirits (*intransigents*) of the Church, set them forth thus in an eloquent discourse: «Mankind begins to detest hatred and hostility ever more and more. Humanity is making an undeniable effort toward milder forms and a more prolific blossoming of charity. And is it not the aim of religion to unite man with God and with his brethren? Religion is charity. Even though we may not be able to agree on questions of faith, may it not be possible to come to terms on charity? It would be much to give even *this* lesson to Christians: that in order to love God it is not necessary to hate one's brother who does not love him in just the way we do; that so as to be faithful to our belief, it is not necessary to be at war with a hundred who understand faith differently. But there was another very desirable utility—that of uniting the protest of every form of religious belief against materialism and agnosticism, against all forms of irreligion and unbelief, and thereby showing how contrary these things are to the fundamental ideas of mankind and its happiness.»

Might not old Europe, renouncing her past contentions, renew so great an act of generosity, liberality, and progress, and convoke a new Parliament or Universal Congress of Religions? That is the question which some French Catholics, Protestants, and Israelites asked one another. The year 1900 is to be glorified by the Universal Exposition at Paris, and it will rest on the apex of two centuries. Why should it not be chosen to mark the date of an immense religious rendezvous, where all believers might make a sole and same declaration of faith, «I believe in God»; and unite in a sole and same prayer, «Our Father, who art in heaven»?

Above all, at the present time, while problems of social transformation are engrossing and carrying away all minds, it is the duty of those representing the moral and religious ideal in this world to recall the fact that religion, whatever may be said to the contrary notwithstanding, has molded the soul of humanity in the past, has stamped its deep impression in the flesh and blood of all the generations whose heirs we are; and hence no dreams for reorganizing the world can afford to neglect the indestructible element of mystic aspirations.

The social benefit of these aspirations is incontestable. They alone are able to preserve a trace of idealism for us in the terrible struggle for life which, without them, would be merely material, brutal, and ferocious. «For the immense majority of men,» said Renan, «established religion constitutes the only share in their lives given to the worship of the ideal. To suppress or weaken this sole and great remembrance of nobility, in the classes deprived of other means of education, would be to debase human nature and take away the sign that distinguishes it essentially from animals.»

The inspiration most needed by humanity in our terrible times is surely that of charity, brotherly love, justice, and social solidarity. But whatever theories the sociologists may frame, those sentiments can have a solid foundation only in the supreme religion of the paternity of God and the fraternity of men.

The proclamation of this humanitarian religion, because it is best fitted for the social needs of the present time, would assuredly not imply the renunciation of more complete beliefs that go beyond it. There would be no recantations or vague compromises of doctrine. Every believer would keep his complete faith.

The very principle of a Parliament of Religions would be to proclaim the respect due to every sincerely pious conscience, and to every religion, in the individual form it takes in each conscience. Faith would be considered less on its *absolute*, and more on man's, side in relation to his heart and intelligence. Without failing to recognize the value and the rights of metaphysical truth, subjective or moral truth would be declared to be more important. It would be less a question about *truth* than about *sincerity*. Faith and sincere conviction would command every one's veneration.

If it were said that this is going too far, that this is in a manner recognizing the equal value of all religions, we can reply: «No; all religions are not equally valuable; but all honest and sincere consciences are, and they have the right to demand the respect due their free convictions.» It would be impossible to maintain the equal value of all religions, as regards their dogmatic assertions, in the *absolute*, but the equal dignity of religious consciences is an undeniable principle. The very nature of the Parliament forbids the discussion of the absolute truth of creeds. The gaps in one denomination's creed would not be considered any more than the superiority of another. Yet the mere spectacle of believers of such various faiths in session in one and the same assembly would proclaim that if a perfect faith is God's greatest gift, «good faith in incomplete truth, or even in error, is man's greatest merit, and is his sovereignly sacred and honorable right.»

The Parliament of Religions, in short, would accomplish what we should like to call the «moral union of religions.» But there would be a compact of silence on all dogmatic peculiarities dividing men's minds, as also a compact of common action on those points uniting their hearts, by the uplifting and consoling virtue dwelling in all faith. It would be the end of sectarianism. It would be a breaking away from that long tradition of wranglings which kept earnest men quarreling about subtle differences of doctrine, and would herald new times, when men would care less about splitting up into new sects and chapels, digging trenches and building barriers, than to spread the benefits, both moral and social, of religious sentiments by noble and cordial goodwill. The sublime example of tolerance and brotherly concord would tend powerfully to the formation and the progressive education of the general conscience of humanity—that is to say, the fundamental conscience of its moral and spiritual unity; and thereby religion would resume its true rôle, which is to reveal charity to men, and, amid the diversity of minds, prove the brotherhood of hearts.

Abbé Victor Charbonnel.

Is Common Sense un-American?

It is quite generally admitted that there are some serious defects in the working of popular government in this country. Few intelligent Americans deny that there is something left to be desired in our management of the business and finances of a great nation—its revenue, currency, and banking methods; in the treatment which our statesmen and legislators give to international questions; in the quality of our national and State legislators; in the way in which our nominating machinery works; in the assumption and exercise of the functions of government by party bosses, without regard to the rights and wishes of the people; and in the general results of universal suffrage as applied to the government of cities. Upon these and other points which might be mentioned there is virtually unanimous agreement among Americans who are not politicians and who are in the habit of giving thought to the subject. But with this general admission the agreement ends, and a division is made into two great classes, one of which contends that the only way by which the evils complained of can be remedied is by full and frank recognition of them in all their seriousness, without qualification or attempt at extenuation; while the other contends that full and frank recognition, especially in plain speech and terms, must be avoided as an unpatriotic reflection upon our institutions, as a pessimistic and degenerate proceeding unworthy a true American citizen, and that the only really patriotic and effective remedy is to refrain from plain or harsh characterization, and to claim that everything is sure to come out all right in the end, because we are the greatest and most glorious nation that the world has ever seen.

Let us see how plain common sense—what General Grant called «horse sense»—will operate when applied to these two methods of treating the evils which we have enumerated.

1. *National Revenue, Taxation, and Currency.*—Common sense would say: Follow, in the management of these questions, the teachings of experience throughout the world, which, summed up in a sentence, would be to take them out of politics and put them absolutely in the control of experts. Every business house in the world does this, not because it is the surest method of success, but because it is the only method, not merely of success, but of existence. No intelligent man can deny that if our national business were conducted in this way the results would be in every way an improvement upon our present condition: taxation would be more light, because more scientific and just; confidence would be universal and permanent, because of a sound currency and banking system; and periodic upheavals in trade and industry because of uncertainty about tariff rates would cease. Is there any other way by which such results can be achieved? Can things be bettered by questioning the patriotism of those who point out the defects of our present methods? Is it un-American to say that we should be intelligent enough to exercise common sense?

2. *International Questions.*—Common sense says: Conduct these in such a way as to preserve our own self-respect, to prevent a disturbance of our own trade and industry by causing unnecessary alarm, and to hold

us before the world as a civilized, Christian nation desiring to be just and honorable in all its dealings. This seems to be a very simple method of procedure, and one that is patriotic as well, unless it be true that there is a conflict between common sense and true Americanism.

3. *Quality of National and State Legislators.*—How many persons of intelligence are met in private life who maintain that the quality of our legislators is satisfactory? There is a virtually universal admission that the quality has been deteriorating steadily for many years, and is now little short of deplorable. This being the case, what does common sense say? Does it say the quality can be improved by concealing the facts? Does it say that we shall get better legislators by denouncing everybody who says we have poor ones, and holding him up to contempt and scorn as a degenerate American who is slandering the institutions and statesmen of his country? Is such a method of procedure as that calculated to drive unworthy men out of politics?

4. *Our Nominating Machinery.*—It is a notorious fact that in national politics this has passed out of the control of the people, and is now in the complete possession of bosses, who use it to put their servile agents into the public offices. What does common sense say about this? Does it say it can be remedied by concealing and denying it, and assailing as bad Americans all those who denounce it as an evil which must in time break down popular government if it be not rooted out? Does it say it can be remedied by everybody's going about and declaring that this is the greatest nation in the world, that nothing can harm us, and that all will come out right in the end? Does it not rather say that the danger must be recognized in all its force, and the best method possible devised to encounter and defeat it? And how can this be done without first arousing the people to the necessity for action by showing them what the danger is?

5. *The Misgovernment of Cities.*—What does common sense say about this universally admitted fact? Does it say, Shut your eyes to it, and wait for it to work out its own cure without your aid? Does it say you can reform it by denouncing as un-American all those who venture to call attention to it and to speak of it as a disgrace and a peril to free institutions? What is patriotism? Can there be a better definition of it than Lowell gave when, in asserting his own love of his country, he asked:

What better proof than that I loathed her shame?

Joseph B. Bishop.

"The Withdrawal of the French from Mexico."

OLIVER P. MORTON'S
CONFIDENTIAL RELATION TO THE EVENT.

ON October 28, 1865, Oliver P. Morton, the "War Governor" of Indiana, after undergoing extraordinary labors in keeping his State in the column of those loyal to the Union, was stricken with paralysis, a disease which came upon him like a thief in the night, broke down a frame of great vigor and endurance, and entailed continued suffering for the remaining years of his life. His physicians prescribed absolute rest, but for Morton this was impossible, and he was soon at work preparing an elaborate message to the legislature. They then insisted that he should withdraw absolutely from the duties of office, and that a change of

scene and climate was necessary for his recovery. He had been told of the success of Dr. Brown-Sequard of Paris in the treatment of paralysis, so he made up his mind to go abroad and seek the aid of this celebrated physician. His message to the legislature was delivered on the 14th of November, and on the evening of the 17th he left Indianapolis for Washington, where he spent the week prior to his departure for Europe. While in that city he had several interviews with President Johnson, a man with whom he had held cordial and even intimate relations. In one of these interviews Mr. Johnson confided to him a secret mission, asking him to make a personal request of Napoleon III for the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico. It had already been determined by the administration that the French must leave that country, even if it involved the necessity of war; but President Johnson hoped that the Emperor would consent to this voluntarily, if he could do so without too great a loss of prestige. The demand through the regular diplomatic channels for the withdrawal of these troops would be embarrassing to the French government, which as late as October 16 had insisted upon a recognition of the empire of Maximilian before the French army should be recalled.

It appears from an article in the May, 1897, number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE that General Schofield had already been sent by the State Department to communicate to the Emperor unofficially the necessity for recalling the French troops; and President Johnson, learning that Morton intended to go to Paris, asked him also to intimate informally to the Emperor that it would be impossible for the administration to withstand the pressure of public opinion in America, which demanded the expulsion of these troops, if their withdrawal were longer postponed. He asked Morton to say that it would be easier for the French government to recall them voluntarily than to submit to the humiliation of acceding to official demands, and that by a voluntary withdrawal the good feeling between the two nations could be better preserved. Mr. Johnson impressed upon Morton the necessity of keeping this mission entirely secret, and he gave him the following autograph letter, which stated nothing of the object of his visit:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 11th, 1865.

"His Excellency Governor O. P. Morton of the State of Indiana has been entrusted by the Government of the United States of America with important business in Europe. As the executive of one of the States of the Union, and as a citizen possessing the confidence and respect of his country, he is cordially recommended to the kind consideration of all whom it may concern.

"ANDREW JOHNSON."

A physician had been detailed by the Secretary of War to attend the governor until the departure of the latter in the *Scotia*. The voyage was long and uneventful. Morton arrived in Liverpool the day before Christmas. He proceeded to London, stopping only two days in that city, and then passed directly on to Paris, where he remained till the 1st of February. Here he had to undergo the ordeal of the moxa, or cautery, of the spine, which was performed by Dr. Brown-Sequard. Previous to this operation he had an interview with Baron Roth-

achild, who arranged for him a private audience with the Emperor. He delivered to Napoleon the message from President Johnson. The Emperor replied that it had never been his purpose to keep permanent possession of Mexico, but that his object had been to secure the rights of French creditors and residents, and to leave the people of the country free to make their choice of rulers. He spoke regretfully of a speech which had been made by General Logan in Congress, demanding the summary expulsion of Bazaine. It was shortly after this interview that the Emperor delivered his address to the Corps Législatif on January 22, to which General Schofield refers, in which he declared that the French occupation of Mexico was reaching its limit. After his private interview Morton also received a formal invitation to a reception at the Tuileries. He wished to go, but to do this he would be obliged to wear court dress and sword. At first he determined to do it. He went with his friend Berry Sulgrove, who had accompanied him to Paris, and selected a costume; but he had a great distaste for appearing in that way, and believed that standing for a long time at a great reception would be injurious to his health, so he remained away.

When Morton found that the operation of the moxa was not successful, and that his paralysis could not be cured, he became very impatient to return, and after a few days in Switzerland he started for England, and thence back to America.

Although Sulgrove knew that Morton had had a private interview with the Emperor, it is not believed that Morton ever spoke of the subject of this mission until during his final illness. The Hon. R. R. Hitt, who had been his private secretary in the Senate, visited him at Indianapolis shortly before his death, and read aloud to the sick man during a great part of the night. On this occasion Morton drew him down close to the side of his bed, and said: "I want to tell you about that mission to Paris. There is not a word about it on record, and when I die the secret will die with me. I was asked by Johnson to have an interview with the Emperor, and if possible to secure the removal of the French troops from Mexico. Mr. Bigelow was minister at the time, but he knew nothing of it." Morton then related to Mr. Hitt the foregoing facts.

It is of course impossible to say positively to what agency the withdrawal of the French troops was mainly due. Possibly several things concurred to convince Napoleon that this step was necessary; but it is a fair inference that the distinguished statesman who talked face to face with the French Emperor in secret conference had much to do with it.

RICHMOND, INDIANA. *William Dudley Foulke.*

Kindergarten Progress in Indianapolis.

THE public schools of Indianapolis have received extended notice from the press throughout the country. No less admirable is the branch of training found in the free kindergartens, which are the result of ten years of persistent labor. The free kindergartens of this city are recognized in the National Association of Kindergartens as among the most progressive in the country. During the year just closed (June, 1897), 5297 children were reached by the kindergartens, of which there are eleven, all numbered but two, to which have been given

the names of Arabella C. Peele, who was for a number of years president of the Kindergarten and Children's Aid Society, and of Miss Mary Turner Cooper, who did so much for the colored children composing the school. The kindergarten work proper is much the same as that in all similar schools. For a number of years no fine hand-work has been done, as Mrs. Eliza A. Blaker, who has been superintendent of the schools ever since they were opened, believes that the close attention demanded of the pupil for this work creates ailments in later years. A unique feature is the domestic training, which is not like the kitchen-garden, but is real training in practical housekeeping. One phase is to teach that cheerful faces, kind words, gentle tones, and clean rooms are as valuable as well-cooked, nicely served food and a clean dress. Thirty-one guests were served in the Domestic Training-school during the winter, with the entire menu of potato-soup, toast-sticks, breaded veal, green peas with white sauce, potato-balls, biscuits, celery and nut-salad, snow-pudding, and coffee, prepared by the pupils. The sewing-classes learn how to make dolls' clothes, and as the children grow larger they make dresses and underclothes, make and trim hats, mend, darn, and crochet. Under the supervision of Mrs. Blaker, there are kindergartens at many of the public institutions. Each school keeps a record-book containing the name, age, health, temperament, physical defects, etc., of each child. This is taken when the child enters, and the children are tested from time to time, and the result is added to the record-book, in order to keep a study of the child and meet the individuality of each. There is teaching in patriotism, the flag salute and national airs being an oft-repeated part of the exercises. Last Fröbel Day (April 21), in addition to the usual program, each child was presented with a packet of seeds, both flower and vegetable. The effect was almost miraculous, for in two weeks' time the greatest improvement in the yards of the families represented by the children was noticed. They were in order, patches had been fenced off, and one father made a little fence and gate for his child. A summer school is being maintained this year, with excellent results and large attendance. From the modest beginning special features have been added, until now the work reaches out in every direction, and not only the children but the parents are brought under its influence. Mothers' meetings, for an hour of rest, change, pleasure, conversation, instruction, and social intercourse, with some light refreshment and a story or song, make a bright spot for them, with an annual mass-meeting of mothers for an event of special importance. Friendly visiting to each family secures the coöperation of the family; evening socials for the fathers enlist their sympathies; and the Mothers' Band is helpful in raising money, visiting the sick, attending the entertainments, and assisting in the work. The literary societies in all of the schools are well attended, and are aided by the school library, which loans books to the families of the children who attend the kindergarten. The boys in the wood-whittling classes do all of the cabinet-work of the schools, and make articles for sale. Through the many influences of the schools which the different departments afford, a wonderful work of reformation is almost silently going on. On the social side, there are evening parties once a

month, where lessons of politeness and many courtesies are shown by example, and the children take turns in playing host and guest, or in serving. At the end of the school term the children know more of entertaining properly than many persons of the same age who have been brought up in homes of refinement. In addition to the kindergarten, there is the Normal Training-school, which offers professional training for teachers, making

a specialty of primary and kindergarten work. Teachers have been sent from this school to all parts of the country. Wonderful work has been done by the introduction of kindergarten work in insane-hospitals and schools for the feeble-minded. Mrs. Blaker and her assistant, Mrs. Nash, are at the head of the schools in this city, which are supported by voluntary contributions and subscriptions.

Anna McKenzie.



The Latest Fad.

NANNETTE is just the dearest girl;
To her I vow my love and duty;
From slipper-tip to shining curl
She's my ideal of dainty beauty.
She's all a fiancée should be;
No words are fond enough to praise her;
But life has lost its charm for me
Since Nan became a crystal-gazer.

The passing fad of each new day
Has caught and held her fickle fancy;
It nearly took my breath away
When she went in for chiromancy.
She studied psychical research,
And hypnotism did n't faze her;
She even joined the Buddhist church;
But now she is a crystal-gazer.

Some of her fads I rather liked—
Her cult of Ibsen or of Browning,
Her swagger costume when she biked,
Her dress-reform and Delsarte gowning;
I liked it when she tried to cook
Crabs à la Newburg in her blazer;
But life takes on a different look
Since Nan became a crystal-gazer.

Her fervid gaze she concentrates—
That crystal ball her constant focus;
She ardently invokes the Fates
And all their mystic hocus-pocus,
With muscles tense, and head erect,
Until the gleaming crystal sways her
(I've known it to have that effect,
Though I am not a crystal-gazer).

Of course I know it's a but a freak,
The very latest London notion;
She may forget it in a week,
And find some other new devotion.
But with my heart too long she's played,—
I wonder if it would amaze her
If I should woo another maid
While Nan remains a crystal-gazer.

Carolyn Wells.

Spontaneous History.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

A DUKE of Normandy, Robert the Devil,
Casting about him in search of evil,
Espied a tanner's daughter, Arletta—
The less that's said about her the better.

Forty years rolled away into line.
Duke Robert's son, aged thirty-nine,
Raised some forces and managed to land them
In England, met the Saxons, and tanned them.

None of recorded historical bastings
Is more complete than the battle of Hastings;
And William the Conqueror promptly determined
To have himself crowned and sceptered and ermined.

This purpose was shortly a realized hope,
By the aid of a sword and a bull of the Pope
Which was brought by a bishop, his own half-brother
(Quite unrelated to William's half-mother),
Who dropped vague hints about milk and honey,
Which, in the case of a bishop, means money.

William, with density almost alarming,
Bluffly confessed he knew nothing of farming;
Honey, he thought, should be easy to find,
But in following bees keep a trifle behind;
Then, too, if the bishop's milk-can was not full,
Why, doubtless, the bishop could milk the bull!
However, the bishop still harbored a doubt,
So was sent to a prison to think it all out.

The monarch now passed quite a number of acts on
The every-day manner of life of the Saxon;
He mapped out the land in a Doomaday Book,
In which all the Saxons were privileged to look
For the boundary-lines of their farms, great or small,
And to find that they did n't own any at all.

If their despair to unpleasantness led,
The king yanked the curfew and sent them to bed,
And turned to the Doomaday Book to enlist 'em
As villeins or serfs of his new feudal system.
Thus, in time, fair England was Normandized;
William, with dignity, rested and gormandized.

The Normans, meanwhile, their energies bent
To founding old families of Norman descent;
And modern statistics have rendered it plain,
By the number of people who come of this strain,

That most of the Normans abandoned as dead
At the battle of Hastings were buried—and bred!

Concerning usurpers, 't is often deplored
That in peaceable, prosperous times they are bored.
And William was wont to be fully content
Until he had nothing on earth to resent.

Thinking, in France, there 'd be some one to trounce,
He crossed to a place that I cannot pronounce,
Tendered some cheek to the king, who returned it;
Captured a queerly spelled city, and burned it.

He rode o'er the ruins; his horse, a mere foal,
Absent-mindedly stepped on a red-hot coal;
He thoughtlessly shied, and his rider's inside
Was severely tried—something went—and he died.

RICHARD III.

'T was softest spring. King Edward's internals
Collapsed; their possessor joined the supernals—
Or else the infernals. However, he died;
And Richard, observant of decency, cried.

Fearing the king might be lonely, though dead,
He sent for Lord Hastings, and cut off his head;
Sent for Lord Vaughan, who arrived at eleven,
Departed in sections, and lunched in heaven;
Sent for Lord Grey and the good Earl Rivers,
Who shortly appeared in a fit of shivers;
Begged them to follow the dear departed,
And in an hour they also had started.

While he was dying, they failed to remind
The king of his crown—Edward left it behind.
Such a contingency, as it appears,
Richard foresaw, and for several years
Had made preparations and plans of his own,
Of int'rest to those between him and the throne—
Slyly transforming each living impediment
Into an oozing, graveyard sediment.

For instance, that feeble Lancastrian hope,
Henry the Sixth, had neglected to slope;
And, minus his liberty; minus his reason,
Had taken apartments in town for the season—
In a romantic, historical bower,
By fashion frequented, and known as «the Tower.»

His son, whom Richard regarded askance,
Returned with his bride and his mother from France.
The trio were captured in Tewkesbury's hollows,
And Richard disposed of the family as follows:
The son, as a matter of course, he stabbed;
Paused to marry the bride, then jabbed
A hole in the father, and jailed the mother;
The rest he forgave—as there was no other!

Just at this moment it came to his ears
That Clarence, his brother, drank hard for his years;
And Richard determined at once to insure
A homeopathic but permanent cure;
So, stifling natural brotherly qualms, he
Drowned the young duke in a hogshhead of malmsey.

Edward the Fifth, with his little brother
(Sons, by Edward the Fourth, of their mother),
Started for town to take up the crown
That Edward the Fourth had just laid down.
Richard and Buckingham, to their rapture,
Safely effected the princes' capture—

Their mother, indeed, was the only objector.
Richard, however, now lord protector,
Swore to father 'em, swore to mother 'em,
Hired a fellow named Tyrrel to smother 'em;
Heard of their death with the utmost delight,
Ascended the throne, made Tyrrel a knight;
Sent for the princes' mother, kiased her,
Poisoned his wife and proposed for their sister.

Buckingham, always the king's right hand
(Whose services Richard retained at command
To compass whatever unusual villainy
Called for a criminal expert to kill any
Relatives, enemies, foes, or friends—
In short, to subserve the good king's ends),
Remembering, foolishly, quite a lot
Of things that the king would have wished forgot,
And growing dissatisfied, quietly dusted;
Wrote to the monarch: «Dear Sire, I 'm busted,
And write to remind you it may be as well
To purchase some secrets I 'm anxious to sell.
Yours, B. P. S.: I must not be pursued or
I 'll join the forces of Henry Tudor.»

The fellow, indeed, was a good enough tool
When Richard directed, but simply a fool
With vague, rudimentary notions of evil,
Compared with his master, that pride of the devil.
As a matter of course, he was presently caught,
And straight before Richard the Third was brought.

The king addressed him gently: «Buck,
I 'm sorry to hear you 're out of luck.
You merit reward; perhaps there 's some
Reward for you in the world to come,
Where minds are exposed, but mouths are closed—
Headsman!» . . . Buckingham decomposed.

The census of 1485
Found few of his subjects remaining alive.
Toward the end of spring it became the thing,
With ghosts of fashion, to haunt the king:
Till, while in search of another victim,
Richard met Henry Tudor, who licked him,
Stabbed him repeatedly, broke his head,
Married his niece, and reigned in his stead.

Rows of histories—rows on rows—
Contain King Richard's life in prose.
Of verse, however, there 's not a line,
Except in Shakspeare's works—and mine.

Walter D. Robinson.

How Would He have Painted Foxes?

DE DAUBER painted portraits in a rather funny way;
He had his brushes side by side in very odd array;
For flesh he used a flesh-brush, and a hair-brush painted
hair;
A tooth-brush painted pearly teeth in mouths of ladies
fair;
A nail-brush, clothes-brush, hat-brush, painted those for
which they 're named.
«It is the only way to do,» De Dauber loud proclaimed.
And when he painted India shawls (I know you can't
suspect)
He used a brush of camel's hair to get the best effect.

Charles Battell Loomis.

A Conversation on Golf.

Suggested by the claim that it would show more skill to play golf with one club than with driver, brassie, mashie, loftie, cleek, putter, niblick, bulger, mid-iron, etc., etc.

SHE

« Why play that foolish game
Of chasing up a ball
With fifteen clubs, you name,
When one would do it all? »

HE

« Why use a spoon for soup,
When, if it does not spill,
Your eating with a fork
Would show so much more skill? »

« Why use an oar to row,
When rowing with a pole,
I'd really have you know,
Is harder, on the whole? »

« Why use a hook and fly
To fish, when pin and worm
Will take a 'kelly's' eye
And land him safe and firm? »

« Why use a rake to rake,
Or yet a hoe to hoe?
A spade will surely make
A place for things to grow. »

And so on without end.
Why make we such ado—
So many a thing pretend
To need, when one would do?

So with this game called Life;
Hate, scorn, revenge, we call
To aid us in the strife,
When love would do it all.

Alice M. Ditson.

Foolin' Wif de Seasons.

SEEMS lak folks is mighty cur'us in de way dey t'inks
an' ac's;
Dey jes spen' dey days a-mixin' up de dates in almanacs.
Now I mind my next-do' neighbor—he 's a mighty likely
man,
But he nevah t'inks o' nuffin only but to plot an' plan.

All de winter he was plannin' how he'd gether sassafras
Jes ez soon ez evah springtime put some greenness in
de graas;
An' he 'lowed, a little sooner, he could stan' a cooler
breeze,
So 's to mek a little money f'om de sugah-watah trees.

In de summah he 'd be wearin' out de linin' of his soul
Try'n' to ca'kilate an' figger how he 'd git his winter's
coal:

'Twell I b'lieve he got his jedgment jes so tuckered out
and thinned
Dat he t'ought a robin's whistle was de whistle of de wind!

Why won't folks gin up dey plannin', an' jes be content
to know
Dat dey 's gittin' all dat 's fu' dem in de days dat come
an' go?

Why don't folks quit movin' forrard? Ain't it better jes
to stan',
An' be satisfied wif livin' in de season dat 's at han'?

Hit 's enough fu' me to listen when de birds is singin',
roun',
'Dout a-guessin' whut 'll happen when de snow is on de
groun'.
In de springtime an' de summah I lay sorrer on de
she'f,
'Cause I know ol' Mistah Winter gwine to hustle fu'
hisse'f.

We been put hyeah fu' a pu'pose; but de question dat
has riz,
An' made lots o' people differ, is jes what dat pu'pose is.
Now, accordin' to my reas'nin', hyeah 's de place whah
I 's arriv':
Sence de Lawd put life into us, why he put us hyeah—
to live!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Larry is There.

THE Band is a-playin',
An' the best player there
Is Larry—bowld Larry!
Sure, an' niver an air,
Or onything fair—
Ly worth playin', i' sooth,
Could the Band be a-playin',
An' Larry not there!

The Band is a-playin',
An' Larry is there;
An' Katie Maginnis
An' Mary O'Hare,
Wid their ribbons a-flyin',
The byes are all eyein'—
For the Band is a-playin',
An' Larry is there.

The Band is a-playin',
An' Larry is there;
Faith, what sh'u'd I care
If Pat, Tim, an' Dinnis
An' all o' thim byes
Bees—well, *onywhere*,
Whin the music is soundin',
An' Larry is there!

The Band it is playin',
An' Larry is there;
Whisht, now, an' 't is joyous!
Thin, 'fore yees are 'ware,
Comes a sobbin' an' grievin',
An' thin, like a prayer,
Is the music a-throbbin',
Whin Larry is there!

Och, the Band it kapes playin',
An' Larry is there;
An' me heart it is kinder
Than Larry is 'ware;
For the cowl looks I gave 'im
Were jist to desave 'im—
I 've a rose in me bosom
For Larry that 's there!

E. S. Stilwell.





Theodore Roosevelt on Police Heroism.

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MACBETH was a real person?

HAMLET only a mythical or semi-historical character?

KHYBER PASS, where the English are fighting in India, was traversed by Alexander the Great 2000 years ago?

COLUMBUS died thinking that America was a part of Asia?

GOLF was played long before America was discovered?

BEDLAM, madhouse, comes from Bethlehem, Christ's birthplace?

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PAGAN means really "belonging to the country," while **CIVIL** means "belonging to the city"?

SHAKSPERE may have held horses at theater doors, but he was not guilty of deer-stealing?

KNAVE once meant "boy," with no implication of dishonesty?

CUBA is longer than from Canada to Alabama?

BOOM was first used in the political sense of "going with a rush" by the editor of a St. Louis paper in 1878?

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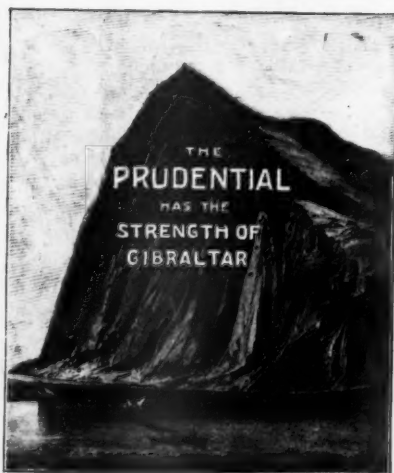
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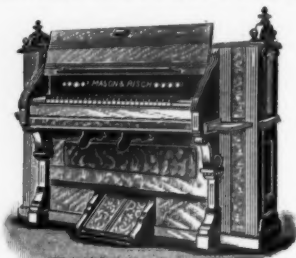
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State St. and Jackson Blvd.

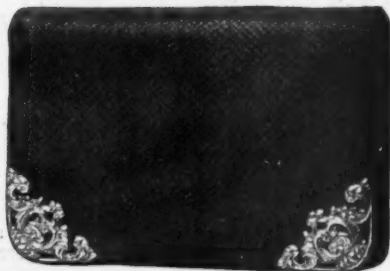
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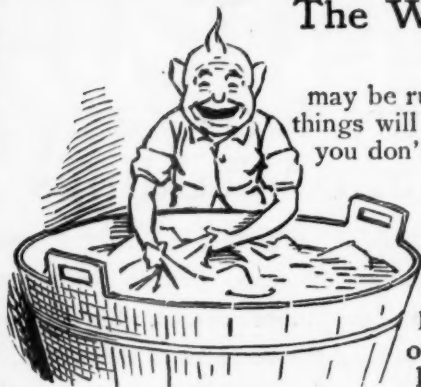


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HOUSE FURNISHINGS 30

The Washing that's Easy



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Send your name and we will send you a book free when ready.



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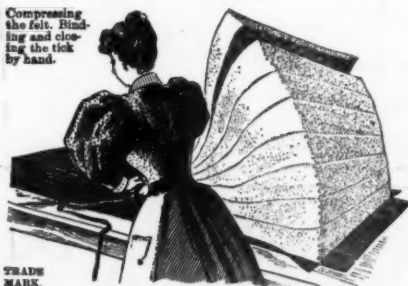
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Testimonials Unnecessary.

We have just issued a handsome pamphlet, "The Test of Time," also one entitled "Testimonial Wonders," containing three hundred and fifty letters in praise of

**The Ostermoor Patent
Elastic Felt Mattress, \$15.**

Compressing
the felt. Bind-
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by hand.



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HOUSE FURNISHINGS

32



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were the chief accomplishments of ladies in the Feudal Age. Singer's inventions, and their development by his successors, have since made the art of sewing common to all. That the value of the sewing machine as a means of refinement is exceeded by the printing press, may be an open question—but no question exists as to the superior excellence of

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—For Family Sewing—

Your choice of Three Distinct Types.

The Singer No. 15

Double Lock-Stitch.
Oscillating Shuttle.

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Double Lock-Stitch.
Vibrating Shuttle.

The Dressmaker's Machine; especially adapted for high-speed operation, producing greatest quantity of fine stitching, and requiring least effort by the operator. Has unusually large bobbin for lower thread and finest mechanical adjustment. Greatest range of work and lightest-running lock-stitch machine in the world.

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a made with Pure Linseed Oil only, you know it will be durable and bright.

White Lead and Colors have very little to do with the Durability of Paint. That is in the Linseed Oil only.

The only way to know positively that your Paint is made with Linseed Oil is to put it there yourself.



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HOUSE FURNISHINGS 34

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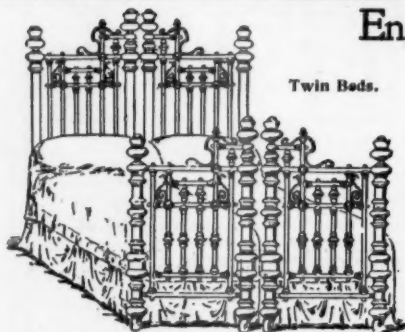
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HOUSE FURNISHINGS 35

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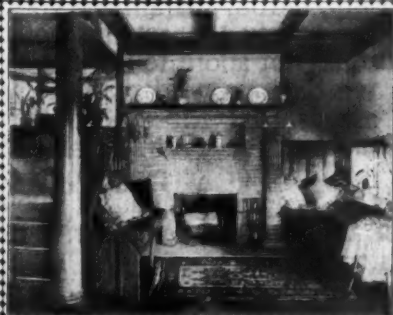


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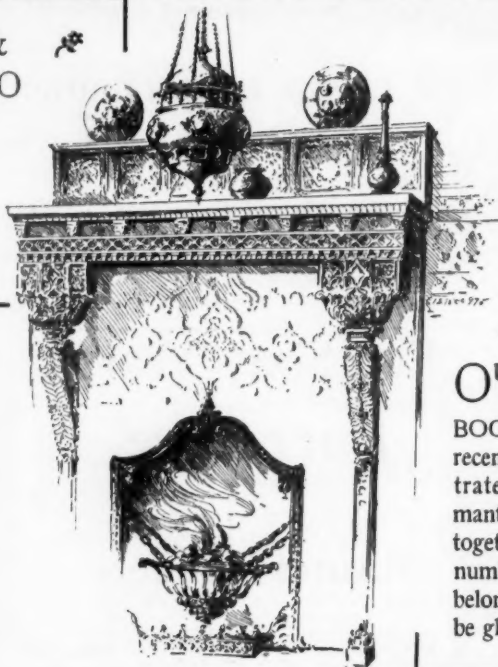
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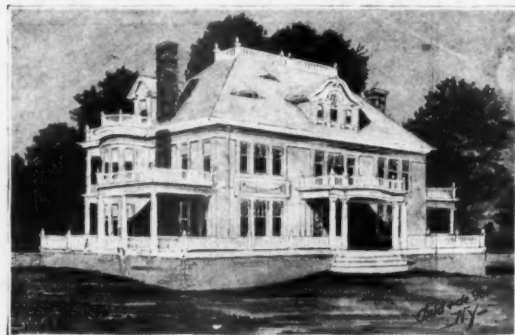
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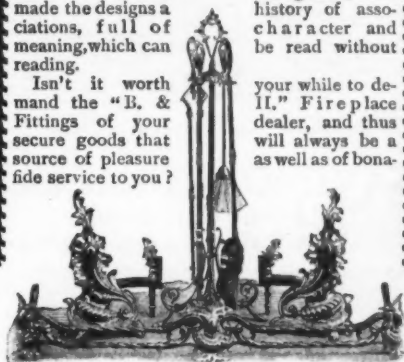
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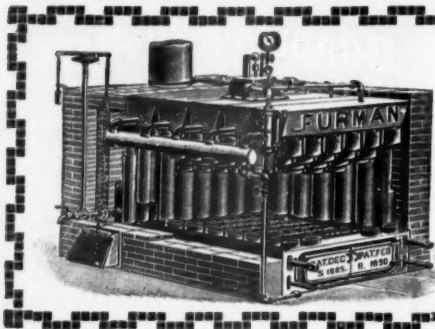
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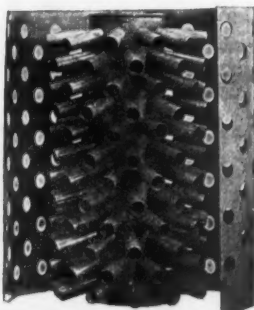
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HOUSE FURNISHINGS 41



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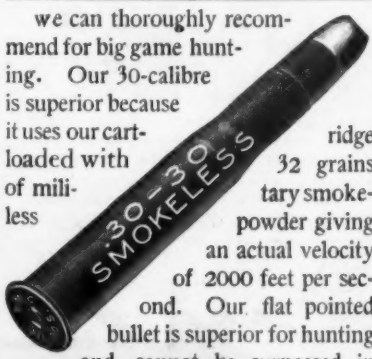
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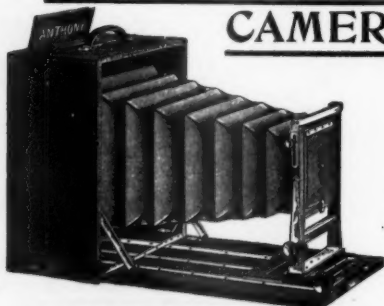
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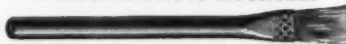
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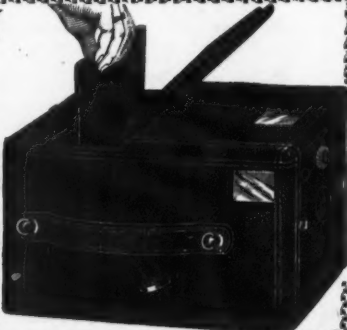
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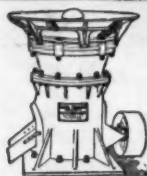
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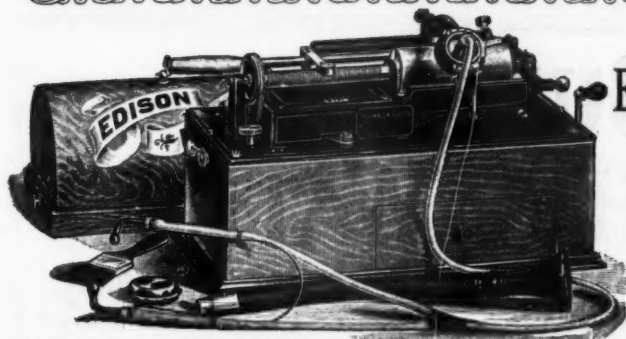
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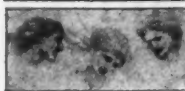
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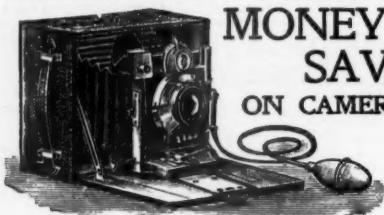


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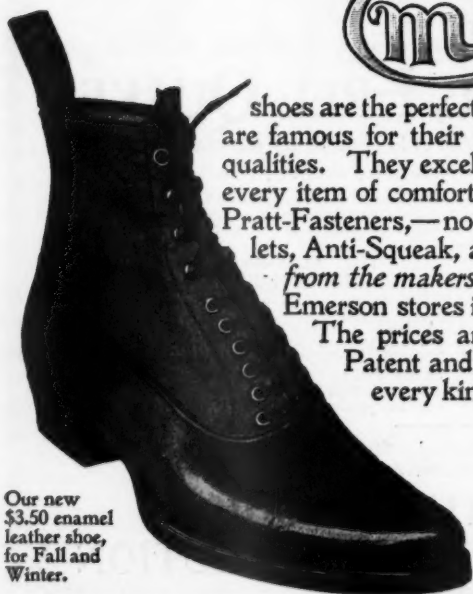
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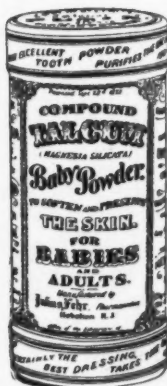
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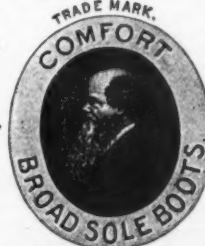
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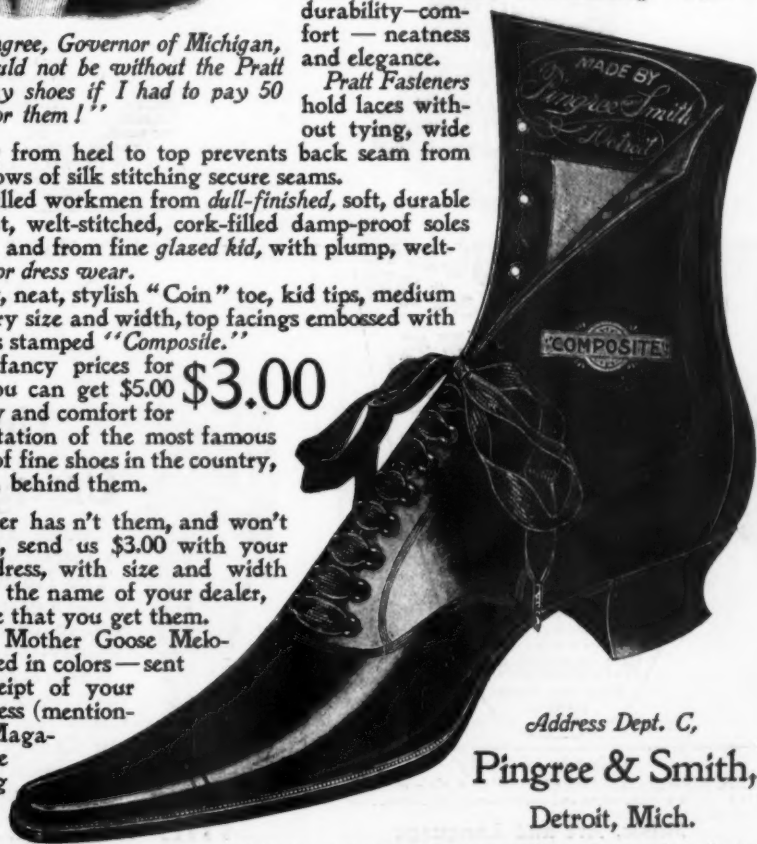
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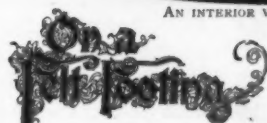
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**Elastic Ribbed
UNION SUITS**

are complete undergarments, covering the entire body like an additional skin. Perfectly elastic, fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. No buttons down the front. Made for Men, Women, and Young People. Most convenient to put on or off, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for dresses or wear comfortably so small a corset.



ONEITA KNITTING MILLS,

Send for illustrated booklet.
ADDRESS DEPT. E.

Office: No. 1 Greene St., N. Y.

WEARING APPAREL 63

WE REFUND YOUR MONEY IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED.

This method enables you, **WITHOUT RISK**, to test the merits of

The "Practical" Trousers Hanger and Press.

Our device keeps trousers "**Smooth as if Ironed**" and makes possible a closet arrangement which is a *revelation*, giving, as it does, **maximum convenience** and **twofold capacity**.

EACH GARMENT SEPARATELY SET-AT-ABLE

Every male reader of this advertisement does himself and us an injustice if he does not send for our illustrated descriptive booklet (free on request). It contains **fac-simile** letters of many **duplicate orders**, which are the most convincing and **strongest kind of recommendation**. It also contains the names of hundreds of well-known gentlemen who have in use one or more of our **\$5.00** sets.

The **\$5.00** Set consists of 6 Practical Trousers Hangers and 3 Practical Closet Rods, sent, express paid, on receipt of price.

The closet shown is fitted out with a **\$5.00** set. It meets the average requirements.

Single Hanger, price 75 cents ; Single Rod, price 25 cents.

For **\$1.00** we will send, prepaid, one hanger and one rod and afterwards if wanted the balance of the set for **\$4.00**.

Practical Novelty Co., 429 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



Economy

has two sides—the wearer of

Cluett

BRAND

The Cluett
UBICON
is cut with a
new curve
which makes
it set on
the shirt
PERFECTLY
STRAIGHT,
combining style
and comfort.

Collars and Cuffs enjoys their graceful fit, perfect style, and fine finish long after the owner of a "cheaper" article has had to buy a new stock.

Your dealer will supply you
with these Guaranteed Goods.

CLUETT, COON & CO., MAKERS,
TROY, N. Y.




"Just Like Home"

Wrote a lady to her friends, describing her trip from Boston to Chicago and speaking of the many little comforts and conveniences provided travellers over

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry.

Our book tells all about the trains and the route between Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Boston and New York, and will be sent free by

A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.



Grand Oriental Cruise

by the Superb Twin-Screw Express Steamer **AUGUSTE VICTORIA**
of the

Hamburg-American Line,

Leaving New-York on January 27, 1898, and returning on April 6.

The itinerary includes: { **Madeira, Gibraltar, Malaga (Granada and Alhambra), Algiers, Genoa, Villefranche (Nice), Bizerta (Tunis), Alexandria (Cairo and the Pyramids), Jaffa (Jerusalem, the Jordan and Dead Sea), Beyrouth (Damascus), Constantinople, Athens, Canea (Crete), Palermo, Naples, and Genoa.**

Canea (Crete) will be of great interest, owing to its association with the recent Eastern troubles.

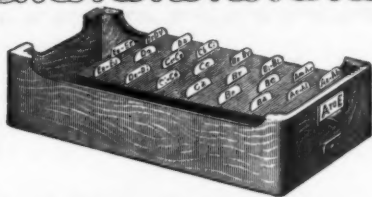
Rates of passage from \$450 upward.

There is no way of reaching these places with greater comfort and safety, avoiding innumerable transfers, customs inspections, etc. Passengers can extend their stay in Europe and return to America later from Hamburg, Southampton, or Cherbourg.

For descriptive pamphlets, rates, etc., apply to

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE,

New-York, Chicago, Boston,
Philadelphia, San Francisco.



AN ALPHABETICAL INDEX

embracing a few hundred names can be kept satisfactorily in a book index, and rewritten when necessity requires without much labor or expense, but when the lists of names runs into thousands, trouble begins—too many spaces for some names, not enough for others, no room for expansion, dead matter accumulates, and in a short time the book is worthless.

The Globe Card Index System provides for the accurate indexing of an unlimited number of names, which never have to be rewritten—always clean, free from dead matter, and easily handled.

Fully illustrated and described in Globe Card Index Catalogue.

THE GLOBE COMPANY, CINCINNATI

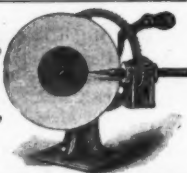
Fulton and Pearl Sts.,
NEW YORK

111 Madison Street,
CHICAGO

THE GEM PENCIL SHARPENER.

For Schools and Offices.
Sharpens both Lead and Slate Pencils.

F. H. COOK & CO., Manufacturers,
Successors to GOULD & COOK,
LEOMINSTER, MASS.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.



OUR LIBERAL TERMS

Any article in our entire line will be sent you "On Approval," subject to return at our expense if not considered upon receipt positively the best obtainable anywhere at so low a price as we will quote. More than ordinary quality and extremely low prices must be essential for such terms.



"Macey"
No. 241.

\$32.50 buys this excellent desk (direct from the factory), freight prepaid to any point east of the

Miss. and north of Tenn. and So. Carolina. A Dealer asks \$35.00 to \$65.00 for a similar desk. This desk is massively built of the choicest grained quarter-sawn white oak, richly polished. It is our latest design and has a "made-to-order" effect not found in any ordinary desk. Notice artistic arrangement of panels in ends (which is found in entire back also), and notice oak front pigeon-hole boxes.

Art Catalogue
free.

THE FRED. MACEY CO.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

LETTER FILES. Complete line; refined designs.
Catalogue free.

WE
PAY
POST-
AGE

All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE.

You Would Use a Typewriter

If you could buy it right.

We can sell you any of the standard makes at a saving of from 40 to 60%. Fully guaranteed. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write us for catalogue.

FOUR STORES { 1½ Barclay St., New York; 156 Adams St., Chicago;
38 Court Sq., Boston; 818 Wyandotte St., Kansas City.

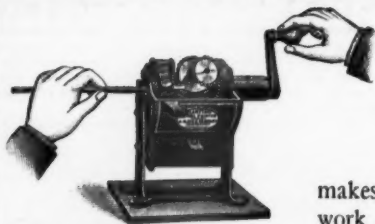
MR. ADVERTISER:

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST is managed in every way for the 25,000 intelligent, patriotic and public spirited people who are the salt of Chicago.

154 Washington Street, Chicago.

1512 American Tract Building, New-York.

FOR THE OFFICE



Every Person Likes a Well Pointed Pencil

The Planetary Pencil Pointer always makes a Clean, Sharp Point on your pencil. It does its work easily, quickly and absolutely without danger of breaking the point. Made only by

CHICAGO.

A. B. DICK COMPANY.

NEW YORK.



Thermal Bathing Cabin & Building Co.
Incorporated, Boston, U. S.

1900	February	1900
1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9
10	11	12
13	14	15
16	17	18
19	20	21
22	23	24
25	26	27
28	29	30

"Other things equal" you will get

The Lion's Share

of business in your line for '08 if you're best known; you can be. People MAY hear about you, if you wait, they MUST if you tell them. If you tell them 5000 times in five years, you're five times as well known as he who waits twenty years to be heard of 1000 times. A calendar in home or office tells about you more times to more people than any other medium of like cost; you control its circulation—none wasted on people whose business you don't want. Your advertisement doesn't compete for attention with a hundred others in the same medium; its the only one; people have to see it.

Osborne Art Calendars

for '08 are the finest line ever offered for advertising purposes.

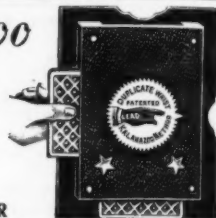
NEW CATALOGUE, a superb art volume, showing entire line, is LOANED to business men only, with agreement to return prepaid in ten days—return charges 30 cents, we SEND prepaid.

THE OSBORNE COMPANY

202 N. 2ND ST.

RED OAK, IOWA

Kalamazoo Duplicate Whist



MORE POPULAR

THAN EVER.....

Our New Kalamazoo

Ideal Whist Trays

Are the Standard of Excellence as a device for holding the cards.

Cards Easily Inserted, Securely Held and Easily Removed without Injury to Cards. Always Ready. Never out of order.

For home amusement and instruction in the game of Whist the Kalamazoo Method is unequalled.

Ask your Stationer for the game or write us.

Ihling Bros. & Everard,

Whist and Duplicate Whist Rules and Whist Etiquette as adopted by the 7th American Whist Congress, sent to any address upon receipt of 2c. stamp.

Kalamazoo, Mich.



Soft Coal Soot Soils Letters and Papers.

It penetrates drawers of desks and ordinary letter files, depositing a film of black dust which smears the surface of documents and begrimes the hands.

Ohmer Dust-Proof Filing Cases

preserve letters and papers absolutely neat and clean. Write for catalogue C, illustrated with photographic reproductions of filing devices.

THE M. OHMER'S SONS CO., Dayton, Ohio,
MANUFACTURERS. ESTABLISHED 1849.

WRITING MACHINES 67

The Right Writer The WILLIAMS Typewriter



"IT
SPEAKS
FOR
ITSELF."

The only machine that Prints like
a Press and writes strictly in sight
NEW 1897 MODELS.
No. 2 and No. 3.

New Line Locking Device and other improvements.

Write for Catalogue and sample of work.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.

THE WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER CO., Derby, Conn., U.S.A.

New York, 273 Broadway.	Cleveland, 23 Euclid Ave.
Boston, 147 Washington St.	Dallas, 283 Main St.
San Francisco, 508 Clay St.	Denver, 321 Sixteenth St.
Atlanta, 16 No. Pryor St.	St. Paul, 72 East Fifth St.
St. Louis, 306 North Third St.	Keokuk, 20 North Fifth St.
London, 104 Newgate St.	Montreal, 200 Mountain St.
Chicago, 156 La Salle St.	



COMPUTING FIGURES

mentally is probably the
hardest kind of toil known. The
Comptometer makes it easy, is
twice as quick, insures accuracy
and relieves all mental and nervous
strain.

Write for pamphlet.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.,

52-56 ILLINOIS ST., CHICAGO.

TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS,

102 Fulton st., New York, sell all makes under half price. Don't
buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices.
Exchanges. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial.
Guaranteed first class. Dealers supplied. 52-page illus. cat. free.

LITTLE GIANT TYPEWRITER price \$100



SENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS
ON RECEIPT OF \$ 1.15



TYPEWRITERS HALF PRICE

We will sell you any typewriter made
for one half regular price, many for one
quarter. Every machine guaranteed in
perfect order. TYPEWRITERS SOLD, REV.
ED, EXCHANGED. Sent anywhere with
privilege of examination. Send for il-
lustrated catalogue.

National Typewriter Exchange,

214 La Salle St.,
Chicago.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER



AND
HAPPINESS
DWELL
TOGETHER

NO COMMUNICATED
STYLES TO MEY
NO INQUIRY AND
FROM FREQUENT REPAIRS
NO POOR WORK TO CAUSE WORRY
DESIGNING ART CATALOGUE FREE
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
SYRACUSE, N.Y. U.S.A.

The Duplex TYPEWRITER

TWICE AS DURABLE TWICE AS FAST

....Operators use BOTH
HANDS and strike TWO
CHARACTERS AT ONCE.

Preferred by em-
ployer because the
Duplex insures
more work with
same energy and
investment.

Preferred
by operator
because the
Duplex in-
sures higher
wages.

Branch
offices in
principal
cities.

Write at
once for full particulars.

DUPLEX TYPEWRITER CO. 606-610 Locust St.
DES MOINES, IA.

WRITING MACHINES 68

"It Outlasts them All"

Every requisite for turning out the best work easily and at the highest speed makes the

No. 4 CALIGRAPH



The —
BEST
Typewriter
Invest-
ment

WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE.

American Writing Machine Company,
237 Broadway, New York.

The Remington Standard Typewriter

does, and always has done, the

BEST WORK
for the longest time, with the least effort on the part of the operator, and the least expense to the owner.

New Models Now
Better Than Ever Before.

Wyckoff,

Seamans

& Benedict,

327 Broadway, New York.



A typewriter to please the most exacting operators should possess all the modern improvements as
VISIBLE WRITING
PERFECT ALIGNMENT
EASE OF OPERATION
AUTOMATIC ACTION

found
in their most
perfect
development
in the

COLUMBIA
BAR-LOCK
WRITING
MACHINE.



FOR CATALOGUE AND FULL PARTICULARS ADDRESS
COLUMBIA TYPEWRITER MFG CO.
116TH ST. FIFTH AND LENOX AVES. NEW YORK.

"The
Light . . .
Running." **DENSMORE** "The World's
Greatest . . .
Typewriter."



Only make with **BALL-BEARING** typebars, protecting the joints on which durable alignment depends.

LIGHTEST TOUCH.

FASTEST WORK.

NUMEROUS HANDY FEATURES.

DENSMORE TYPEWRITER CO.

316 Broadway, New-York.

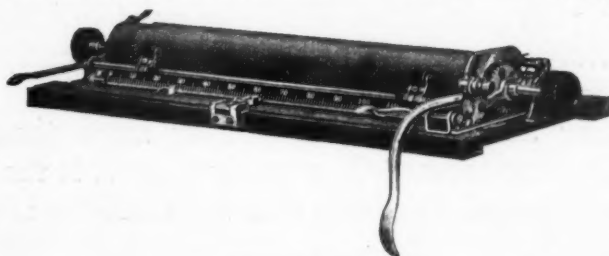
THE NEW

“REM=SHO”

TYPEWRITER No. 2.



WITH INTERCHANGEABLE LONG CARRIAGE



MANUFACTURED BY

REMINGTON-SHOLES CO.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

GENERAL SELLING AGENTS:
HOWE SCALE CO.

MAIN OFFICE:
RUTLAND, VT.

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, St. Louis, Kansas City, Philadelphia, Los Angeles.

An Overlooked Feature of Newspaper Advertising.

An important, though often overlooked, feature of newspaper advertising is the good feeling which a pleasant invitation produces. Acquaintanceship between the reader and the advertiser is begun at the first reading of an advertisement. The invitation may not be accepted at once, but good-will has been established. Sooner or later the reader will see the article or the establishment, then the first exclamation will be one of recognition, "Oh, there is —."

With what a feeling of ease and serenity one enters the store or hotel that is advertised; she is welcome; he has been invited to come. With what confidence you inquire for an advertised article; the proprietor himself believes in it, wants you to try it, is interested in your getting it. This very good-will, this appreciation of courtesy, this satisfaction in being pleasantly asked, has been the foundation of many a successful business.

Newspaper advertising is something more than spending money in the newspapers. If properly done it is the making of acquaintanceship and friendship that will surely be of great value in time to come.

Would you have your business or your article so favorably regarded? Make it known. If it is worthy, people will appreciate being asked. The papers are being issued and we are ready to—but let us write you or tell you about that.

N. W. AYER & SON,

Newspaper Advertising.
Magazine Advertising.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Natural CARLSBAD SPRUDEL SALT

OCCUPIES
as an
Alterative &

1ST RANK
Aperient,
Eliminative.



None genuine without
the Signature of
Löbel Schottländer
CARLSBAD (Austria)



None genuine without
the Signature of
J. W. & H. Lindell Company
NEW-YORK and PHILADELPHIA
Sole Agents for the U.S.A.

FOOD PRODUCTS 72

"Adds 50% to the relish of any meal of which it forms a part."



If your grocer will not supply you, write us for priced catalog and souvenir, descriptive of our full line Canned Fruits, Vegetables, Meats, Preserves, Jams, Jellies, etc.



Open the Can and Start Eating

There are no preliminaries necessary in order to enjoy

Van Camp's
Boston Baked
Pork and Beans

Prepared with
Tomato Sauce.

Equally delicious whether served hot or cold. Two minutes boiling, can and all, makes it hot. Accept no imitation. Booklet free. Send 6c for postage on sample can.

VAN CAMP PACKING CO.,
810 Kentucky Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

*Van Camp's Macaroni and Cheese—
appetizing and reliable.*



"Oh My! Oh My!
What do I Spy!"

Whitman's

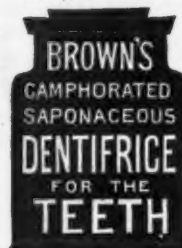
Chocolates and Confections

attract everybody—make those eat sweets who never ate before, while connoisseurs and candy-wise people want no others.

Sold everywhere. Ask for them.

WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling water.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, 1216 Chestnut St., Philada.



The Best Toilet Luxury as a Dentifrice
in the World.

To Cleanse and Whiten the Teeth,

To Remove Tartar from the Teeth,

To Sweeten the Breath and Preserve
the Teeth,

To Make the Gums Hard and Healthy,

Use **Brown's** Camphorated

Saponaceous **Dentifrice.**

Price, Twenty-five Cents a Jar.
For Sale Everywhere.

Chronic Invalids

find nearly all food repugnant
after a time. Give
a trial to

Somatose

which stimulates the
appetite and never cloy the palate. Odor-
less, tasteless, and may be given without
patients' knowledge. Somatose may be
taken in milk, tea, soups, wine, etc.

At druggists, in 2-oz., $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, and 1 lb. tins.

Also the following combinations: Somatose-Bis-
cuit, Somatose-Cocoa, Somatose-Chocolate — each
containing 10 per cent. Somatose. Very convenient
and palatable preparations.

Pamphlets mailed by Schieffelin & Co., New
York, sole agents for Farbenfabriken vorm.
Friedr. Bayer & Co., Elberfeld.

PETTIJOHN'S



Breakfast Food

Made from choice Pacific Coast wheat. All the
nerve and strength-giving qualities carefully re-
tained, only the outer or woody fiber being removed.

AN AGREEABLE CHANGE FROM OATMEAL.

The best food for young children. Cut of the
Bear on every package. At all Grocers.

IS A NATURAL
MINERAL WATER.

VICHY

THE PROPERTY
OF THE
FRENCH REPUBLIC.

DRINK.....

from the Spring

VICHY

CÉLESTINS

Taken at meal-time it strengthens the
nerves and facilitates digestion.

THE GENUINE SOLD
ONLY IN BOTTLES.



Is indispensable in cases of
Rheumatism, Gout, and
Dyspepsia.

CAUTION.

All so-called Vichy
Waters sold in **BULK**
or **SIPHON** are not
genuine.

GENERAL AGENCY,
220 Broadway, New-York.

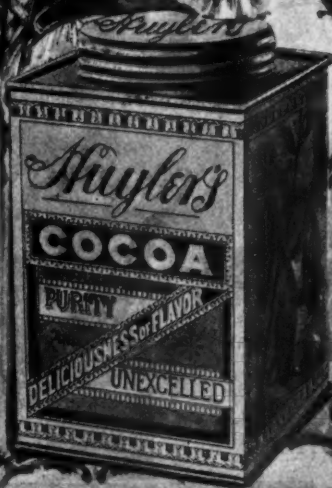
CÉLESTINS

Kuyler's COCOA CHOCOLATES

PURE
DELICIOUS
HEALTHFUL
STRENGTHENING



FOR
EATING &
DRINKING



FOR
DRINKING
& COOKING

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
ASK FOR *Kuyler's* USE NO OTHER.



Tickle your Palate with

Pine-Olives

(Patent Applied For)

The Newest Table Delicacy -

Wholesome and Appetizing.

Seville
Packing
Co.
77 & 79 -
Hudson St.
New York.



For sale by
Messrs. Acker, Merrill & Condit.
" Park & Telford,
and all other first class Grocers



LOWNEY'S Chocolate Bonbons

"LOWNEY" ON EVERY PIECE.

Send 10 cents for sample package of our finest goods.
If your dealer will not supply you we will send on receipt of price,
1-lb. box, 60c.; 2-lb. box, \$1.20; 3-lb. box, \$1.80; 5-lb. box, \$3.00.
Delivered free in U. S. Address all correspondence to the

WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., 93 Pearl St., Boston.

New-York Retail Store, 1123 Broadway (above 25th St.).
Boston Retail Store, 416 Washington St. (below Summer).



"What happy thought made you bring Durkee's Salad Dressing to Klondike?"
"Because no single Sauce or Condiment will give so much variety to our food."

Send for FREE booklet on "Salads; How to Make and to Use Them," giving many valuable
and novel recipes for Salads, Sandwiches, Sauces, etc.

E. R. Durkee & Co., 135 Water Street, New-York.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

COD LIVER OIL

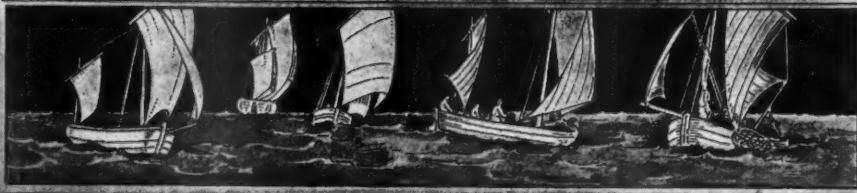
FEED THE CHILDREN

The lean boy, the scrawny girl,
may be growing like weeds, but they
are thin, weak and awkward. The body
cannot support the bright, active mind, and
yet supply its own needs for the rapid growth.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil

with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda gives
flesh to the body, strength to the mind, and
supplies the bones with just the material
a growing child needs. Be sure
you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

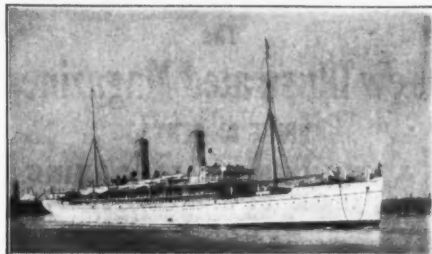
50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS,
NEW YORK.



MISCELLANEOUS 77

\$6.00

PER MONTH
WILL PAY FOR



A
VOYAGE
TO

EUROPE

AND RETURN.

Prepare NOW for your NEXT OUTING.

LARGE, POWERFUL STEAMERS.

No Second Class or Steerage.

BOOK with over 100 handsome halftone engravings TELLS ALL THE DETAILS.
Sent FREE by mail.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LIM., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.



About 200..

**HARDWARE MEN,
IN CONVENTION,**

Took Lunch and HOT POSTUM at the
Postum Food Coffee factory in Battle Creek,
Mich.

Many said they were users of Postum, "but never had it made so delicious."

Simple matter, just a little attention. Use enough to make it rich, boil full fifteen minutes, use good cream and sugar and there you are.

No coffee effect on nerves and heart, but great food value, with a flavor that leaves nothing to be desired.

There is but ONE ORIGINAL POSTUM, with hundreds of imitations.

Oct. '97.

NEWSPAPERS & PERIODICALS 78

The New Illustrated Magazine,

PRICE 10 CENTS.

**A WONDERFUL MAGAZINE
FOR THE MONEY.**

We beg to call the attention of the readers
of THE CENTURY to

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Now sold at TEN CENTS a Copy.

It is filled with beautiful illustrations, and popular current literature of a high class; printed in clear type on fine paper and every number complete in itself. In making a bid for public favor, all we ask is an examination of the October number, now on all news counters.

It invites comparison with any
of its contemporaries.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY,

83 & 85 Duane St., New-York.

The Art Interchange

**The Ablest, Best, and Most Progressive Art
and Household Monthly Magazine.**

Indispensable to Art Workers and an invaluable guide in
ALL BRANCHES OF HOME DECORATION.

No Home Complete Without It.

Each number lavishly and beautifully illustrated and accompanied by large, full-size design supplements and exquisite fac-similes of oil and water-color paintings. 35c. per copy, at all dealers. **Yearly Subscription, \$4.00. Trial, three months, \$1.00.**

Our Special Autumn Offer

For \$1.00 will be sent to every one mentioning the Oct. '07 CENTURY, 6 attractive numbers of THE ART INTERCHANGE, all beautifully illustrated and full of most valuable information on art matters and practical suggestions in all branches of Home Decoration, together with 12 design supplements and 12 superb oil and water-color pictures. This generous offer includes our three beautiful companion pictures, — Roses, Violets, Pansies and Chrysanthemums (each 8 1/2 x 13 ins.), as well as landscapes, figures, etc.

The pictures alone, at catalogue prices, sell for \$2.75. They make beautiful subjects for framing, and are admirably adapted for copying. Order Now before the supply is exhausted. This splendid offer will be given FREE to any one remitting at once \$4.00 for one year's subscription; or, you may send \$1.00 now for the offer, and remit \$3.00 later for a full year.

Special Subscription Offer to Readers of The Century Magazine

For \$2.00 (sent direct to us) you will receive THE ART INTERCHANGE for six months beginning Oct. 1897, and will get in addition, FREE, the July, Aug. and Sept. numbers, accompanied by all the beautiful color and other supplements. By taking advantage of this offer now you get nine months for \$2.00 — with 18 color pictures and 18 design supplements.

CATALOGUE OF OVER 200 SUBJECTS FREE.

THE ART INTERCHANGE, 152 W. 23d St., N. Y.

A FAVORITE EVERYWHERE

THE CHICAGO TIMES=HERALD

Is admired the world over for its

Clean and Independent Policy,

Unexcelled News Service, and

Admirable Special Features

By Well-Known Contributors,

All of which give it a prestige and quality essential to a

Successful Advertising Medium.

NONE BETTER — SEND FOR RATES.

THE CHICAGO TIMES=HERALD

154-158 Washington St.,
CHICAGO.

1512-1513 American Tract Bldg.,
NEW-YORK.

Inside of a Hundred Homes



A new series of articles beginning with the October

Ladies' Home Journal

Glimpses will here be given into one hundred of the daintiest and most comfortably furnished homes in America,—not expensive homes, but those of comfort, where taste goes farther than income.

Features of the October Number include:

\$10 a Week for a Family of Eight, by Mrs. S. T. Rorer
When Moody and Sankey Stirred the Nation
A Chicago Girl in Europe, by Lilian Bell
Shams of the Modern Girl, by Ruth Ashmore
Stories by Mary E. Wilkins and Hamlin Garland
Four Pages of New Ideas in Needlework

\$1.00 per Year

10 cts. a Copy

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

Agents Wanted—write for Special Terms and Cash Prize Offers



Dresses and Cloaks.

Is there a secret in being well gowned? If there is, it is in the little details of graceful hanging skirts, smart jackets and dainty effects that go so far toward making a woman appear fashionable and well dressed. In our new Winter Catalogue of Styles we illustrate the Suits and Wraps which the best gowned New-York women are wearing. We will mail it *free*, together with samples of the latest fabrics, to any lady who will write for it. We make all our garments to order, giving that touch of individuality and exclusiveness so dear to the feminine heart.

Our catalogue illustrates:

- Tailor-Made Suits, \$5 to \$30.*
- Charming Paris Costumes, \$5 to \$35.*
- Complete line of New Blouse Costumes.*
- Bicycle Suits, \$6 to \$25.*
- Riding Habits. Opera Wraps.*
- Newest styles in Jackets, \$3 to \$20.*
- Fur Collarettes, genuine sealskin, \$10.*
- Cloth Capes, \$3 to \$20.*
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Our line of samples includes the newest fabrics in Suitings and Cloakings, many of them being imported novelties. We also have special lines of black goods. Write to-day for catalogue and samples; you will get them by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New-York.

*Watch this page each month
for the new styles.*

MELLIN'S FOOD TRIPLETS.

Children of Mrs. J. C. Mason, Richmond, Kentucky.



ROBERT.



RANKIN.

Age 6 years.



ALEXANDER.

MRS. MASON writes: "I take pleasure in sending these photos of my Triplets who were raised on Mellin's Food. They were frail little things, their combined weight when one month old being 11 1-4 POUNDS. They were six years old November, 1896, and are the three finest, most beautiful boys in our "Grand Old Commonwealth." They are now as large as other boys of the same age; are so much alike that few persons besides the family can tell them apart; are rosy cheeked, bright eyed and strong. They are living testimonials to the merits of MELLIN'S FOOD."

Write to us (a postal will do) and we will send, free of expense, a sample of Mellin's Food.

DOLIBER-GOODALE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.



In Twenty Minutes

delicious soup may be made by using
as "stock,"

Armour's

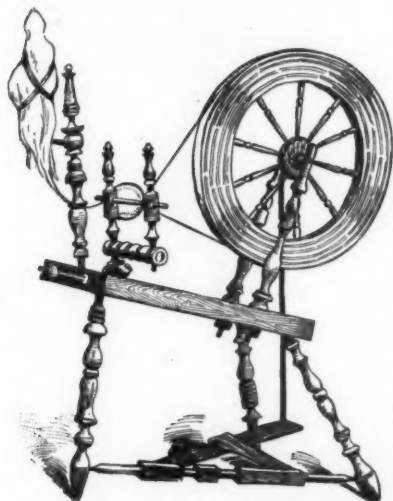
Extract of BEEF

instead of the old-fashioned soup-bone, and, in addition,
time and fuel—and frequently, temper—will be saved.

The result will be a beautifully clear soup, possessed of
a delightful flavor, and entirely free from grease.

That instructive little book, "Culinary Wrinkles,"
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Armour & Company
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We Have Weighed These Words.

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"Linen Store" linen means every thread pure linen.

"Linen Store" prices are just prices, alike just to purchaser and merchant.

To such a store conducted on such principles, with such a stock, we invite discriminating housekeepers.

In case it is inconvenient to call, a letter of inquiry, or an order by mail, will be treated with as great consideration as its author would receive if present. Every facility of the store will be at its command.

We have published a book about the stock of "The Linen Store" which we will be glad to send to housekeepers who desire it.

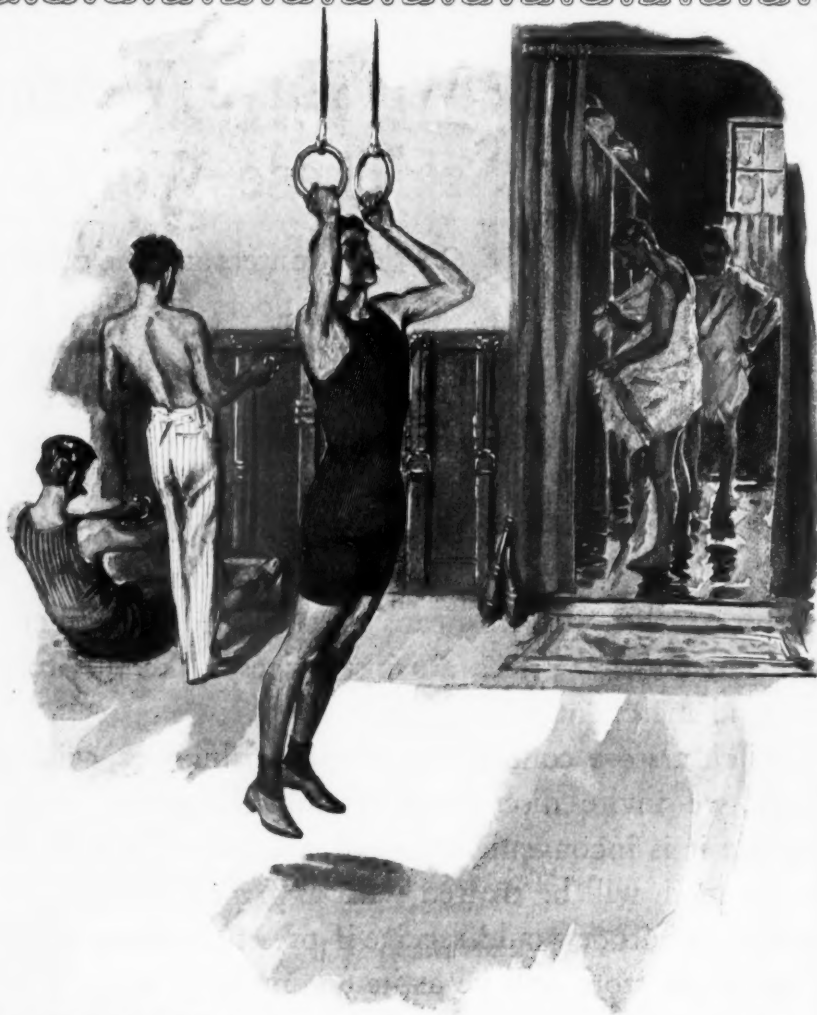
THE LINEN STORE,

Established 1855.

James McCutcheon & Co.,

14 West 23d Street, New York.





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To insure the best results from exercise, rub well with a coarse towel while cooling, get under a warm shower, take a quick scrub with Ivory Soap, then some colder water and dry without more rubbing than necessary.

Ivory Soap, because of its purity, its quick action, its easy rinsing quality and the smooth, pleasant sensation it brings, is the soap most frequently preferred for the bath.

La Rose Combs

FOR WOMEN

Its Points of Merit:

Dries the Hair Quickly
Invaluable after the Bath
Cleans the Hair Without
Wetting
Removes the Oil and Dust
A Boon to Cyclists
Saves Trouble
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"A Contented Woman" writes :

NEW YORK, March 31, 1897.

Gentlemen: During my constant use of La Rose Comb I discovered that it served as a cleaner fully as well as a dryer. The significance of this will be appreciated by the millions of women thus emancipated from the disagreeable necessity of having to wet the hair.

CAROLINE MISKEI-HOYT.

La Rose Combs

are composed of three simple parts: A pure rubber comb, especially designed for the purpose. An absorbent band of terry cloth, which of itself would tend to give the hair softness and gloss, while collecting dust and dandruff or drying the hair after washing. A light, non-rustable holder, silver-plated, and silver-plated handle. Combs thoroughly tested by many women, and a hair-dresser of long experience, who having given them most persistent trial pronounce them ideal. There are absolutely no chemicals or other preparations of any kind or description used on the absorbents. The hair is cleaned solely by the absorbent on both sides of the comb holder, which only requires to be kept clean.

The complete outfit—comb and cleaner combined—is \$1.00 by mail postpaid. One will last a lifetime.

And after using it merely as a hair cleaner for a month you wouldn't be without it for a hundred dollars.

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Money back after 30 days' trial if it isn't all we represent it to be.

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Pure,
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There is no piano like the Grand for artistic effect and there is no Grand like the new Ivers & Pond Baby Grand. It's a revelation in Grand Piano-building. It's the triumph of the piano builder's art. It occupies but comparatively little floor space, being, so far as we know, the smallest Grand Piano in existence, and yet it possesses a volume and richness of tone and a range of expression that is really wonderful. The listener is captivated at once and falls in love with it at first sight.

The Price is an interesting feature. It's an unheard-of price in the history of Grand Pianos and places this Grand within the reach of every home of moderate income in the land. **Write** us for special prices and full description of our Easy Payment Plan, giving one to three years to complete payments. If no dealer sells them near you, we ship at our risk and expense on approval and pay railway freights both ways if unsatisfactory. We also make and sell the finest Upright Pianos in this country. You can have our Catalogue for the simple asking.

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